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CONTENTS

Index by Titles

Prose

PAGE

Actor and Audience, *Agnes Repplier* . . . 302
Adam and Eve in the Galapagos, *Friedrich Ritter* . . . 409
Adventure of the Single Rapier, The, *Leslie Hotson* . . . 26
Advice to a Frenchman Going to America, *André Maurois* . . . 273
All in the Congressional Family, *George Frederic Nieberg* . . . 514
Another Jew without Money, *T. Swann Harding* . . . 166
Apology for Youth, An, *Theodore Morrison* 74
Arms and the Mind, *Leonard Ormerod* . . 581
Art of Loafing, The, *James Norman Hall* 57
Asses' Ears, *Herbert D. Simpson* 772

Bahadur Guj, *Sir John Campbell* 719
Between Gentlemen, *A. W. Smith* 586
Black Death, *Captain William Outerson* . 462
Books of One's Own, *A. Edward Newton* . 443
Bringing in the Sheaves — 1931, *Caroline A. Henderson* . . . 576
Business Looks at Unemployment, *Julius H. Barnes* 238
Business Man Looks at Politics, A, *Herbert H. Lehman* . . . 555

Calm, *Bill Adams* . . . 791
Cart, The, *James Stanley Hart* 293
Castle in Spain, A, *Ellery Sedgwick* . . . 361
Children of Earth, *Edwa Robert* 765
Church and Social Justice, The, *Roderick MacEachen* . . . 288
Conscripted Children, *Maude Dutton Lynch* 232

Direct Primary, The — A Failure and a Threat, *Oliver McKee, Jr.* 185

Early Holiday, *Gertrude Carver* 438
Education and Unemployment, *Robert A. Millikan* . . . 804
Education of a Prince, The, *H. E. Wortham* 452
Egg-Throwing Champions of Turlock, *Jasper Jarrow* . . . 693
Eve Calls It a Day, *Friedrich Ritter* . . . 733

Family Chronicle, The, *Bernhard Johann Tüting* . . . 785

PAGE

Few Portraits in Sepia, A, *Edwin Rogers Embree* . . . 489
Finch's Fortune, *Mazo de la Roche* 122, 257, 393, 529
France on Parade, *Samuel Spring* 744

Hardened Arteries of Business, The, *George E. Putnam* . . . 504
Hearst, *Walter Millis* . . . 696
His Own Medicine, *James E. Baum* . . . 319
Hope, A, *Lincoln Hutchinson* 333
Hunting the Wild Ass, *James E. Baum* . . 149

I Hear with My Eyes, *Earnest Elmo Calkins* . . . 9
I See with My Ears, *Gordon Lathrop* . . 12
'In the Day of Adversity,' *William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings* 101
International Millstone, That, *George P. Auld* . . . 370
Invisible Stuff, *George W. Gray* 47

Joe Taylor's Emergency, *Louis Reed* . . . 751
Jones, His Machines, *Simeon Strunsky* . . 311
Jones, His Mother and His Wife, *Simeon Strunsky* . . . 159
Jones, His Opinions and Politics, *Simeon Strunsky* . . . 479
Jones, The Rediscovery of, *Simeon Strunsky* . . . 1

Law and Self-Control, *Francis G. Peabody* 216
Lawless Arm of the Law, The, *Ernest Jerome Hopkins* . . . 279
Light Is Sweet, The, *Ogden W. Heath* . . 211
Lost Millennium, The, *Stanley Casson* . . 795
Lost War, The, *Stanley Casson* 36

Measuring the Divine Spark, *George W. Gray* . . . 605
Mr. Bunting Pays the Piper, *Helen Dore Boylston* . . . 31
My Country, Right or Wrong? *Earnest Elmo Calkins* . . . 681
My Last Frontier, *Bradford K. Daniels* . . 710

Nantucket's First Cup of Tea, *Ruth Starbuck Wentworth* . . . 500

Needed Objectives for Our Schools, *Victor Morawetz* 802

Ornamental Hermit, The, *Robert M. Gay* . 759
Our Delightful Man-Killer, *Seth K. Humphrey* 724
Our Foreign Policy in the Looking-Glass, *Raymond B. Fosdick* 137
Our Mediæval Minds, *Thomas T. Read* . . 223

Perils of Golf, The, *Bernard Darwin* . . . 644
Pharaoh Dreams Again, *Sumner H. Slichter* 248
Plague of Birds, A, *Louise N. Trueblood* . . 656
Psychology to the General, *Robert N. Corwin* 64
Puritan Fathers, *Norman Thomas* 650

Royal Yard, The, *Captain William Outerson* 84
Russia, Glimpses of, *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.* 471
Russia's Challenge to America, *A. F. Hinrichs* 107

Sailmaker's Yarn, The, *Bill Adams* . . . 353
Satan Walks in the Garden, *Friedrich Ritter* 565
Science Goes to Prison, *Ralph P. Holben* . 194
Scott, Walter, and the English Language, *Ernest Weekley* 595
Shakespeare Discovery, A Great, *Leslie Hotson* 419
Sportsmanship in the Rough, *Alfred F. Loomis* 202

Tariff and Social Control, The, *Ralph E. Flanders* 377
They That See the Sun, *Ogden W. Heath* . 780
They Want Their Money Back, *Helen Peffer and Juna Newton* 181
Third Degree, Remedies for the, *Zechariah Chafee, Jr.* 621
Too Much Mother, *Alice D. Kelly* . . . 345
Two Insurgents, *Eugenie Courtright* . . . 931

Under the Spur of Handicaps, *Earnest Elmo Calkins and Gordon Lathrop*. 9
Unemployment Reserves, *Sidney Hillman* 661
Uses of Adversity, The, *Edgar J. Goodspeed* 615

Vanishing Profession, A, *Jacob A. Flexner* 16

Waiting for the Rains, *Sir John Campbell* 171
What Good Are Doctors? *Edwa Robert*. . 96
What the Tariff Has Done to Us, *F. W. Taussig* 669
Word to Women, A, *Albert Jay Nock*. . . 545
Workless Days, *Helena Maxwell Brownell*. 328

Poetry

Father of Earth, The, *Lord Dunsany* . . 310

Harvest, The, *Derrick N. Lehmer* 602
His Children, *Josephine Johnson* 620

Saints and I, *Annarrah Lee Stewart* . . . 794
Seven Seas, The, *Freda C. Bond* 179
Song of Mother Earth at Even, *Arthur E. Lloyd Maunsell* 499
Stranger, The, *Josephine Johnson* 46

Three Books Re-read, *James Norman Hall* 731
Toast to Master Will, *Florence Converse* . 437

Wider Lands, The, *Lord Dunsany* 310

INDEX BY AUTHORS

Adams, Bill
  The Sailmaker's Yarn 353
  Calm 791
Auld, George P., That International Millstone 370

Barnes, Julius H., Business Looks at Unemployment 238
Baum, James E.
  Hunting the Wild Ass 149
  His Own Medicine. 319
Bond, Freda C., The Seven Seas 179
Boylston, Helen Dore, Mr. Bunting Pays the Piper 31
Brownell, Helena Maxwell, Workless Days 328

Calkins, Earnest Elmo
  I Hear with My Eyes 9
  My Country, Right or Wrong? 681
Campbell, Sir John
  Waiting for the Rains 171
  Bahadur Guj 719
Carver, Gertrude, Early Holiday 438
Casson, Stanley
  The Lost War 36
  The Lost Millennium 795
Catchings, Waddill, and William Trufant Foster, 'In the Day of Adversity' . . . 101
Chafee, Zechariah, Jr., Remedies for the Third Degree 621
Converse, Florence, Toast to Master Will . 437
Corwin, Robert N., Psychology to the General 64
Courtright, Eugenie, Two Insurgents . . . 631

Daniels, Bradford K., My Last Frontier . 710

Darwin, Bernard, The Perils of Golf . . . 644
Dunsany, Lord, The Father of Earth; The Wider Lands 310

Embree, Edwin Rogers, A Few Portraits in Sepia 489

Flanders, Ralph E., The Tariff and Social Control 377
Flexner, Jacob A., A Vanishing Profession 16
Fosdick, Raymond B., Our Foreign Policy in the Looking-Glass 137
Foster, William Trufant, and Waddill Catchings, 'In the Day of Adversity' 101

Gay, Robert M., The Ornamental Hermit . 759
Goodspeed, Edgar J., The Uses of Adversity 615
Gray, George W.
Invisible Stuff 47
Measuring the Divine Spark 605

Hall, James Norman
The Art of Loafing 57
Three Books Re-read 731
Harding, T. Swann, Another Jew without Money 166
Hart, James Stanley, The Cart 293
Heath, Ogden W.
The Light Is Sweet 211
They That See the Sun 780
Henderson, Caroline A., Bringing in the Sheaves — 1931 576
Hillman, Sidney, Unemployment Reserves 661
Hinrichs, A. F., Russia's Challenge to America 107
Holben, Ralph P., Science Goes to Prison . 194
Hopkins, Ernest Jerome, The Lawless Arm of the Law 279
Hotson, Leslie
The Adventure of the Single Rapier . . 26
A Great Shakespeare Discovery 419
Humphrey, Seth K., Our Delightful Man-Killer 724
Hutchinson, Lincoln, A Hope 333

Jarrow, Jasper, Egg-Throwing Champions of Turlock 693
Johnson, Josephine
The Stranger 46
His Children 620

Kelly, Alice D., Too Much Mother . . . 345

Lathrop, Gordon, I See with My Ears. . . 12
Lehman, Herbert H., A Business Man Looks at Politics 555
Lehmer, Derrick N., The Harvest 602

Loomis, Alfred F., Sportsmanship in the Rough 202
Lynch, Maude Dutton, Conscripted Children 232

MacEachen, Roderick, The Church and Social Justice 288
Mather, Frank Jewett, Jr., Glimpses of Russia 471
Maunsell, Arthur E. Lloyd, Song of Mother Earth at Even 499
Maurois, André, Advice to a Frenchman Going to America 273
McKee, Oliver, Jr., The Direct Primary — A Failure and a Threat 185
Millikan, Robert A., Education and Unemployment 804
Millis, Walter, Hearst 696
Morawetz, Victor, Needed Objectives for Our Schools 802

Newton, A. Edward, Books of One's Own . 443
Newton, Juna, and Helen Peffer, They Want Their Money Back 181
Nieberg, George Frederic, All in the Congressional Family 514
Nock, Albert Jay, A Word to Women . . 545

Ormerod, Leonard, Arms and the Mind . . 581
Outerson, Captain William
The Royal Yard 84
Black Death 462

Peabody, Francis G., Law and Self-Control 216
Peffer, Helen, and Juna Newton, They Want Their Money Back 181
Putnam, George E., The Hardened Arteries of Business 504

Read, Thomas T., Our Mediæval Minds . 223
Reed, Louis, Joe Taylor's Emergency . . 751
Repplier, Agnes, Actor and Audience. . . 302
Ritter, Friedrich
Adam and Eve in the Galapagos . . . 409
Satan Walks in the Garden 565
Eve Calls It a Day 733
Robert, Edwa
What Good Are Doctors? 96
Children of Earth 765
Roche, Mazo de la, Finch's Fortune 122, 257, 393, 529

Sedgwick, Ellery, A Castle in Spain . . . 361
Simpson, Herbert D., Asses' Ears 772
Slichter, Sumner H., Pharaoh Dreams Again 248
Smith, A. W., Between Gentlemen. . . . 586
Spring, Samuel, France on Parade . . . 744
Stewart, Annarrah Lee, Saints and I . . . 794

Strunsky, Simeon
The Rediscovery of Jones 1
Jones, His Mother and His Wife . . . 159
Jones, His Machines 311
Jones, His Opinions and Politics. . . . 479

Taussig, F. W., What the Tariff Has Done to Us 669
Thomas, Norman, Puritan Fathers . . . 650
Trueblood, Louise N., A Plague of Birds . 656
Tüting, Bernhard Johann, The Family Chronicle. 785

Weekley, Ernest, Walter Scott and the English Language 595
Wentworth, Ruth Starbuck, Nantucket's First Cup of Tea 500
Wortham, H. E., The Education of a Prince 452

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Babaw Club, The 120
Battered Caravanserais 815
Bells 679

Coats of Arms and That Sort of Thing. . 255

Family Tree of Family Names, The . . . 388
First Edition, A 814

Joy of the Open Road, The 118

Leader, The 678

Mauve 116

More Excellent Way, A 676
Mountains of the Moon 253
My Lady Poverty 385

Painless 813

Rejectioniana 390

Three-Quarter-Hour Society, The 811

Urbanity and Sophistication 527

Wasted Years 524

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

IN the new mood which is reported to have come over the spirit of America toward the end of the 1920's, and in the new books that should reflect this new temper, what is likely to happen to Jones? He is the person who figures so prominently in the returns of the United States Census. He is, in the majority, white. He is, in the majority, of native white parentage. He is male. He is thirty-eight years old. He is married. He is an advertising solicitor. He lives at 1437 West Eleventh Street. In numbers he is, together with his wife and children, his parents and cousins, several scores of millions. But in the solid books dealing with the American people and American civilization he was quite generally overlooked in the now elapsed 1920's. Will it be different in the current 1930's?

To raise the question of Jones on the threshold of a new age is normal procedure for us plain folk. We are not like the professional prophets. They, when confronted with the dawn of a new age, insist on addressing to it a comprehensive, a universal Whither? They, when informed that with the approach of the 1930's the spiritual climate of the United States entered upon a noticeable change, — from negation to affirmation; from disillusion to a renewed faith; from the satirical approach to the sympathetic approach; from destructive analysis to constructive synthesis, — the professional augurs, upon hearing of such things, immediately began to ask questions about American Civilization in the 1930's and American Destiny in the 1930's, with separate chapters on the Thirties and Religion, the Thirties and the Machine, the Thirties and Woman, the Thirties and children, music, art, architecture, football, labor, radio, aviation, armaments, the League of Nations; in other words, the Thirties and Everything.

We plain amateurs are content with much less than the cosmic vision. For us the advent of a new age means sitting down and looking, so to speak, into the wood fire of the imagination, and wondering what the times will bring, not to Civilization or to Humanity, but to our own particular little interest, or hobby, or foible. In the present instance it is Jones. What will an age of affirmative, sympathetic, constructive synthesis do to promote our knowledge and understanding of Jones, who is white, thirty-eight, married, and so forth? After all, it is Jones who in the 1930's will attend or not attend the churches in whose future there is so

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much interest. He is the man who will live in the architecture of the thirties, shout at the football games, develop the aviation, pay for the music and the radio, and be seriously affected by the armaments. What will happen to him in the new books of the new decade?

Well, to ask the question is to answer it. If the new books reflecting the new thought of the next ten years in America are to be affirmative, if they are to be sympathetic, if they are to strive for synthesis instead of riot, then it ought to be a pretty good time for Jones. The years immediately ahead of us are bound to witness the rediscovery of the ordinary American man in his normal recognizable aspects: him and his wife, and his young, and his newspapers, and his automobiles, and his political parties and opinions, and his industries and recreations. People in the new books ahead of us may be expected to resemble one's actual familiar neighbors — the familiar groups, the familiar individuals, the familiar behavior, that so often find themselves submerged.

Submerged by what? Chiefly, one would say, by the formulas, and the slogans, and the doctrines. Take a man or group of men, launch a formula about them, ride that formula-hobby hard enough, and you will soon be out of sight of that man or group of men or the human race, careering at your own sweet will through a universe entirely of your own making. It is a familiar experience. An age will set out to smash the established idols and it will end up with a fine new collection of images of its own. A generation proclaims war to the knife upon sham, and it develops in the course of hostilities its own equipment of hollow loyalties, slogans, stencils. A decade goes forth resolutely to face the facts, at the cost of no matter what heartbreak, and it succeeds in accumulating many more broken facts than broken hearts. A generation will resolve to pierce beneath the surface of life to the inner, essential meaning of things; and sure enough it will succeed in getting beneath the surface, but only to get beyond its depth in the inner meaning of things; having forgotten in the process how much of the meaning of life lies on the surface of life, and is to be apprehended by the innocent eye and the simple heart.

II

But in speaking of Jones and what the books of the past decade did to him, and what the books of the next ten years are likely to do to him, it is necessary to distinguish between books and books. The problem of Jones concerns only the 'serious' books.

The novelist may do what he likes with Jones, because he is dealing with an individual Jones. You protest that you don't find Jones in the new novel true to life, and the author looks up and says, 'You don't recognize Jones? Well, I should hope not. This is n't Jones, but a satire on Jones written for the purpose of waking him up.' And the creative biographer will say, 'You don't recognize in my portrait the Edgar Allan Walt Waldo Jones whom you studied in your high-school American Literature? Of course you don't. This is n't E. A. W. W. Jones — it is a spiritual photograph of six of his selected sonnets.' And creative biographer number 2 says, 'Naturally you find it hard to identify in my new book the George Thomas Andrew Abraham Jones about whom you studied in your school history. You see, what I have done is to strip the man naked, reduce him to elemental planes, and pass him through the flame of my own temperament.'

The argument is a sound one. Any individual Jones in Marietta, Ohio, may become, in respect to character, manners, morals, language, clothes, and dietary habits, whatever the genius of his creator is able to make him. If you have the necessary ability you may do to Jones of Ohio what Dickens did to Micawber or Mark Twain to Huck Finn. You may write a book about a man named Jones who lives in Hartford and whose native language is Turkish: he was born in Angora of American missionary parents. You may have a man named Jones in Schenectady living in an igloo: he is the survivor of an Arctic expedition and slightly touched in the head. You may have a Jones in Mount Vernon, New York, who goes about naked: he is the leader of a sun cult and does his promenading in the privacy of his own grounds. The novelists and poets can do anything they please with Jones.

It is quite another matter with the men who write books on economics, social science, politics, democracies, schools, elections, newspapers, movies, automobiles, factories, and families. The man who deals with Jones in the mass, with Jones of the United States Census, cannot invoke the rights of his own vision and his own temperament. He is limited in his findings by certain basic data which no amount of creative inspiration can transcend. No amount of genius and no intensity of purpose will justify you in saying that the native language of the people of Hartford is Turkish, or that the dominant style of domestic architecture in Schenectady is the igloo, or that the 8.45 from Mount Vernon is crowded by commuters wearing just nothing. The latest finding of the New Physics asserts that truth is only statistical. There is no telling beforehand how one electron will behave. But one can foretell with certainty how ten billion electrons will behave. With respect to any one atom you may be a creative artist. With respect to the community of atoms you must stick to the statistical facts.

The heart warms as one peers into the future and sees the serious authors engaged in sticking to the facts about Jones, the Crowd Man. If the subject is Jones and the American press, the author will take a good deal of pains to ascertain what an American newspaper really contains. If the subject is Jones and his political parties, the author will not generalize from the New Psychology or from the dogmas of the British Labor Party, but will concentrate on the figures for the Presidential election of 1920, of 1924, of 1928, and the Congressional elections of 1930. The mind looks down the long vista of years, perhaps as far as the year 1940 and the next change in intellectual climate, and sees the serious authors keeping their eye on the ball, — that is to say, on Jones, — and not on the grand stand where blossom the formulas, the slogans, the fashions, and the epigrams. The imagination sees Jones of Hartford receiving in the next decade the same sympathetic consideration that students of civilization in the preceding decade brought to the study of the Protochukchi Confederation.

III

The Protochukchis are a private discovery of the present writer. They are a group of tribes, probably of Bushman stock, occupying the wooded country about the headwaters of the Mulligatawney River in Central Patagonia. Under different names they were not unknown to the earlier anthropologists, but their enormous vogue dates only from the Armistice. Since that time everything has been said about the Protochukchis that possibly could be said, and with a richness of sympathy and understanding such as one vainly looks for in contemporary observations on the inhabitants of Evanston, Illinois.

Take, for example, the annual delousing festival of the Protochukchi Confederation. This enormously significant folk-muster, as it has been called, falls at the time of the spring equinox. Professor Dunkler (my own discovery) speaks of it as the focal point of the Protochukchi communal life. H. J. Bias (my own discovery) refers to it as the nucleus around which cluster the warmest group loyalties and the tenderest personal memories. In describing this picturesque and poignant ritual, the student of civilization in the 1920's was as likely as not to say: '. . . a vitalized Protochukchi group-consciousness integrated around the annual reënactment of vernal capillary evacuation.' Or something of the sort.

On the other hand, well into the early months of the year 1929, when speaking of the average middle-class resident of Indianapolis, with his bathtub, his vacuum cleaner, his parquet floors, his cross ventilation, his high schools, his riding clubs, and his symphony orchestra, it was a not uncommon practice among students of American civilization to refer to him as 'the Babbitt in his warren.'

The idea, of course, is easily grasped. The Protochukchis dwell in caves dug out of the muddy banks of the Mulligatawney River, two hundred inhabitants to a cave. The resultant living conditions, sanitary, ethical, and æsthetic, impressed the modern observer as being essentially and lovably human. But the average American family, four people to the five-room apartment, suggested to the dispassionate eye of the observer nothing so much as a vermin swarm. Indeed, that elegant and impressive phrase about the Babbitt and his warren compels the imagination to go further. It evokes the Protochukchi mother in her cave as giving birth to her young, whereas the American mother apparently added to the population of the United States by littering. To such heights of sympathetic identification on the one hand (Protochukchi), and cool detachment on the other (Syracuse, New York), did the study of civilization attain in the United States in the decade after 1920.

And what was true of the Protochukchis of Central Patagonia was also true in this interesting decade of the Hypercephalonians of New Guinea, of the Malosols around North Cape, Siberia, the Microgelasmi of the Atlas Mountains, and so forth (all my own discoveries). And, on the other hand, what was true of Indianapolis and Syracuse was also true of Ogden, Utah, of Montclair, New Jersey, and so forth. The manufacture and ceremonial sanctification of the annual supply of eye salve among the Malosols, who are much given to trachoma, assumed a human significance that was utterly lacking in the problem of adequate hospitalization for the members of the National Education Association of the United States. Puberty rights among the Walarumbas of the upper Mackenzie were described with a passion quite absent in our accounts of child labor in the mill towns of the lower Connecticut. For it was the glory and charm of these primitive peoples that they had Folkways and Mores; whereas the American people had only customs and manners.

IV

As between the Protochukchis of Central Patagonia and the inhabitants of South Norwalk, Connecticut, the very slight attention accorded to the latter was not entirely due to their departure from the primitive. It was a question of space as well as time. The people of South Norwalk were not only less aboriginal than the people of Patagonia — they were several thousand miles nearer home. That constituted a formidable handicap.

We have been speaking of bathtubs. As a matter of fact, not all the inhabitants of South Norwalk are the owners or lessees of a separate family tub. In New York City there are reputed to be half a million 'old-law' apartments without modern sanitary equipment. Several million American farmers manage without plumbing. In the back areas of every sizable American city there is a large population which in respect to housing standards — cleanliness, privacy, and quiet — harks back strongly to the primitive. There are mining villages in West Virginia that one would expect to have been eagerly seized upon by specialists in Protochukchi and Walarumba culture.

This did not happen. Twenty years ago, from the second Roosevelt administration to the first Wilson administration, the Bohunks of the Central Competitive Coal Field were a subject of enormous interest to American social students and to the general public. They are still of interest to the professional welfare workers; but for the student of civilization and for the public at large the Bohunk is obsolete. The trouble is that, living in Western Pennsylvania, he is too near home.

Another instance: There was published, toward the end of the 1920's, a serious and scholarly monograph in anthropology which quickly won a large popular audience. The book was called, approximately, 'On Growing Up in Nova Zembla.' Among other matters it devoted considerable space to showing that boys and girls in Nova Zembla grow up with a knowledge of life that is denied to our own young people in the United States. Adolescents in Nova Zembla are spared, as one reviewer summed it up, 'the horror, the shock, the nauseated recoil of our unsophisticated young when confronted with the facts of life.' In Nova Zembla, individual experience begins almost with infancy. Young children are witnesses of the midwife's ministrations. They watch the preparation of the dead for burial. They spy upon lovers in the dark. In other ways they pick up the information so readily available when large numbers of people live together in cramped quarters.

Might not the American people learn something from the Nova Zemblans about educating the young in the biological fundamentals? This was obviously a legitimate and perhaps a useful question to raise. But at least one reader of the news about Nova Zembla could not help asking himself why it was necessary to go all the way to Nova Zembla. If one wanted a picture of thoroughly instructed and uninhibited child life it might be had so conveniently on Manhattan Island, west of Ninth Avenue, east of Third Avenue, north of Ninety-Sixth Street, and south of Wall Street.

Babies are all the time being born in two-room flats on Washington Street in the shadow almost of the Stock Exchange. Last rites for the dead are continually being performed in the kitchen–living-rooms of the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. Small boys go scouting at night through the hallways of the South Bronx and intrude upon intimate wooings. For scores of thousands of families in the New York of 1931, privacy is an unknown thing. Concerning the sophisticated and thoroughly enlightened boys and girls who grow up in such an environment the welfare workers and the juvenile courts know a great deal. As in the case of the Bohunks of the Pennsylvania coal regions, these sophisticated children were a topic of intense popular concern in America before the war.

But in the decade of the 1920's the tenement children of New York, with their rich fund of information about the facts of life, were forgotten by the student of folkways and mores. It was, you see, merely 'Growing Up in the United States.'

V

As between the members of the Protochukchi Confederation and the inhabitants of Spokane, Washington, it was inevitable that the difference of esteem in which they were held should be reflected in a difference in literary treatment. One illustration we have already had in the case of the Protochukchi festival of capillary evacuation and the Babbitt in his warren. With certain exceptions to be noted further on, it is easy to grasp the general rule of literary composition in the 1920's. It prescribed for the primitives a tone of sustained and respectful gravity, and for the Americans a tone varying from the acid to the flip.

Thus, a Malosol medicine man in northern Siberia was invariably described with the deference, we may even say with the awe, due to an elemental force, to an original Datum of Nature. But an Episcopal bishop was something that had strayed in from the vaudeville stage. However, when it was necessary to arraign the Church as an agency of war and domestic oppression, a bishop ceased to be a clown and became a malevolent and terrifying power of darkness.

Similarly with primitive and modern club life. The weekly meetings of the Walarumba clan fraternities in their secret sweat houses were studied as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the gregarious instinct in man. But an initiation of the Knights of the 22nd Degree at Grand Rapids, Michigan, was a performance essentially simian. However, when it was necessary to portray the small-town business man as an incubus on free intelligence in the United States, the Knights of the 22nd Degree ceased to be a gathering of subnormal playboys and took on the hideous effectiveness of an executive session of the Spanish Inquisition.

Similarly in the home. In Nova Zembla, as we have seen, the relations between parents and growing children called for the most sympathetic inquiry and appraisal. But a meeting of the Parents' Association of Dallas, Texas, was an exercise in the milder forms of imbecility.

The exceptions to this general rule of sympathy for the primitives and the loud laugh for the Americans were two:

1. Not all writers on American civilization went in for the satirical method. There were students of American civilization who always wrote with gravity and decorum; too much so, as we shall see a little further down.

2. The jazz writers, too, acknowledged that there were certain departments of human interest in the United States which did not admit of the flip method, but demanded serious and respectful consideration.

With the reader's permission we shall first take up Class 2. The literary manner of the jazz writers varied in accordance with a very simple rule. Subjects which the inhabitants of Ohio and Utah took seriously must be handled with a maximum of frivolity. On the other hand, subjects which the average American considered to be minor, trivial, or even negligible, were discussed with enormous dignity, and in a style combining the best features of Plato's Dialogues, the novels of Marcel Proust, and Secretary Mellon's report for the fiscal year ending June 30 last.

Under this rule the flippant style was prescribed for the discussion of American business, business men, cities, family life, churches, colleges, Congress, the Supreme Court, the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, endowments for cancer research, associations for the protection of minors, aviation, automobiles, good roads, the World War, the League of Nations, symphony orchestras in the Mississippi Valley, luncheon clubs, Florida vacations, marriage, life insurance, famine relief in China, education, and the like. On these subjects it was the rule that Jones's ideas were a travesty on the human mind and Jones's practices were comic.

Quite different was the method prescribed for such subjects as night clubs, saxophones, the burlesque stage, jazz, comic strips, prize fights, and Coney Island. Here were genuine human values with much of the authenticity of the primitive. The style took on a corresponding elevation. It was *de rigueur* in the 1920's to speak of middle-class homes as warrens, of colleges as Babbitt halls, and of bishops as smut-hounds. But in appraising Mutt and Jeff the writer could not fail to recognize with how sure a touch of genius Bud Fisher has seized upon the dualistic machinery of the Ahriman-Ormuzd motive, which derives from the Set-Osiris motive, which is only a variant of the Cain-and-Abel motive. For, in essence, Mutt is always trying to do to little Jeff what Set did to Osiris — namely, slay and dismember him.

The United States Constitution, as we have seen, was a something incurably grotesque. But in writing of Buddy Baxter and his Twenty Bouncing Beauties of Broadway Burlesk, it was strictly required that one should say, 'The ecstatic explosion of Bacchic release induced by the projection, upon the Puritan-inhibited American sensorium, of two hundredweight of provocative female flesh.'

VI

Of the decorous writers of this period we have said that they were always dignified, on grave subjects as well as on light. Their method of approach may be illustrated by the hypothetical case of Grandmother Jones, née Perkins, of the hill country around Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Let it be remarked, in passing, that for the ultra-primitive students of civilization Grandmother Jones-Perkins had, of course, ceased to exist. To grasp her utter insignificance it was only necessary to compare her with the typical elderly woman of the Protochukchi culture level. Try to visualize this primitive Patagonian dowager going about her daily routine: perched naked on a rock in midstream on the lookout for dead fish coming down with the current; or steeping manioc roots in water for the family beer; or rubbing the young children of the tribe with lizard oil for eczema; or, perhaps at her best, an animated colorful figure in the tribal dance around the impaled war prisoner, taking her turn at him with a dull knife. With this vibrant, palpitant evocation of Beauty and Reality, compare Grandmother Jones-Perkins, with her lace collar and brooch, her zinnias and delphiniums, her knitting, her particular brand of Ceylon, her recollections of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Except as a subject for an occasional ironic thumb-nail notation, there is obviously nothing here to detain us.

For the serious student of civilization, Grandmother Jones-Perkins did exist; but only on condition that she be observed from the same point of view and described in the same vocabulary as if she were an old woman of the Protochukchis, 8000 miles and 20,000 years away from Ridgefield, Connecticut. To the decorous, conscientious student of social phenomena, Grandmother Jones-Perkins was very much worth while; provided that one might bring to bear on her the combined technique of biometrics, social dynamics, psychology, economics, and endocrinology, and in other ways encompass Grandmother with such a wealth of scientific methodology as to make her quite unrecognizable. Of her it was in order to write: —

'In the behavior-pattern dominant among the inhabitants of Southern Connecticut, the impress of the original Congregationalist-capitalistic folkways is still discernible. In this pattern the rôle of the older women of the community is legislative without being formally coercive. We may go so far as to say that the defense of the ancient New England ethos against the encroaching waves of change is almost entirely in the hands of the female members of the community rating forty-five years and over, and irrespective of marital status. For the age class just mentioned it may be even regarded as axiomatic that as between the married female and the spinster it is the latter who is the more resolute in enforcing the hereditary Calvinistic taboos in the region north of the forty-first degree North Latitude and east of the Appalachian Divide. Beltley and Oxelheimer in their monumental contribution, *Culture Patterns between the Housatonic and Block Island*, have found that among women of forty-five years and over the pulse beat is not markedly different from the ascertained norm for the Middle Atlantic States. The respiration is correspondingly uniform. The average height is five feet four and one-half inches, with no trace of a tendency to stoop such as is encountered among the mountaineers of the lower Appalachian massif. Goitre indications are negative. Housework, including light laundry but excluding table linen and sheets, consumes four and one-half hours a day. Church, including the regular three Sabbatical prayer-house exercises and such quasi-secular cultus-recreational proliferations as the strawberry festival and the church-organ benefit picnic, two hours daily. Maintenance of clan and consanguinity bonds, — writing to married daughters in California, Nova Scotia, and Detroit, — one hour weekly. The average amount of garden space in cultivation has been estimated at 250 square feet for married women, 450 square feet for spinsters, and 150 feet for widows, but varying considerably with the presence of individual art-aptitudes and specialized technological employment — piano, water colors, putting up fruit for the local market, and so forth.'

The fate of Grandmother Jones-Perkins in the years after the war was the fate of the whole Jones family. Ignored by the ultra-primitivists and wrapped up beyond recognition by the culture specialists, Jones, the common man of the United States Census, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and of the New York Subway; Jones in his measurable, recorded numbers and qualities; Jones in his daily observable habits and practices; Jones with his newspapers, autos, schools, machines, and democracies, virtually ceased to exist. In his place flourished the formulas and the epigrams.

Only toward the end of the decade did people begin to suspect that life in Jones was not quite extinct. Beneath the weight of the theories, the stencils, and the wise-cracks, he went on breathing, and with the approach of the 1930's he began to thrust his head up into the light. The full rediscovery of the American Jones by serious American writers is a promise of the years ahead of us. It will be a group Jones in harmony with the Census returns, and an individual Jones resembling the man next door and across the aisle.

(In August Mr. Strunsky will rediscover 'Jones, His Mother and His Wife')

UNDER THE SPUR OF HANDICAPS

Chang Yo, the sage, so the fable goes, sat cross-legged by the side of the road. He was very old and very wise. He was also very heavily afflicted. His eyes were dim, his step faltering, his back bent, and suffering had carved great lines in his aged face. There came to him a man far less sorely afflicted than he. This man sat at the feet of the wise Chang Yo by the side of the road.

Presently there crawled down the road a man so burdened with afflictions that Chang's companion gave a cry of sympathy and of horror. 'There goes a man with whom I should dread to change places,' said Chang's disciple fervently.

'Of course,' Chang answered quietly. 'But that man would not change places with you. Nor would he with me. Nor would I with him or with you. You would gladly have your afflictions lifted. So would I. That man crawling in the road would want to be free of his heavy burdens, certainly. But if the price for freedom from his burdens should be the taking on of yours or mine, or the new, untried, unfamiliar burdens of anybody else, that man would cling to his own familiar burdens.'

I HEAR WITH MY EYES

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

It is perhaps unfair for me to compare my handicap with Mr. Lathrop's, for he is wholly blind, while I am but partially deaf. It is true that without the electrical instrument I use I cannot hear a sound, but with it I still have a link, however tenuous, with the world that hears. But I know enough of deafness and the feeling of total deafness to be sure I would not give my eyes to have back my ears. For I heard with them abnormally well when I was very young. My hearing was particularly acute, and the loss was gradual. For fifty-five years I have experienced the slow recession of the world of sound. To-day, with considerably more years than Mr. Lathrop has, my hearing, with even electricity's artful aid, is sketchy and elementary. I could not understand a word if my eyes did not come to the rescue. Hearing with me is a mixture of fragmentary sounds plus lip reading. I am almost but not quite on a par with Mr. Lathrop as an antagonist.

But of course such a debate is logically an impossibility. A blind man and a deaf man cannot discuss the respective values of eyes or ears. Each would have had to experience blindness and deafness both to be an impartial judge. Each of us places the highest value on the senses he has left. That is natural, and it holds great promise to human nature that it is natural. Most of us who lack a sense wish we had that one back, but when it comes to trading another for it we hesitate.

The idea is old and has furnished the

theme for many a fable, fairy story, and folk tale. In these anecdotes some sufferer is always crying out to the gods for relief from some misfortune. He finds that the price of relief is the loss of something else, or some new burden placed on him. If he accepts he is worse off than before. Also the factor of adaptability enters. As Hamlet said, we bear the burdens we have rather than 'fly to others that we know not of.'

Mr. Lathrop makes a fine brief for blindness in his own case, but that merely reveals his own high-hearted philosophy of life. I too can make out a good individual case, for I too have a philosophy which has served me well. I believe that I am happier, all things considered, than the average man. I know I am happier than a great many who have all their senses. I have more resources. I am never bored. I have missed most of the standardized devices created to kill time, to entertain. I do not go to the theatre; I was never in a night club; I cannot hear jazz; I get nothing from phonograph or radio; I do not know how to dial a telephone or drive a motor car. Nor do I miss a single one of these things.

They have all (except the theatre) arisen on the amusement horizon since I became more or less deaf. They are all devised to amuse people who have difficulty in amusing themselves. I have no such difficulty. Being thrown on my own resources, I have developed latent sources of entertainment which are apparently inexhaustible. I read a good deal and get a great deal out of reading. Lord Birkenhead once said, 'I cannot understand why people who know how to read want to go to the theatre.' That was said by a man who could hear; I get considerable comfort out of it. There are books enough in the world to outlast my lifetime. I do not always read good books; sometimes I read bad ones. I can enjoy many kinds of writing — both John Milton and Ogden Nash, for instance. I taught myself to read French (not to converse in it, naturally; I cannot converse in even my own language) to widen my field of reading.

Even more entertaining are the things I do with my hands. I work with tools, and make all sorts of things — ship models, miniature wagons and coaches, odd pieces of furniture, book ends, boxes, things foolish and useful. I dabble with wood, metal, leather, cloth (I can run a sewing machine), clay, wax, plaster. I am constantly finding new lines to work in — carving soap, for instance. If these should fail me, I can go in for a small private press, for I am also a printer.

People often say to me, 'I wish I were as clever as you are.' The point is that I am not clever. Every one of those who look at my work and exclaim over it could do it exactly as well, or better. I had the motive to develop facilities we all possess, the urge to occupy time that would otherwise be left on my hands, and practised until I acquired a certain proficiency. Men say to me in deprecation, 'I can't even drive a nail.' They fail to realize that none of us is born with the knack of driving a nail. Many men do the things I do as a hobby though they have no physical handicap. They have learned the complete satisfaction of recreations that do not depend on other people.

I give these instances merely to show that the deaf need not be a group cut off from the world, hovering on the outside of social life, depending vainly on hearing people's amusements or entertainment. People say to me, 'It is a pity you cannot hear the radio.' It would be hard to convince them that I don't want to hear the radio, that I have never missed it, that I have something better. I would not go so far as to insist that a deaf person is better off than one who can hear, but he can be better off than many people who do hear.

He is certainly better off than one who has lost his eyesight. Mr. Lathrop is a wonderful exception. But even his splendid acceptance of his own lot does not prove that blindness is *per se* preferable to deafness. Mr. Lathrop, had he become deaf instead of blind, would have triumphed as magnificently over his fate. He is an exceptional person. But the human tradition is all against him. Blindness has always been the greater tragedy. It appeals to the better side of people; it is never comic, but deafness is often comic. The blind man's mistakes are pitiful; the deaf man's are frequently funny. The same kind of mistake made by each produces opposite reactions. If a blind man misses a step and comes down hard on nothing, not even the most frivolous person would find it amusing. If a deaf man misses a word and starts off on the wrong tack, even his closest friends smile. And the deaf man can see the smile, whereas the blind man cannot.

This, I take it, is the unconscious but unanimous judgment of humanity. They have not debated the question among themselves and come to conclusions about it. They have merely responded to their instincts. The courts sustain them. Damages for loss of eyesight are always greater than those awarded for loss of hearing. Nature values eyes above ears; she has given us nearly twenty times as many optic nerves as she has aural. And so it goes.

The debate to which Mr. Lathrop has so gallantly challenged me is not a discussion of blindness versus deafness. It is *his* blindness against *my* deafness — a very different matter. It would be possible to choose a blind man less philosophic than Mr. Lathrop and a deaf man far more unfortunate than I am, with quite different conclusions. Each of us must draw on his own experience, and there I have another advantage. He puts a good face on his blindness, but that is, as I have said, merely his own dauntless heroism. I too can make out a good case for deafness, and the point is, I have already done it, so I cannot be suspected of cooking it up for this particular occasion. Some ten years ago I wrote a little piece called 'On the Technique of Being Deaf,' afterward incorporated in my autobiography, '*Louder Please!*' in which I established what is undoubtedly the outstanding alleviation of deafness, not merely in my case but in all cases. May I quote: —

> After all, even the deaf are not deaf all the time. They are not deaf when there is no occasion to hear. According to the subjective theory, — which I advise all deaf people to adopt, — sound does not exist unless there are ears to hear. As I remember the sentence from the old schoolbook: 'Niagara thundered in silence for thousands of years until there appeared upon earth a being with ears.' I find it profitable and amusing to cut down the time when I am unavoidably deaf and increase that when I am on a par with the acute-eared. It works like the old dial-motto, which counted only the hours the sun shone. I have thus not unbroken, unrelieved deafness to deal with, but intermittent deafness — say deafness of two or three hours a day.

What Mr. Lathrop gives us is a picture, modest and unconscious, but none the less convincing, of a man still in his prime, overtaken by one of the supreme catastrophes of life, who bears it so bravely that he can even engage in an argument to prove that his burden is not so great as we all know it is. No one can read what he writes without being better for it. 'No life,' said Owen

Meredith, a romantic poet popular in my boyhood, 'can be sure in its purpose or strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.'

Mr. Lathrop does not prove his contention that blindness is preferable to deafness. His moving story would not convince a person of normal eyesight and hearing, let alone a deaf man. The person with normal eyesight and hearing might hesitate a moment if suddenly confronted with the question, 'Which sense would you rather dispense with?' But the deaf man knows instantly and instinctively that he would rather be deaf than blind.

What Mr. Lathrop's story does prove is that the human soul can triumph magnificently over any environment, that even so great a tragedy as loss of sight need not embitter life, and that poor human nature possesses reservoirs of compensation unrealized until drawn upon.

I SEE WITH MY EARS

BY GORDON LATHROP

I MUST confess at the outset that I have deliberately misrepresented my optical condition. I am not wholly blind. Mr. Calkins thinks so. I let him think so. I have taken advantage of him. The score at the end of the first paragraph, therefore, is: Advantage Lathrop.

Natural advantages are virtually all with the deaf in comparison with the blind. It is true that this is a visual world. It appears to have been ordained for sighted persons and animals. The mole and the shrew, the bugs and the worms without sight, the blind fish and reptiles of the land and water, must hide themselves in darkness deeper than the eyes of other creatures have power to penetrate. Who has ever seen a live blind eagle? It would stay alive not for long. Vultures and buzzards would get it. Nature is not kind to the blind.

Humanity is, though. Mr. Calkins, for instance, is too kind to me. I have not earned the praise he gives me. Subway guards, tough taxicab boys, waiters and waitresses, apartment house janitors, clerks, office boys, laborers, factory managers and workers, superintendents, general managers, vice presidents and presidents of this or that, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and chiefs are kind to me and to all blind folk. Humanity rises up en masse and individually to spank Nature when she turns her harsh breath too strongly in the direction of the blind. Humanity compensates Nature's bland impersonality toward all living organisms. The blind should turn their thoughts to the study of man, their benefactor, letting Nature go about her strange business in her own inimitable way. She will, anyhow.

When I asked if anyone had seen a live blind eagle, it did not occur at the moment that this might be possible; but the eagle would be in a cage. It could not be free and blind. If I am to use the caged eagle as a figure to illustrate the condition of the blind I must bring in other creatures. We are not all eagles. Homer was; so was Milton. But we blind folk are just as conglomerate a group as would be an equal number of men, women, and children picked at random. Some of us are eagles, some fox persons, some weasels, some lions, some fish, and some sparrows. I think of myself as some kind of rodent, a gnawing and burrowing animal. I am not as energetic as the beaver or as timid as the mouse, but somewhere in between these two I see my type. Perhaps I am a prairie dog. When I had eyesight it was unusually keen, and during my very early teens I lived in a little town on the Western plains. With my .22-calibre rifle I shot many a prairie dog to death, not realizing that perhaps I was bringing an especially heavy curse on my head for annihilating animals of my own nature. But this could scarcely be proved.

Any blind animal must be caged to preserve his life. This, if not a law of nature, is a fact of nature. Blindness in itself is imprisonment. The cage represents double slavery — slavery of the body and of the spirit. The caged animal loses its spirit.

Blindness to a scrappy man or woman, however, — and at this point I must call myself blind rather than suffering from impaired eyesight in order to get in on the applause, — constitutes the most thrilling challenge to freedom of the spirit of any affliction visited on man. Blindness may be high adventure, and often is — more often than deafness.

To go back to the first paragraph, in which I corrected the impression given by Mr. Calkins's first paragraph. He said the argument between him and me would not be fair to me because, while I was wholly blind, he was only partially deaf. This is one of the few instances in which my duplicity with respect to the condition of my eyesight proves to be only partially successful. Here, then, is the truth: —

My universe is not pitch-black. It is pearl-gray. On bright days there are glints of gold in it. The shade of gray is soft and rather luminous. The night is no darker to me than to you, and street lights swim into my vision like ghostly blurbs of light, without form or substance, but yet I know what they are.

In the daytime, shadows appear before me. I can see a shadow of a man walking past me on the sunny side of the street better than I can see the man. I recognize trees and barn doors, but not until I run into them. I have what is called light perception, but yet I have not sufficient eyesight to walk alone safely down the quietest street.

I have not seen a face in more than seven years. Yet I can distinguish a white hand against a dark dress or coat, and black and white tiles on a barber-shop floor are especially visible to me. It will be seen that my equipment of eyesight has little practical value. Yet it is enough for me to base my philosophy of blindness upon and be reasonably honest. My personal philosophy may be summed up in a few words: —

I do not have to be blind in the brain, too.

Out of this not uncommendable credo has sprung my double life. I am blind in the eyes and admit it. I go further than admitting the truth. I let people think I am stone-blind, blind as a bat, that I live in perpetual night. I fulfill to the world its exaction to the last drop of the wine of its traditions. I am selfish in this, and calculating. Blindness connotes tragedy. Tragedy brings out the best side of human beings, especially when the tragic figure walks more or less bravely through his part. I am not fighting for preservation of the sight power in my eyeballs any longer. One needs all his energies to preserve the vital idea that is hidden under every outward aspect. My blindness is an outward aspect. My idea, hidden deeply within myself, is that I can see enough at any rate to keep me intensely interested in living.

Of course, when I say to myself I can see enough, I do not mean that the vague shadows are enough. Neither do I see clairvoyantly, nor in any esoteric manner. Chiefly, I see with my ears. I see with what Mr. Calkins has not, and he hears with what I lack. I do not believe he has advantage over me in the broad sense, though his accomplishments are so much greater than mine that the case would be adjudged proved in his favor. It is not in me to do the things he has done.

It is quite true that no one can generalize about blindness or deafness. This controversy really is Mr. Calkins's deafness against my blindness, and his has been the better job of compensation winning.

Compensation for deafness or blindness, I believe Mr. Calkins would say with me, does not rush automatically to the afflicted. One must win it. An affliction contains no virtue *per se.* It is a challenge, that is all. Yet this in itself often proves to be a godsend, a spur to the spirit and a gateway to a world more satisfying than the one we knew before. I can say with Mr. Calkins that I am happier than many who have eyesight.

I have strayed far away from the blind eagle in the cage, or the prairie dog, and shall return to them. But first, let me summarize: I say to myself that I am suffering merely from impaired vision. This I do in order to maintain more or less logical contact with my inward thought that I am blind to no greater degree than my mind is inactive. To people I announce I am blind, so that the traditions, the mass thought about blindness, will influence them to turn toward me their best sides. I should receive the benefit of only a portion of a good side should I use to them the colder phrase, 'impaired vision.' This duplicity might be called playing both the positive and the negative poles of a situation for all the values in them. It really is fair, and hurts no one, not even myself, at any rate not so long as I remember to keep the two rôles in separate compartments of thought.

I am for humanity. I think it is 'swell,' as one of my classmates said the other day about the cosmic universe. Oh, yes — I've started back to school. I am forty-three. Twenty-six years ago I left high school to go to work because of the need of my earning power. I wanted to study medicine. My father was a doctor. He died when I was four and left not enough for me to go to school beyond the third year of high.

I knew how to telegraph. I worked at this trade until a fever in my twenty-first year caused the loss of sight of one eye. I became a press telegrapher, then a reporter, editor, and correspondent. When my remaining eye failed I became a radio columnist.

Mr. Calkins does not like radio, but I love it as a mother loves her sturdiest child, the one who can chiefly be depended on. I did not need eyesight to review radio programmes.

In the part of the country where I conducted my column are many lonely men and women on farms and in tiny towns. I did what I could to clear the air for them by conducting campaigns against electrical interference and to give them better programmes, shouting loudly and constantly for the establishment of chain-station programmes within hearing distance of my fellow listeners. From columning I went into magazine writing, publicity, and then to school.

Now to my caged prairie dog. I was like such a creature when first I lost my sight. No philosophy I could bring to bear on my case could console me for my loss of physical freedom. It was not the eyesight loss, but the effects of it, if you follow me. The necessity of staying put, of forever depending on the arm of a friend or employee should I venture out. I was too old to learn successfully to walk alone, tap-tapping with a cane. Blindness in itself was bondage, and the loss of physical freedom on account of blindness constituted doubly distilled enslavement. I was bound to the wheel of Fate, and not all the philosophies and religions in the world could reconcile me. This was at first.

Gradually I began to feel the gracious thought of humanity toward the blinded. I began to like humankind better, and humankind responded by reaching out hands on every side. To a considerable degree the doors of my cage were opened.

Finally came my dog, Millie (I did n't name her), to open my door wide. She is a Seeing Eye dog. This is the name of the organization training the German shepherd breed of canine for guide work.

Millie is to me what Mr. Calkins's electrical device is to him, and more than that. She is companion, friend, and servant. She is always available, always efficient when in harness. We go to school together. I do not need the arm of a friend or employee now. I am as free as a blind man could be. Millie takes me across the busiest streets, up and down steps, waits for my need of her day and night. I am no longer a caged prairie dog. I am out again in the open, burrowing away at the things that interest me.

Sixty other blind men and women in this country have this type of guide dog. Many hundreds will be available in the course of time. The movement must be slow, because it is so largely experimental, particularly with respect to the obtaining and developing of the right type of trainers.

It has taken a long while for sympathetic humanity to work out a method of freeing the blind. But now that it has happened to so great a degree I think it may be said that the deaf, with their mechanical devices, have no great advantage over us, with our guide dogs. Mr. Calkins's ears are in a box. My eyes are in the lovable head of Millie.

Now that I have Millie, I am less inclined to think of Nature as a cruel jade, unmindful of her battered children. For many hundreds of years this same breed of dog has been available to serve the blind, but neither humanity in general nor the blind themselves thought of it. Yet here was a type of Nature's children right at hand to compensate for Nature's bruising discipline to others of her huge family. Perhaps there is something in this compensation idea, after all. There may be compensation for every loss. The trick is to find it.

Perhaps there is a law. It may work up and down the scale of life. More and more I am suspecting this is so.

It may be that for every loss there is commensurate compensation. The deaf have not quite so difficult a task as the blind. But the blind have a more thrilling challenge. Potentially theirs is the greater compensation. This constitutes a potential advantage.

But I have not proved this, while Mr. Calkins has proved his point much more effectively by the things he can do. I am still, so to speak, in the experimental laboratory. It is better than a cage.

A VANISHING PROFESSION

BY JACOB A. FLEXNER

I

In earliest boyhood I made up my mind to be a doctor. My father respected this ambition and determined to do everything he could to further it. He wanted to give me a university education, send me to Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia, and then on to Paris, where he had friends. All this was taken for granted until the panic of 1873 and the ensuing business depression completely ruined my father financially. One of the saddest memories of my life is the walk I took with him on Christmas Day of that year. The pavements were encrusted with ice, so we plodded down the middle of the street and had gone along for some distance in silence when, suddenly, my father stopped and told me he was a ruined man. It would be impossible, he said, for me to go on with my schooling; instead, I should naturally want to assist him in supporting and educating my younger brothers and sisters, of whom there were eight. He told me that since my hopes were set upon medicine, my only chance to realize them would now be to enter the profession by way of a drug store.

Nowadays no one would think of a clerk in a drug store as a potential Galen, but this idea was natural enough in the 1870's. At that time a drug store was, strange to say, a *drug* store. It was in no sense the combined sandwich shop, bookstall, and dispensary of trade-marked medicines and knickknacks that it has become to-day. The old-fashioned pharmacist was not the keeper of a general store; he was a man of scientific training, a chemist, often a graduate in medicine. His principal business was to compound from their elemental drugs the prescriptions that the doctors sent in to him, and this function had not then been simplified and prostituted to the point where the man behind the counter could pour a widely advertised patent remedy from one bottle to another, paste a doctor's label on the new bottle, and still call himself a pharmacist. The druggist of my day was the right-hand man of the physician, and it was natural that the two professions should stand in a very close relationship to each other.

My father had many friends among the physicians of Louisville, where we lived, and through the influence of one of them I secured a situation with Dr. Thomas E. Jenkins, who owned two drug stores. It was agreed that I should work for six months without remuneration; at the end of that period, if I proved my ability, I was to be rewarded with the munificent salary of ten dollars a month. The store in which I began my apprenticeship had an underground hallway lined with rows of shelves. Here were kept the heavier drugs and the excess of stock which was not required in the store above. Off this dark passage ran another hallway five feet wide and hardly more than six feet high. This was my bedroom. Since it was underground, it never saw a ray of sunlight. The floor was covered with a strip of burlap from which clouds of dust ascended as one walked over it.

So much for the new physical environment in which I found myself. My intellectual environment, however, was thoroughly stimulating. Dr. Jenkins was himself a graduate in medicine and had been trained in chemistry at St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Kentucky. He was a student with a keen appreciation of the distinction between science and pseudo-science. Accurate to a most unusual degree, he possessed qualities which inspired his customers with complete confidence; just to watch him wrap up a package of Epsom salts convinced one that it was the best Epsom salts in the world. Dr. Jenkins had a good library, to which I had frequent access. Since I was an omnivorous reader and seemed to get along with little sleep, I had opportunities for self-improvement which made my lot far from an unhappy one.

At first I was put to work washing bottles and windows, but it was not long before I was promoted to the prescription counter, where I became an assistant analyst and pharmacist. Here I helped perform many tasks which I have never seen repeated in any latter-day drug store. We often prepared ores for assay and conducted many analyses that would now be undertaken by governmental agencies. One of these I recall particularly. An ex-convict had been found murdered on the outskirts of the city. Since there were no marks of violence upon the body, it was decided to hold a postmortem; the viscera were removed and sent to Dr. Jenkins for analysis. They arrived in a bucket with the tin cover soldered over it, but Dr. Jenkins refused to touch it until a check for the examination had reached him. For several days the bucket was kept in our cellar. When the check finally arrived and the contents were analyzed, we found strychnine in large quantities. This evidence enabled the authorities to prove that another ex-convict had committed the murder.

Those were the days when the sale of harmful drugs was not restricted. I could relate many instances to illustrate the deplorable conditions which brought the Harrison Law into being, but one will suffice. One Sunday morning a clergyman came into the store and asked me for a pint of whiskey and an eighth of an ounce of morphine sulphate. He paid for his purchase and, borrowing a pint graduate, asked me if he could step down to our basement for a moment. I gave him permission and paid no further attention to him until I saw him leave the store. Then, having occasion to go into the basement, I was horrified to find there the empty morphine bottle, the empty whiskey bottle, and the sides of the graduate covered with morphine crystals. The reverend gentleman had swallowed almost sixty grains of morphine and I expected at any moment to see him carried back into the store. Nothing happened, however, until one o'clock, when Mr. Gray, the relief clerk, came in. I showed him the ghastly outlay and described the clergyman as well as I could. My relief may well be imagined when Mr. Gray said to me, 'Don't bother about him. I just heard him preach one of the most eloquent sermons I ever listened to in my life.' Now that the sale of such drugs is regulated, I trust that no pharmacist of to-day will have to spend as miserable hours as I did before I learned the habits of my clerical customer.

Fifty years ago no first-class pharmacist would have thought of depending upon the great manufacturing firms to supply his tinctures and fluid extracts and capsules. We manufactured our own preparations and stocked our stores with drugs and chemicals that one never sees in the more prosperous metropolitan chain stores of to-day. We purchased our ammonia and our sulphuric acid in carboys, our sulphur, cream of tartar, and lampblack in barrels — and only from firms whose reputations were established beyond question. There are drug manufacturers now high in the pharmaceutical heavens whose preparations Dr. Jenkins would not have permitted in his store. In reward for our diligence we knew drugs when we saw them. We were taught the botany as well as the pharmacology of the *materia medica*, and in a small way the therapeutics as well.

The manufacture of our own preparations was occasionally dangerous. Now and then it led me rather far afield. When I first heard of the Aspinwall explosion of nitroglycerin I determined to try to produce some myself. I got my materials together and, following the proper directions, mixed them in a thin glass beaker. To await the subsidence of the reaction I stood the glass on a slab of granite in the back yard behind the store and proceeded with my other work. Hardly had I got inside the building when a heavy cart, rumbling along the street, gave the glass a jar and it let go with a roar that shook all the windows in the neighborhood. Later a somewhat similar experiment produced unexpected therapeutic results. Behind the drug store was the office of Dr. R. C. Hewett, a gentleman of the old school who had taken much interest in me. By accident I caused another explosion right under his office window and the old gentleman came running out with his spectacles far advanced on his nose.

'Son, what *are* you going to do next?' he shouted at me.

I explained to him that I had done no harm, whereupon he replied laughingly, 'No, nothing but good. I was just talking to Mr. Richardson, who has had rheumatism for months. He came in on crutches, but when your thunderous detonation went off almost under him he leaped up and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. His crutches are still in my office.'

No one has ever told the story of the drug-store loafers as they existed back in the seventies. A book might be written about the picturesque characters I encountered and the tales I heard them tell of their experiences. I have n't the space to do them justice here, but I must digress long enough to relate one story of more than local interest. A regular visitor to our store was Mr. John Throckmorton, who always had a comfortable seat reserved for him behind the stove. He was the son of Major Aris Throckmorton, who had been the proprietor of a celebrated hostelry in Louisville, the Galt House. John had been one of the clerks. It seems that one cold, raw day a plain-looking, rather heavy-set man entered the Galt House, asked for a room, and signed the name 'Charles Dickens' in the register. John looked him over casually, tried without success to engage him in conversation, and ended by assigning him to a small room at the top of the house. A few minutes later Major Throckmorton came in and glanced over the register. He was horrified to see that his distinguished guest had been quartered in the least desirable room in the hotel. Calling his son, he demanded to know what he meant by such an insult to one of the noted men of the age. 'Charles Dickens,' he thundered, 'on the top floor of *my* house!'

'Who the devil is Charles Dickens?' asked John. 'I never heard of him.'

'Never heard of Dickens! The author of *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Pickwick Papers?*'

'No,' said John, 'I never heard of any of them; and if they are all as grouchy as he is, I don't care if I never do.'

With an angry snort the elder Throckmorton turned his back upon his son and ascended to Dickens's room to present his apologies. 'Mr. Dickens,' he said, 'I am sorry that stupid son of mine failed to recognize you at once. I have come up, sir, to make amends and to place my bridal chamber at your disposal.'

To this kind offer Dickens replied indifferently, 'The room is all right, and if I want you I'll call for you. Please don't annoy me with any further civilities.'

Major Throckmorton's temper hung by a hair trigger. Immediately he flew into a rage and ordered his guest to pack up his baggage and get out, for he would not have a blasted Englishman under his roof if he could help it. So Dickens removed himself to the Louisville Hotel. In his *American Notes* he speaks of the Louisville Hotel, but he does not mention the Galt House and his mortifying encounter with Major Throckmorton.

II

At the time of which I write there were three medical schools in Louisville and the city could boast a number of distinguished physicians, many of whom frequented our drug store. I came to know them well and learned from them many things which were of service to me later. To listen to these men talk was a liberal education to a youth eager for knowledge. I, for my part, was often able to render them some service in return. More than once my knowledge of drugs was the means of saving physicians from their own mistakes.

In those days we had no telephones and it was often impossible to communicate with a doctor if we suspected an error in one of his prescriptions. At such times I had either to take the liberty and the risk of correcting the prescription myself or, by letting it go through, to expose the physician, which I could not bear to do. One night, when a member of a prominent family was ill, a prescription was brought in calling for one grain of quinine and sixty grains of morphine to be made up into twelve capsules. It was an unmistakable blunder, so without any hesitation I reversed the quantities and filled the prescription with five grains of quinine and one twelfth of a grain of morphine in each capsule. The next morning when the doctor visited the store, as he did almost every day, I showed him his prescription duly numbered and dated. With a wink he remarked, 'You changed that, I am sure.' My friendship with the doctors seemed to flourish upon such incidents.

I think back with particular gratitude to my friendship with Dr. Richard Cowling. He had traveled a great deal and would occasionally sit in the drug store and talk to me about some of the eminent surgeons he had seen operate in London, Paris, and Vienna. He was an ardent admirer of Maudsley, the great English surgeon, who, on one occasion when an operation had been unsuccessful, turned calmly to his assistant and said, 'The patient is a corpse; remove it and bring the next one.' Such imperturbability impressed Dr. Cowling tremendously. He early knew of my penchant for the practice of medicine, and whenever he could he would take me with him to watch him perform an operation or to listen to one of his lectures at the medical school. One evening I went along to see him demonstrate to his class an amputation of the hip joint. Little was then known about the control of hemorrhage, and Dr. Cowling explained, 'This is an operation done against time; it can only succeed when one is exceedingly swift and has a trained assistant.' With that he proceeded to amputate the leg of a cadaver.

When he had finished and looked at his stop watch he said, 'I think I never did that so well before.'

A voice from the benches spoke up, 'Doctor, I believe I could beat you at it.'

'Well,' replied Dr. Cowling, 'this subject has another leg. Come down here, sir, and try it.'

The student beat Dr. Cowling's time by fifteen or twenty seconds and the doctor, in astonishment, asked him where he had learned to cut. The man replied, 'I was a butcher in Texas, Doctor, and we work quick down there.'

It would be difficult for a medical student of to-day to realize some of the hardships that attended the study of anatomy in the 1870's. The pretty general enactment of the so-called 'anatomy law,' which provides that the unclaimed bodies of people dying in public institutions shall be given to the medical schools, has done away with a very picturesque character of my time — the body snatcher. During the early period of my apprenticeship at the drug store I was eager to do anything which I thought would help me along in my medical studies. One evening a doctor from one of the large schools asked me if I wanted to go with a little party on a grave-robbing expedition after the store closed that night. Everything being fish that came to my net from that source, I readily accepted. I was told to provide myself with a good cap and a warm overcoat, and arrangements were made for him to stop by for me. Since the weather was cold, I had the inspiration to slip into my pocket a bottle of whiskey, which turned out to be a godsend to us, as I have often known it to be on other occasions.

At the appointed time my friend appeared and I climbed into the spring wagon that had been rented for the expedition. In it were two large casks. Besides the doctor and myself, our party consisted of the wagon driver and the body snatcher — a well-known figure in the dissecting rooms of the city. We crossed the Ohio River on a ferryboat, drove out behind a little Indiana town opposite the east end of Louisville, and soon reached the cemetery. Securing the bodies was a far simpler operation than one might think. A sort of shaft was sunk at the head of the newly made grave, which as a rule was not very deep. A rope was then passed around the neck of the body, which by this time had lost its rigidity, and the limp corpse was drawn up and hurriedly placed in one of the casks. This was repeated at another place not far from the site of the first operation. When we were ready to start back it was well on toward midnight, and quite cold. We managed to catch a ferryboat just as it was leaving the wharf. We had almost reached midstream when my friend, who had walked up to the bow of the boat, came back and whispered to me, 'There are two detectives on board and they are going to arrest us the moment the boat ties up. I'll give them as much of your whiskey as they will drink. Meanwhile you throw those two casks into the river. At all events there will be no evidence against us.'

By the time the boat was tied up at the landing the two detectives were very mellow; still they were sober enough to inform us that we were under arrest for stealing bodies, which they knew to be concealed in the casks in our wagon. The doctor, with the disarming innocence which he knew so well how to assume, told them that he had never before suspected that a few drinks of whiskey could make men see casks where there were none, and he led them up to the empty wagon. They could only shake their heads in amazement. One of them, turning to my friend, said, 'Well, Doc, thank you for a pleasant evening, anyway. There's no evidence against you, so I reckon you can go on and land.' A few days later I learned that the two casks had gone ashore somewhere on the Kentucky side of the river and had been sent, unopened, to the medical school for which they had originally been intended.

After three years of clerking in the drug store an offer came to me to take charge of the prescription manufacturing department of a much larger business than the one I had been engaged in. Since it promised a substantial increase in salary, I embraced the opportunity eagerly, but soon discovered that the work was different in every way from that with which I had been occupied before. I had been accustomed to clean, orderly, scientific management. In this place there was an air of the patent medicine; the proprietor seemed to think of nothing but the volume of his business. Here many things were purchased from the manufacturing pharmacists which I had formerly been accustomed to produce myself. I do not mean to cast any reflections upon the quality of these manufactured drugs, but I do say that there was a certain satisfaction in my former method of procedure which was always lacking at the new store. Sometimes, however, I was able to persuade my employer to allow me, even with the limited facilities at my disposal, to turn out for him some preparation which was sold in large quantities.

While most of my memories of this establishment are not pleasant, I retain a fond recollection of an Irish laborer named Mike Merritt, who became my most appreciative customer. He was at least six feet four inches tall, and I have never seen a human being take such tremendous doses of medicine as this man did. It was not at all unusual for him to down a full tumbler of castor oil at one gulp. One day Mike came into the store with a prescription calling for one grain of strychnine to be mixed with other things and put into thirty pills. The weighing of small amounts of drugs is always a delicate process, and as Mike watched me deliberately measuring out his dose of strychnine a crystal at a time he became impatient. In his familiar brogue he said to me, 'Ah, gwan wid ye, Docthor, and don't be so stintin' wid your medicine!'

My next employment was more like my first in some respects. It was in a small store situated in one of the residential districts. During my clerkship here I had a terrible experience which I cannot recall even now without a quickening of the pulse. One Sunday night — or, rather, early one Monday morning — the night bell rang, as it often did when some neighbor was taken suddenly ill. Dressing quickly, I went to the door. Through the glass I could see a tall man without a hat who looked as if he had rushed out for medicine in a great hurry. I shoved the key into the lock and turned it. Immediately the door flew back upon me under the pressure of a second man who had been kneeling against it below the glass panel. The next instant I had been knocked down, two knees were upon my chest, and I felt the cold steel of a revolver against each temple. 'If you don't resist,' warned the taller man, 'you won't be hurt.' They took me into my bedroom, in the rear of the store, tied my hands behind me, flung me across the bed, and returned to the store. I heard them break down the cash drawer. Then they found the whiskey and helped themselves bountifully and loaded their pockets with cigars.

While I lay there I had plenty of time to collect my thoughts. I had in my pocket the key to the safe, which contained a thousand dollars in cash, diamonds and other jewelry belonging to the proprietor's wife, and some valuable securities. My employer knew that I was in a precarious financial position, and if the safe was opened with my key I realized that I should be under suspicion. As I turned the matter over in my mind I resolved to protect the safe, and with it my reputation. I managed somehow to free my hands and then I hid the key. Hardly had I done this when the men came back into the room and demanded it. 'I have n't it,' said I. 'Search me if you don't believe me.' The tall man replied, 'But I saw you lock the safe early in the evening!' Again I lied valiantly and said that the proprietor took the key home with him and that I did not have it. After searching me and failing to find it, they must have believed my story, for in a little while they departed.

My employer lived in the house next door, and as soon as I thought the men were out of hearing I called to him. The first thing I did was to hand him his key and ask him to look in the safe and see that everything was as he had left it. Of course it was; the safe had not been opened. When we notified the police, the chief of detectives came to investigate, and a celebrated detective he was. He was an old friend of my father and had known me from childhood. I shall never forget the strange look he gave me as I told him my story. 'You say they tied you with a thong?' he asked. 'Where is it?' Fortunately for me, it lay on the floor by the side of the bed where I had dropped it. It seemed to be a peculiar slipknot, for the detective recognized it at once. 'This is Red Leary's knot. We'll hear more from this fellow before he gets out of the state.'

The very next night these same desperadoes killed a tollgate keeper on a road not far from where I am now dictating these reminiscences. They shot him through the window as he sat at the supper table with his family around him. Later they were caught at Nashville and were sent to the Ludlow Street Jail in New York, from which, if I remember correctly, they had escaped. This man Leary had been a Union soldier during the Civil War and afterward became a member of Quantrell's band, from which I believe the James brothers graduated also. My encounter with him filled me with a strange horror of his very name, which seemed to jump out at me from the pages of the newspapers whenever he figured in some new crime. When I read of his death several years later, I confess to a feeling of real relief.

While I continued at my third job as a druggist's assistant I still took advantage of every opportunity to carry on my medical studies. The professor of anatomy at a neighboring medical school had become an intimate friend of mine and I arranged to study with him at night. This necessitated the keeping of a cadaver, and for convenience I stowed it away under my bed. One day the proprietor of the drug store, without saying anything to me about his intentions, ordered the Negro porter to clean up my room. He struggled with the bulky object under my bed until he had dragged it forth; then when he saw what it was he shrieked, 'Oh, mah Lawd, mah Lawd!' and fled through the back door. He could never be persuaded to return to the store again. My employer and I had rather a heated conversation about it and in the end I was compelled to return the body to the dissecting room, where it belonged.

Negro porters were very reliable helpers back in the seventies and eighties, and even to-day, in the South, they are still important members of the drug-store personnel. One day when I needed something from the cellar I sent one of the porters to fetch it. A carboy of ammonia which was stored there had sprung a leak and the cellar was full of the fumes. I saw the porter disappear down the steps and the very next instant he came dashing back up again. As soon as he saw me he burst out, 'Don't send me down dat cellah no mo', Boss! Dere's somepin' in dat cellah dat goes up my nose befo' mah breff!'

III

By studying at night I had been able to take my degree from the College of Pharmacy. I was now qualified to go into business for myself. This seemed a highly desirable thing to do in view of the fact that my personal responsibilities were becoming much heavier as my brothers and sisters grew older, for I felt that I ought to do everything I could to help them get the education which had been denied me. I learned that one of the oldest established drug stores in Louisville was for sale. My own capital was limited, but some friends and relatives offered to assist me and I was enabled to make a bid which was accepted. The arrangements left me saddled with debt, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that henceforth I was to be my own master. The store was situated in the business district and only a block away from the river, so that we drew many of our clients from the steamboat trade. From the first my business was devoted almost exclusively to the filling of prescriptions written by physicians. With the reputation I had established in the stores where I had previously worked, it was not long before I was doing a thriving business. In the course of the next year I was able to pay off practically the entire debt upon the store.

Before long I had several graduates in pharmacy working with me. By interest and industry we developed a considerable business in what now passes under the name of 'clinical microscopy.' We were soon in a position to erect a new building, which we did in order to make it possible to separate the prescription department from the ordinary business of the store. Our new prescription department occupied the second floor. To ensure absolute accuracy, I introduced a system by which every customer was given a check for his prescription, and a similar coupon was attached to the prescription itself before it went upstairs to be filled. The clerk who had charge of this department had under him two graduates in pharmacy and several other helpers, but often this was not enough; many days there was scarcely a moment for meals. But it was a happy time. We knew that we were rendering the best professional service that could be had. Our patrons included most of the distinguished doctors in Louisville. Very few drug stores are established upon this principle to-day; in the general stores which have replaced the old-fashioned pharmacy the prescription counter represents a small and almost negligible aspect of the business.

I preferred to manufacture my own drugs when possible, and the new store was built with an eye to growth in this direction. I produced practically all of my own tinctures and fluid extracts and many of the solid extracts from the crude drugs, which were very carefully chosen. When Koch announced the discovery of tuberculin at a meeting of the International Medical Association in Berlin, I immediately cabled to a correspondent and was among the first to receive one gram of this important drug. Through the same connection I secured a small amount of Aaronson's diphtheria antitoxin, and I feel rather sure that, with Dr. Ed Grant of Louisville, I was the first to demonstrate the value of diphtheria antitoxin south of the Ohio River.

The first patient was a little girl who lived in a tiny room behind a wretched grocery store. The child was all but dead, her pulse had nearly stopped, and the awful membrane covered her mouth, lips, and nose. I administered the antitoxin according to instructions, using the old Koch syringe, which is a syringe having a bulb and not a plunger. Next morning, to our great satisfaction, I was able to remove almost all of the membrane from the child's throat and mouth, and with her mother's faithful care she made a good recovery. She was a tractable little girl and I remember taking her one of the dolls of which my own children had quite an excess. Many years later, when I was practising medicine, a young woman came into my office and told me that she was the child to whom I had administered that first antitoxin. When she confided to me that she still had the doll I had given her and that her mother and father had never ceased to be grateful for what I had done for them, I experienced that solid pleasure which does not often come to any man but a doctor.

The solicitation of alms was a common occurrence in the late eighties. Since there were few organized charities, the drug stores, because of their easy access, became a favorite point of call for them. One evening a small, shabby, and very red-faced man came into the store and, in a broad Scotch accent, asked me if he could have a few minutes of my time. He began by telling me that he had been a director of the Glasgow Bank, which had failed disastrously some time before; since coming to this country, he said, he had met with continued ill fortune and he begged me to help him. His language was excellent and his familiarity with the whole subject of the Glasgow Bank, as I had gotten it from the newspapers, seemed to be impeccable; so I gave him a dole. Some years later I was sitting at the microscope one afternoon when a small, red-faced man came in and told me in perfect German that he had been connected with some bank failure in Hamburg. I recognized him at once. 'What a sad life you have had!' said I. 'Are you not the same poor man whose misfortunes began with the failure of the Glasgow Bank some years ago?' He straightened up and answered me in perfect English, 'You have a marvelous memory, sir; I am.' With that he walked out and I have never seen him again.

Before the advent of organized charities it was not unusual to see young children on the streets appealing to one's sympathies by selling matches, shoestrings, and other trifles. One day a ragged little boy of about seven came into the store to beg in this manner and I happened to notice that he had lost the sight of one eye by the growth upon it of what is called a pterygium and that a similar one was forming on his other eye. It distressed me to see the little fellow so neglected. By closing his good eye, I showed him that he was blind in the other one, and this frightened him so much that he promised to bring his father to see me. In a little while the father came. He was a Russian shoemaker and was obviously grieved and alarmed when I explained the seriousness of his child's condition. I gave him a note to my good friend, Dr. William Cheatham, who, without any charge, performed the slight operation that was necessary to save the sight of the remaining eye.

In 1893, I began my formal studies in medicine. For a number of years I had been pursuing independent researches of my own with the assistance of friends among the doctors; now I wanted to obtain my degree in medicine, so I enrolled at the University of Louisville. The demonstrator of anatomy was a close friend of mine and he allowed me many special privileges so that I might continue my work at the drug store while I carried on my studies. I was permitted, among other things, to work at my dissections late at night long after the departure of the class. The first time I took advantage of this privilege I had rather a harrowing experience. The caretaker of the building either had not been informed of my presence or had forgotten about it, for he quietly locked me in the dissecting room, where I was so intent upon my work that I did not hear him. About midnight, when I concluded to turn out the lights and go home, I found the door barred. I can assure you that it was anything but pleasant to face the prospect of spending the night in the company of five or six mutilated bodies.

Hoping that I might be able to summon assistance from the street, I walked over to the window. Opposite the medical school there was a Negro church; I saw a group of colored people gathered in front of it. I knocked on the glass and then, raising it, shouted to them. I still had on my white apron and they must have thought I was the ghost of one of their departed friends, for the sight of me sent the crowd scattering madly in all directions. In a moment the street was absolutely deserted. Seeing that all my efforts to escape, short of breaking down the door, were useless, I resigned myself to the inevitable. I found a dissecting table unoccupied and, lying down upon it, was soon fast asleep. I never slept better in my life, but you may be sure that when the astonished caretaker found me in the morning I took pains to arrange things with him so that I should not have to spend another night in this laboratory of the dead.

In my later years it has interested me greatly to note that numbers of physicians of my generation, many of them highly distinguished men, entered their medical careers as I did — through the drug store. With the modern tendency to make of a drug store anything rather than a *drug* store, this avenue is now closed to the medical student. Pharmacy is, indeed, a vanishing profession. It seems a great pity. For the man who means to practise internal medicine I still believe that training in the prescription department of a high-class pharmacy provides a valuable discipline for which no substitute can be found elsewhere. Those of us who were equipped there came to know drugs as few others know them. We also came to know how little many doctors understand this basic element of their profession. And I do not hesitate to say that, to the patient, the ability of a doctor to compound his own prescription with thought of the immediate case before him is something that is precious beyond all measure.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINGLE RAPIER

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

One may as well confess that, in the hands of a cunning literary craftsman, the theme of Murder as one of the Fine Arts attracts us more than we care to think about. Of even the best morbidity, a little goes a long way. With zest, therefore, a healthy mind turns to Detection of Crime, where obscure and imaginative killings are purely by the way, and the chief fascination grows from the enthralling processes of the detective mind. The sovereign power of this interest makes itself felt in the Mousetrap play-within-the-play of *Hamlet*. Here the murderer, pouring the liquid poison into the Sleeper's ear, pours a shudder into us; but from this we are lifted at once to the crest of excitement by the detective glance with which the prone Hamlet pierces the heart of Claudius.

Now, although I listen like a three years' child to tales of the amazing achievements of those geniuses Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance, I cannot down a grudging sense of their good fortune. Lucky fellows, I say, to be furnished with a supply of selected crimes, carefully committed for them to solve! For a literary detective is denied the advantages of a detective in literature. No omniscient author predigests his problem, carries the answer up his sleeve, and provides the puzzle with fascinating varieties of circumstance. True, the Case of Christopher Marlowe came pretty well within the regulations. One knew that the poet had been killed, and the puzzle was to find the slayer and throw light on the crime. But there are cases in which we must begin with far less hope of success — cases in which we are completely in the dark.

For if the lost crime was committed upwards of three hundred years ago, and no one has heard of it from that day to this, your detective faces a sporting proposition. He must begin sans newspaper, sans confidential informant, sans everything but his curiosity. In two words, he must start from scratch; and it is to the story of such a novel hare-and-hounds that I now invite you.

Henry Porter, you must know, is an arresting presence in the stormy procession of Elizabethan dramatists — no less arresting because he vanishes so suddenly and strangely from our sight. First mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary*, in December 1596, as one of the leading and popular playwrights for the Admiral's company, he runs for two years and a half thereafter a lively career — writing three plays himself and collaborating in two others. In one of these he worked with Ben Jonson: a significant association, for the two must have had much in common. Like Jonson vigorous and downright, he further shares with Ben the distinction of introducing the amusing 'humor' or type character to the English stage. And more than this can be said for Porter on the authority of his *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, the only play of his that has come down to us.

Unlike Jonson's, Porter's genius was pure English, uncomplicated by Renaissance influence and borrowing. His people are drawn from nowhere but the life of the English countryside; their shrewdly observed characters are richly developed in a hearty humor and a plain and flowing English. Francis Meres placed Porter in a group with Shakespeare as 'the best for Comedy amongst us.' The *Angry Women* may stand shoulder-high to the *Merry Wives*. Here is no space for an adequate appreciation of Porter's genius. There is keen regret for his lost plays. Havelock Ellis well says, 'Many golden galleons of our drama lie sunken at the bottom of the sea; few that we would more gladly recover than the stout oak-built ships of Harry Porter.'

Natural enough, we may say, to expect the loss of many an Elizabethan playhouse manuscript. Plays in any age are mostly fugitive productions. But the unexplained disappearance of a leading playwright is another matter — one which sets the curiosity ablaze and the questing hounds of the imagination a-straining in the slips to be off on the trail of the lost Harry Porter.

II

Now the most insatiable of clue hunters would find food for his hunger in Chancery Lane. Here in the Record Office are thousands and tens of thousands of parchment rolls and files of documents from Elizabeth's England. In such a *matto grosso* the great question is, of course, which way to turn first, which of the countless jungle tracks to follow.

For a hint, let us look to the last known trace of the missing man, found in Henslowe's *Diary* — an acknowledgment written in his own hand: 'Be it knowne vnto all men that J henry Porter do owe vnto phillip Hinchlowe the some of x^{s} of lawfull money of England w^{ch} J did borrowe of hym the 26 of maye a^{o} dom 1599. Henr [*sic*] Porter.'

Now Henslowe, as everyone knows, lived in Southwark — Southwark, that turbulent transpontine appendage of London which harbored the Bear Garden and Henslowe's Rose Theatre. In Southwark, too, were brothels — the notorious 'stews' of the Bankside, near the elegant town house or palace of their landlord, the Bishop of Winchester; prisons — the King's Bench, the Clink, Marshalsea, and the White Lion; alehouses — three hundred of them; courts of justice — Southwark Assizes and the High Court of Admiralty, both held in St. Margaret's, a disused church which also housed the jail called the Southwark Compter. A grim enough catalogue, exhibiting a very Elizabethan mixture of religion and crime.

This whole congeries has long disappeared from the face of Southwark. But in the Record Office documents are to be found which bring it to life for us. If we dip into the criminal files of the High Court of Admiralty, for instance, we find the sea thieves and murderers haled before their judges in St. Margaret's Church. Pirates on trial for their lives a bowshot from the Bankside stage where Shakespeare is acting with his fellows! The temptation to digress is too seductive, and I am absorbed to find interesting proof that the Admiralty had cognizance of crimes committed not only on the high seas but on the London Thames as well. Here we find a specimen — the murder of a waterman, one of the fraternity of Taylor the Water Poet, by a dangerous religious maniac: —

> John Lawson, late of London, yeoman, came running along the street in Redrith and called for a pair of oars; and the said John Staples, now dead, and William Aide took him at Redrith Stairs into their

wherry; and as they rowed him from the Stairs towards London, the said John Lawson began to read on a Bible which he had in his hand, and said the devils and witches had bewitched him and brought him that day out of his chamber; and being warned by the water men to call upon God, he read on his Bible again; and, looking up again, he said he thanked God he had, and [He had] saved him from them. And then he, the said John Lawson, of a sudden, in the said wherry in the river of Thames over against St. Saviour's Mill, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, the said fourth day of April aforesaid, being devilishly minded, drew his rapier and thrust the said John Staples through the neck on the right side, and also into the thigh ten inches deep up towards his body, and hurt him also in the left hand in two places; of which wounds so given . . . the same Staples languished about the space of half an hour, and then died.

With stories like this coming before my eyes, it is difficult to put aside the Admiralty records, though, to be sure, they are hardly likely to contain a clue to the vanished Henry Porter.

But a better source suggests itself — the Southwark Assizes. Southwark was in Surrey in those days, and Surrey came under the Southeastern Circuit. Here luck is with me, for of all the records of the Clerks of Assize preserved in the Record Office the only ones which extend back into the sixteenth century are those of the Southeastern Circuit. I promptly send for a bundle, and, on opening it, select the Surrey file.

Here before me on the old brown slips of parchment are lists of the justices of jail delivery, panels of jurors, and quantities of original indictments — indictments for petty larceny, for non-attendance at church, for witchcraft, for assault, for seditious speeches, for highway robbery, for manslaughter, for murder. Is the lost playwright to be found among them? Hunting fever is growing on me as I grope my way along through that grim wood where on every second tree a felon hangs.

III

I reach the file for 1599, the year of Porter's disappearance. Is my quarry here? The leaves of parchment fall swiftly . . . strange names flit past . . . and now, Porter. Henry Porter. Killed. Is this my man? The date — June 6. Eleven days after he disappeared from Henslowe's book. The missing playwright is found; and his tragic death is told in a legal Latin which may be Englished as follows: —

SURREY: — The Jurors for the Lady the Queen present that John Daye, late of Southwark, yeoman, on the sixth day of June in the forty-first year of our Lady Elizabeth by God's grace Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., with force and arms, at Southwark aforesaid in the said county, not having God before his eyes, but moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, *of his malice aforethought feloniously* made an assault upon a certain Henry Porter, and when the said Henry then and there was in God's peace and the peace of the said Lady the Queen, with a certain sword, Anglice a rapier, of the value of two shillings, which the same John Daye had and held in his right hand, feloniously struck, then and there giving to the same Henry Porter a mortal wound on the left breast of his body of the length of one inch and of the width of one inch, of which mortal wound the said Henry Porter languished at Southwark aforesaid in the said county, from the said sixth day of June in the forty-first year aforesaid until the seventh day of June then next ensuing; on which seventh day of June in the year aforesaid, at Southwark in the said county, the said Henry Porter died of the said mortal wound. And thus at Southwark in the said county the said John Daye, in the form and manner aforesaid, *of his said malice aforethought* feloniously killed *and murdered* the said Henry Porter, against the peace of the said Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

The first thing to note here is that the inquest jury brought a charge of murder against the slayer. But the passages I print in italic were subsequently struck out; and on turning the parchment over I find the endorsement of the grand jury: 'Not found for murder. True bill for manslaughter.' Furthermore, over the name of John Day at the head of the indictment the clerk has entered a memorandum of the trial and verdict: 'Puts himself guilty; no goods; self-defense, and he fled to a certain wall beyond which, etc.'

While this is formal language, the meaning of it is clear enough. Day confesses that he killed Porter. 'No goods' means that he has no property to be forfeit to the Crown for his felony. He urges self-defense in extenuation of his crime, offering evidence that he retreated as far as possible from Porter — or, in the old phrase, he 'fled to a certain wall, beyond which he could in no wise go without peril of his life' — before defending himself effectively with his rapier. On referring to the docket of prisoners at the bottom of the file, I find Day's name, with the note 'gave bail for next, etc.' — which is to say that he found sureties for his appearance 'at the next gaol-delivery in his proper person to plead his pardon or yield his body to the order of the Court.' Day, then, was released on bail, and, since his name does not appear in the record of the following jail delivery, we must conclude that, like Ingram Frizer, he was granted a royal pardon for homicide in self-defense.

With this account we may contrast Ben Jonson's trial at Middlesex Sessions in the preceding year for killing the actor Gabriel Spencer in a duel. Unlike Day, Jonson is presented, not for murder, but for manslaughter. At his trial he has no evidence of self-defense to offer, and to escape the gallows which awaits the convicted felon he pleads clergy: 'He asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked in the hand with a T, and is delivered according to the form of the statute.'

In spite of the expense involved in securing a pardon, Day got off better than Ben Jonson. For not only is it painful and ignominious to be branded in the hand, but such a mark is a distinct disadvantage. If you should happen to kill another adversary, no amount of clerkly scholarship would save you from the tree. Benefit of clergy could be claimed once, and no more.

IV

But we have got ahead of our story. Who was this John Day, at whose hands Harry Porter had his last quietus? The question answers itself. Who should he be but the rival playwright for Henslowe's company, John Day, who collaborated with Chettle in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green?* What more natural than a heated quarrel between two men employed by one manager, especially between two playwrights, who, according to the *Diary*, never collaborated with each other? Further evidence is given by Ben Jonson himself, who, a month before he killed Gabriel Spencer, had collaborated with Porter in the play, *Hot Anger Soon Cold.* A fellow worker with Harry Porter, Ben was no friend of Day's, and in conversation with Drummond he calls Day 'rogue' and 'base fellow.'

These are hard words for admirers of Day's work to swallow; and we have no other testimony than Ben's as to his character. What can be said of his writings? Of his plays, perhaps the most characteristic is *Humour out of*

Breath. Here, though to be sure in a less delicate form, we find the 'polish and politeness,' the wit and Arcadian grace, of *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It.* Further, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green* shows that on demand Day could collaborate in producing boisterous and bustling scenes of realism and crude humor with some indifferent success. But, left to its own pleasure, Day's talent found its most grateful path to expression in the poetry of his delightful masque, *The Parliament of Bees.* Of this sweet fancy Charles Lamb wrote: —

> The doings,
> The births, the wars, the wooings
>
> of these pretty little winged creatures are with continued liveliness portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk; the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies while we read them. Surely bees were never so berhymed before.

But we must leave the measuring of poets' fame to Time's yardstick, and return to the dark business with which we began. Who can say with any confidence what provoked the quarrel, and how the playwrights fought? Except for the certainty that Day thrust Porter into the breast with a rapier, we are in ignorance. No further light comes to us from either combatant, whether from Porter's twenty-four hours of languishing life or Day's remaining years.

A fancy strikes me that perhaps Porter lacked Day's skill with the rapier. To many an untraveled Englishman it was still a fairly new weapon, and Porter's play shows its author English to the core. Is there a trace of Porter's own feelings in the words he puts into the mouth of the humorous serving man Dick Coomes? 'Nay, mistress, I had a sword, ay, the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox, i' faith . . . 't is gone, and there are few good ones made now. I see by this dearth of good swords that dearth of sword-and-buckler fight begins to grow on't; I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again if it be once gone; this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then; then a man, a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or a coney; then a boy will be as good as a man, unless the Lord show mercy unto us; well, I had as lief be hanged as live to see that day.'

If an angry man merely wanted to settle a sudden quarrel with a good gory hand-to-hand, but not carry it to the length of killing, he was ill advised to use a rapier. Giacomo di Grassi, in his *True Arte of Defence* (Englished 1594), well observes that 'the Rapier is generally allowed as a weapon because most perilous, therefore most feared, and thereupon private quarrels and common frayes soonest shunned.'

Can we trace in Day's subsequent writings any reflection of that fatal fight with Porter? It may not be the mere accident of popular demand that in the autumn after he had put a bloody period to the life of a dramatist — one of 'the best for Comedy amongst us' — we find him collaborating with Haughton in writing two tragedies which deal with recent murders: *The Tragedy of Cox of Collumpton* and *Thomas Merry, or, Beech's Tragedy.* It was not until the following spring that he made an effort toward comedy in some of the scenes of *The Blind Beggar.* Yet here, if we give a loose to our imaginations under the stimulus of the grim fact just disclosed to us, we may fancy some echo of that tragedy acted to the life in the June of 1599: —

> (*Enter Captain Westford and Officers*)
>
> *Cap. W.* Lay hold on him; and, Mr. Strowd, once more,
> Confesse thy guilt.

Old Strowd. Why, Sir, I not deny Sir Robert
Westford, doing me much wrong, is by me slain.
Cap. W. And you for this offence
Shall be conducted safely unto Prison
Till matters may be better thought upon:
Mean time your own confession is my warrant.
O. Str. Well, Gentlemen, I do obey the Law,
And will yield my body Prisoner to the King.
Son, work what means ye can for my repreiue
Till we may sue for pardon. So adue my Son;
Heaven give thee grace such desprate bralls
to shun.

And, finally, think of Day, a few months after he had slain Porter with his rapier, penning the lines in Act V, where Captain Westford and Young Playnsey, demanding trial by combat before the King, are making choice of weapons: —

Y. Playn. Come, Captain Westford, you have
been in Spain,
And are well practis'd in the desperate fight
Of Single Rapier.
Cap. W. Playnsey, I am pleas'd.
King. So are not we.
The single Rapier is too desperate;
And therefore choose some other weapon,
Or we will have no Combat fought this day.

MR. BUNTING PAYS THE PIPER

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

Mr. Bunting sat on the top step of the front porch and yearned toward the distant hills. His ears were lifted, his black eyes, glistening, protruded slightly with excitement, and his white moustaches twitched with the rapid movements of his small black nose. From over the hills came again the deep baying of foxhounds. Mr. Bunting's long silken white hair, newly brushed, quivered to its very ends.

He looked over his shoulder at the closed door behind him. Then he hopped down two steps and stood waiting, his plumed tail curled tensely over his back. There was no sound from inside. The big shady farmyard lay around him, a benign prison. Beyond its slope the highway curved, so smooth to run upon, so redolent with smells — unbearably forbidden. Mr. Bunting sat down.

All pleasure in his beautifully brushed coat was gone. His eyes darkened and his ears drooped. After a few moments he lay down, whimpering a little. The warm spring afternoon was very still. Presently the oak leaves above him stirred, and Mr. Bunting lifted an eager, trembling nose. The baying of the foxhounds broke out again, louder, more triumphant, excited.

With the suddenness of an explosion Mr. Bunting disappeared.

He was a flash under the far corner of the fence, a streak across the highway and over the hill. In the woods on the other side of the hill he found them — powerful great dogs, but kindly, with beautiful waving tails. For a brief moment they gathered around him, and Mr. Bunting stood up on his hind legs, rigid with delight, pawing at their smoothness, his warm little tongue licking the muzzles pressed against him. Then they were off, running swiftly through the dense underbrush. Mr. Bunting, ignored, bounded at their heels.

A blackberry brier tore his tender

skin. He pulled away, leaving a long strand of silky white hair behind. One of his ears began to bleed. Sharp flints cut his feet, but he did not feel them. His coat was matting with burrs. Once he stopped and with a desperate paw tried to scrub the hair out of his eyes. His tongue hung out dripping, but when the voices of the hounds, long-drawn, clear tenor and deep bass, echoed through the hills, Mr. Bunting found breath to yap shrilly.

They circled the village and ran on, their shadows lengthening. Mr. Bunting ploughed stubbornly behind, bravely spattering through the streams. A chill crept into the air, and into his wet coat. His tired little legs barely raised his feet from the ground; his tail hung down, limp and bedraggled. The hounds were almost out of sight. In a little they were gone and their voices grew faint. Mr. Bunting paused, bit wearily at a burr on his paw — and turned homeward. A stretch of long tangled grass clutched at him, but he struggled through it to a ditch beside the road. There he stopped. His raw, swollen feet flinched at the touch of gravel, and he sank down on the edge of the road, a numb little bundle of dirty white fur. The twilight closed down upon him. Mr. Bunting slept.

He was wakened by a glare of light and the sound of voices. They were not familiar voices and Mr. Bunting stared upward, startled. A car stood by the roadside, but it was not his car. Strange hands were laid upon him, fingers felt of his legs, moved his paws, pressed along his spine. He was raised gently to his feet. Mr. Bunting stood still, bewildered, feeling that he was being looked at, though no one was touching him now. A moment later he was lifted up, and the blinding circle of light changed to the darkness of the car. A lap received him.

Mr. Bunting sniffed vaguely; the car ground its teeth and started with a jerk. Mr. Bunting's head nodded and his eyes closed. The lap was very comfortable.

When he woke again the car had stopped and Mr. Bunting rose stiffly and prepared to descend into his own yard. But it was not his yard, nor was the house his house. His round eyes, full of distress, peered in wonder at the strange faces. He struggled a little, but was carried firmly indoors. Food was set before him. Mr. Bunting regarded it with distaste. He did not like bread and milk, and he never ate beans. There were a few scraps of meat mixed with the beans, and after a second of hesitation he nosed them out and ate, but sparingly. Then he looked up hopefully and waited for the bone. But there was no bone. Mr. Bunting surveyed the room and perceived a sink. He went to it at once and sneezed. This was understood. There were exclamations, and a pan of water was placed on the floor. Mr. Bunting drank gratefully and lay down in a corner. It was a very hard corner, but it would do.

It was then that he began to comprehend that there would be no peace in this place. He was picked up at once out of the corner and taken to a bathroom. Mr. Bunting, squirming in restraining arms, turned his head as far as possible from the horrid sight of running water, and he trembled, but it was useless. He was plopped into the water and *washed*. Not that he was n't accustomed to being bathed — but at such a time, with his coat full of burrs, not one of which had been removed! Soap got in his eyes and it hurt dreadfully, but no one wiped it away. Mr. Bunting bore up bravely. After all, at the end of the disgusting business there would be the paper mouse to chase.

When it was all over he was partially dried and put down. No one produced the mouse. Instead, he was carried out of the house and put into a shed, on a pile of clean hay, and left there. The door was closed. Mr. Bunting sat down on the hay, staggered. The hay pricked him. Mr. Bunting rose with dignity, went to the door, and barked. There was no response. A cold wind whistled through the cracks of the shed and Mr. Bunting shivered. He barked again, in no uncertain tones. Still no response. Mr. Bunting went slowly back through the darkness to the hay, and climbed up on it, tail hanging. After a moment of consideration he dug himself a nest and lay down. He was very tired, too tired even to lick his sore feet or bite out the offending burrs.

He slept fitfully, and all night he was aware of a strong smell of dog somewhere around. Once he sprang up and listened. There was a soft pad-pad of something going along the side of the shed. Mr. Bunting snarled and the sound ceased. After a time he lay down again.

The sunlight had been streaming through the cracks for a long while before anyone came to let him out. Mr. Bunting was extremely uncomfortable. He was accustomed to being let out at six o'clock. When the door was opened at last Mr. Bunting dashed through it — straight into the waiting jaws of a gigantic Airedale.

As those hot jaws were shutting upon him Mr. Bunting, gibbering with rage and terror, twisted himself violently around and caught the upper lip of the Airedale in his teeth. The Airedale roared. Mr. Bunting shrieked through clenched teeth. There were shouts and screams. Mr. Bunting was shaken until he was dizzy before hands seized him and pried his jaws apart. He continued to shriek all the way to the house and up a flight of stairs and into a bedroom. In spite of soothings and caressings he muttered to himself for a long time, between spasmodic tremblings.

When he grew quieter the need for that morning walk became more and more urgent. Somebody was throwing bedcovers around just above him and Mr. Bunting stepped forward, put his paws up on the leg of the person bending over the bed, and stared into her face, waiting for the familiar phrase, 'Do you want to go out, darling?' To his indignation he was gathered into her arms, squealed at, and put down again. Mr. Bunting tried once more, but his stare met with the same response. He was outraged and desperate. If he were not let out immediately, there would be an accident and he would be blamed for it.

Mr. Bunting's claws clicked across the floor to the doorway and out into the hall. Someone had put a suitcase across the head of the stairs! There was no way to get down. Mr. Bunting rose to his hind legs and peered over the top of the suitcase, whining. Instantly the Airedale, who had been waiting at the foot of the stairs, flung himself upward with that bloodcurdling roar. Mr. Bunting fell back and scrambled madly to the bedroom. The person who was in there came out and went down the stairs, saying things to the Airedale — but leaving the suitcase just as it had been before.

Mr. Bunting lay on the bedroom rug and shivered until he could endure it no longer. He returned to the stairs and listened. There was no sound below and nothing in sight. Mr. Bunting stepped back, made a flying leap, cleared the suitcase, and rolled over and over down the stairs. At the bottom he picked himself up, prepared for anything, but the room was empty.

He *must* get out. The rug in that room was soft under his feet, but in the next room his claws clicked sharply on the hard floor. Mr. Bunting tried walking gingerly, on tiptoes, but this hurt his feet and he gave it up. A door was ajar, just a crack. Mr. Bunting inserted a paw and pushed. The door swung open noiselessly, enough for Mr. Bunting's little body to slip through, and he perceived three things almost simultaneously. A woman stood at a table with her back toward him; the Airedale lay dozing under the sink; there was a door leading to the yard — and it was wide open.

Mr. Bunting made a dash for it, but he was not quick enough. As he fled into the yard the Airedale was on his heels. Mr. Bunting could feel his breath. This time the Airedale was silent, and his silence was more horrible than his roar had been. Mr. Bunting ran as he had never run before, his heart pounding against his ribs, his breath coming short with terror, his moustaches blowing back into his eyes. Blindly, he fled toward the shed and shot under it. The Airedale thudded against the wall, snapping at Mr. Bunting's tail as it disappeared.

There was a moment of silence.

Mr. Bunting crept to the farthest corner and backed into it, breathing more freely. Suddenly he heard that soft pad-pad coming around the side of the shed. There was a long, hideous snuffle just behind him. Mr. Bunting whirled, and sprang to the opposite corner. His growl stuck in his throat. The pad-pad-pad followed to that side. Mr. Bunting fled back.

Crouched in the corner, he watched in paralyzed horror as four brown paws winked along a crack in the wooden foundations to the place where Mr. Bunting had gone under. The daylight was abruptly shut out. Two red eyes glared in the head squeezed under the beam.

Mr. Bunting was as motionless as stone, but his eyes bulged. The murderous brown face remained staring. With the effort of one chained, Mr. Bunting shifted a forepaw, and his pale tongue flickered over his nose. He swallowed once, twice. 'Ah-r-r-r-r!' he said.

The answer was a long whine. Mr. Bunting shuddered violently. Daylight suddenly flooded his corner. The head was gone.

Barely a second later two paws came into sight and began to dig, not hurriedly, but with steady determination. Now and again something dripped from the jaws above them. Mr. Bunting, watching, moved his head piteously from side to side.

Slowly the hole grew larger. More than the paws were visible now — Mr. Bunting could see part of the legs. He wrenched his eyes away and looked frantically around the walls of his trap. There was no opening there, nor in the floorboards over his head. The paws dug on. Stones rattled; the dirt flew, landing with a soft patter on the grass behind.

With a 'woosh' the head reappeared in the opening. It came in easily now, almost to the shoulders. It vanished, and the digging went on. There was a sound of eager whining. Mr. Bunting's entire body contracted slightly. It would not be long now.

A door slammed and footsteps approached. The brown paws hesitated and were withdrawn. Their place was taken by a broad back and a fat, hairy stump of a tail that wagged in the dirt. Mr. Bunting's eyes glittered. Without an instant's pause he flung himself forward and his sharp teeth closed on that stump. Its firmness filled his mouth and the hairs on the end tickled his throat. He gagged and hung on.

There was a scrambling upheaval, and a roar of anguish. Mr. Bunting's head cracked on the beam; blinding sunlight stabbed him in the eyes; his feet left the ground.

The white farmhouse whirled before him and behind him. Bushes swam past him in a blur. His body slammed against something hard and bounced off. He was being carried forward in great jerks and the air around him was loud with howls. Shouts and the thud of running feet added to the uproar. 'Ah-r-r!' said Mr. Bunting thickly.

For an instant Mr. Bunting saw a man running toward him, and a woman shaking an apron. Then the wind whistled in his ears as they were left behind. Mr. Bunting sunk his teeth deeper. The trunk of a tree leaped past, and a row of bushes, rushing at him, tore out a patch of his hair with one scrape and were gone. Mr. Bunting's jaws ached. He closed his eyes to shut out the spinning landscape.

A splash, a shock of cold, and Mr. Bunting sank down into roaring depths of water, until his lungs were bursting. Powerful feet beat a tattoo on his chest. His ears gurgled. Mr. Bunting opened his mouth, wide, and the stump was jerked from between his teeth. He came up instantly, gulping. Distorted by the stream of water that ran into his eyes, a brown head moved rapidly away from him, the water standing up in a frill around the neck. Mr. Bunting turned and paddled slowly in the opposite direction. When his feet touched ground he stood up and with an effort dragged himself to the bank of the pond. He shook himself thoroughly several times, opened his jaws once or twice to relieve the cramp in them, and looked back. The Airedale was growing small in the distance; his tail was between his legs, and he ran as one demented.

Mr. Bunting started and cocked his ears. What voice was that? He listened, not believing. It came again. 'Mr. Bunting!' it called. He fled toward it. His car, his own car, stood in the yard, and beside it She was waiting. A tangled wet mop, Mr. Bunting flung himself across the grass and was gathered up, shrieking, into the safety of the beloved arms. She was real. His tongue rasped over the dear familiar face, he nibbled delicately and avidly at the lobe of a familiar ear, and his whines quavered. Mr. Bunting was vaguely aware that people were gathered around him, talking and laughing, but it did n't matter. His sopping paws clasped Her neck.

He was still far from calm when he was bundled into the car and the white farmhouse began to move past him. A moment more and the road was unwinding among the hills.

Mr. Bunting was acutely uncomfortable and growing more so every instant. That morning walk! Confidently, though with some difficulty because of the bumps in the road, he lifted his forepaws to the soft shoulder beside him, and stared into the one face in all the world. His ears stood almost at right angles to his head, his moustaches moved soddenly, and his gaze was piercing in its distress.

A pair of blue eyes looked into his dark ones with amusement and comprehension. 'Do you want to get out, darling?'

Mr. Bunting's face relaxed. 'Wuff!' he said firmly. The car came to a stop at once and the door was opened. With peace in his heart and gratitude in his hasty upward look of thanks, Mr. Bunting tumbled out and rushed for the nearest field.

THE LOST WAR

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THERE is a widespread popular delusion that wars are either won or lost. There is a third alternative: sometimes they are lost in another sense, mislaid, and the war I am about to describe was one of these.

I came across it, or joined in it (I am never quite sure how one terms one's associations with a war), by design and not by accident; for I was sent to find out where it was, what it was, and why it was.

To put the matter more formally, this was the situation. In March 1919 I was at the headquarters of the British army of occupation at Constantinople. As soon as was feasible this army took over control of all the odd campaigns east of that city. Thus the Caucasus and its British army of occupation were controlled directly from Constantinople; the 'North Persian force,' which had been run from Baghdad, had its lines of communication swung round to the west and was run by us for the remainder of its brief life. The British fleet on the Caspian Sea — strangest of all our exploits by water — was likewise supplied, revictualed, and armed from the west. Finally, there was a kind of Ultima Thule war which was said to exist far away in the deserts of Western Turkestan of which all we knew was that it was run by the Indian Staff and that it was so very much alone and by itself that the lines of communication which joined it up with its base were no less than a thousand miles long. Of this thousand miles the first four hundred from Quetta in India were by rail and the remaining six hundred ran through the scorching deserts of Baluchistan and East Persia and so ultimately over the terrible mountain passes of Khorasan, leading down to the mud plains of Turkestan that extend between the Perso-Afghan frontier northward to Bokhara and Samarkand. Later, when I had met some of the men of our small army engaged in this forgotten war, I found that most of them refused to talk of that dreadful journey from India, so unbearable had it been.

We knew little enough about this lonely force marooned in the mud plains. It had gone there to help the so-called Transcaspian Government, which had in the summer of 1917 established itself as an independent entity with non-Bolshevist tendencies. The possibility of Turkestan in turmoil was not one which the Indian Government could tolerate with equanimity. To prevent this turmoil spreading to Afghanistan, and to maintain some sort of steady equilibrium north of that troubled land, a force was sent in August 1917 to the two large towns of Western Turkestan, Askhabad and Merv — Merv, the 'Queen of the World' of mediæval Asia.

Here the war began. The enemy was said to be vaguely Bolshevist, our allies Turkomans and the Russian settlers along the Central Asiatic Railway. What the point of dispute was nobody quite knew. What would happen either if we won the little war or if we lost it no one could predict. The whole affair was a complete paradox, a combination of invasion, annexation, demonstration, and occupation.

So I, with three others, was sent from Constantinople to find out what was going to happen, what it was all about, and how exactly our little marooned army could be extricated, to the credit of all concerned, and sent home — for the Armistice was already almost half a year old and nobody was now feeling that the thrills of war were of serious consideration any more.

So on a cold day at the end of March, with snow lightly blowing in the cold northwest wind, we took ship at Therapia on the Bosporus and sped across the uneasy swell of the Black Sea bound eastward for the frosty Caucasus and the heart of Western Asia. Imagine yourself given the prospect of the most legendary East: not the fly-blown East of the Orient and Pacific liners, — Aden, Colombo, Calcutta, Singapore, — but the East where one goes with danger and difficulty, or with privilege and pomp, where no unhallowed tourist has ever set foot, the real East that begins where the Black Sea ends.

II

Soon the mighty ridge of Caucasus swung into sight, snowy and uncrossable as I had always seen it in my dreams. Batum with its gilded domes and its rows of palm trees, Tiflis and the distant shape of Ararat, we passed swiftly, and reached the grim and sordid town of Baku, where oil is in the soil, the smell of it in the air, and grease on every savage Tatar face.

The Caucasian lands were kept at peace and ruled soberly by British troops. Ever since the Armistice republics had budded, burgeoned, and faded like spring flowers. There were the mountain republic of Daghestan, the republic of Georgia, that of the Tatars, — the Azerbaijan Republic, — republican Armenia, and, in odd holes and corners, a host more, like the tiny Khazar Republic on the Black Sea coast that was swallowed by Georgia overnight, or the minuscule republic of six hundred souls called Kobuletia, which lasted two days only. Self-determination had spread like influenza and flourished like the bay leaf. Nor was there as yet any Bolshevism, only freedom from the imperial Russian bondage.

But the Caucasus was none of our business; we were bound for still more distant lands. And the passage of the Caspian was before us. So at Baku we took ship across this strange lake. In harbor were curious ships flying the British white ensign, temporary units of the distant British navy which they were never likely to see, though British sailors were their crew and British guns their armament, brought overland from the Black Sea.

On a windy night, with a heavy sea, we set out. To my astonishment all lights were dimmed or covered, for fear of submarines, as we were told. We laughed aloud at so comical a situation, for this sea was a lake with no exit but the River Volga. Yet rumor had it that the Bolsheviki — with whom we were at last in touch — held Astrakhan in force and were there assembling a submarine brought in sections by river from the Baltic!

At last on a brilliant morning we saw the low roofs of Krasnovodsk and skirted the ancient mouth of the river Oxus, which a few centuries ago changed its course and now discharges itself into the Sea of Aral instead of into the Caspian.

At the quay our serious task began.

The Caucasus was peaceful and settled. But Transcaspia was in a ferment, for Bolshevism was spreading slowly but surely round the arid Caspian shores from Astrakhan and from the far northeast at Tashkend.

To me personally Bolshevism did not seem a deadly enemy, nor our combating of it in these remote regions a burning necessity. But what a chance of seeing some of the forbidden parts of the East, and what humors there would be by the wayside!

Nor was I kept long waiting for my entertainment. First of all we went to the president's house at Krasnovodsk, for Krasnovodsk was a republic all on its own, with its own worthless paper money and its own slightly more valuable president (for he had charge of the bullion which was at the back of the paper money). At last we saw the president. He came down the main road of this ramshackle town (rather like what I imagine Klondike to have been) in a cloud of dust with a bodyguard of four mounted Turkomans on ponies. All five were riding at full gallop — 'to avoid bullets,' as the president later explained, for he was not at the moment at the height of his popularity with his republican friends.

A brief conversation explained our needs, which were, in brief, a special train of two carriages to go to Merv, six hundred miles east. We had our own guard of a dozen English infantrymen to go with us, in case of minor troubles on the way. The president was delighted. 'Consider it arranged,' he told us. 'Just tell the station master I authorize it,' he added. 'And by the way, on your return journey, which you tell me is next week, would you be so very kind as to take me with you to Baku? You see, things are a little difficult here. The Bolsheviki keep sending people over from Astrakhan to assassinate me, and, to tell you the truth, I was not appointed president by what you would call popular election. I merely took over the post from my predecessor.'

He was a very large man and he gave a very large smile. I felt rather sorry for the predecessor. But I felt rather sorry for the president, too. So we agreed to take him back with us, but could not guarantee that that agreement would hold valid with any successor whom we might find in his place on our return. For lives were brief in Transcaspia in those days. But he was supremely satisfied and undertook to do his best to survive until our return. In fact he did, and we took him.

Imperial Bolshevism has long since swallowed this and all the Caucasian and Asiatic republics and made larger units that now form well-organized states in the Soviet Union. But in those days of 1919 it was profoundly interesting to see how the pronouncements of President Wilson in 1918 had led to the mushroom growth of countless hopeful republics, some genuine enough, like Georgia, some wholly bogus, like Krasnovodsk and, as we found later, the republic of Askhabad.

I must confess I liked that president more than any of the many presidents of republics that we met en route. He was physically so splendid a type of the northern Russian. More still, he had all the personal attraction of the habitual homicide. For, as they darkly told us in the town, he had slain with his own hand at least sixteen of the notables in the process of forging his way to presidential eminence. There was nothing of the Chicago gangster about him; he was rather the 'wide open spaces' type of the cheap novelette, simple, generous, even sympathetic, and quite definitely firm.

But our time was short, and I felt rather uncertain about the facilities of the Central Asiatic Railway. So off to the station we went and I interviewed the station master, a sombre and untrusting man. Quite clearly this station master was a Bolshevik in sympathy. He looked upon us as the intruders that we were. He made us feel that we were uninvited guests, — which we were also, — and he was quite adamant about the special train. Without any Oriental politeness or circumlocution he told us flatly that he would not procure and could not find, even if he wished, any sort or kind of special train. We told him that we were looking for a mislaid war and hoped to end it, but he was unimpressed. I threatened him with reprisals, but could not for the life of me imagine what they would be. He remained disdainful and unmoved. So I produced my trump card and sent a hurried note to the president. In a few minutes I heard the galloping bodyguard and saw the dust of his approach. The president appeared, bowed and smiled to the station master as if to his oldest friend, and offered him a cigarette. I explained my difficulty with tact and caution. The president turned to the station master and said gently, 'Just get that train ready.' 'It is already under steam in the siding,' replied the station master suavely. We rose, bade farewell to both dignitaries, and prepared to entrain.

That charming president had, I felt, considerable force of character. What he said went.

III

So off we started upon a journey that remains in my mind as the most unusual and most interesting that I have ever made. There are many books written by travelers who penetrated these parts before the war, particularly in the eighties of last century when the imperial Russian armies had just subdued with blood and slaughter the marauding and head-hunting Turkomans of those days. The famous General Skobelev had with an iron hand transformed nomad tribes of considerable savagery into sedentary cotton growers, and built small colonial cities along the trade route that soon was transformed into a railway. This region was certainly one of Russia's most successful imperial enterprises.

But we saw it under conditions which were unique. None of the many books would now be even tolerably accurate. They were, too, written by travelers who were there only with special privileges, who were allowed only to see what was thought good for them, and who were personally conducted by officials or governors. But we saw it stripped of its Russian bureaucracy, freed from its Russian rule, and thrown back for a brief and exciting period on to its own resources. And these resources were peculiar. The Turkomans, magnificently tall, picturesque, and dignified, still retained the elements of Russian civilization and the discipline of Russian rule. Many of them had served in the Great War with the Russian armies in Galicia and Austria and bore the medals of the Russian army. All, in a sense, were pro-Russian, and yet there stirred within them the same germ of self-determination that stirred all around them, although in their case it had not developed to the stage of any specific organization; they still remained a tribal people ready to move and act on a tribal basis. But we found them our friends because all they wanted was peace and quiet and to be left alone, and they were mortally afraid of being exploited and taxed and pillaged by the Bolsheviki in the northeast from Tashkend and near Bokhara.

The other element was the Russian population, colonists in type, who lived mainly on and for the railway. Like all railwaymen, they disliked drastic change which was likely to alter their settled life, and the discipline of a railway system was in their blood. They, too, wanted to be left alone and would have welcomed an independent Transcaspian republic. But, instead, they had to endure a series of presidents and local republics, each independent of the other, each with a currency which was not current a few miles farther on and a president who changed from week to week.

Our train left Krasnovodsk and set forth optimistically. We skirted the old Oxus estuary and at last came into sight of the bastion ridge of mountains that was the frontier between Persia and Turkestan. To the north and northwest stretched an endless plain of fertile mud washed down from the hills and dotted every few miles with cotton-growing villages. The snow had only just left the plain, for Turkestan has as hard a winter as it has blazing a summer. Everywhere were careful irrigation and apparent prosperity. At every station we found the same scene: Turkomans in their long robes and shaggy sheepskin caps, occasional black-hatted Persians, and Russian railway men. No one seemed curious to see us; no one, in fact, seemed surprised at anything. The Turkomans showed a polite interest, while the Russians were phlegmatically helpful.

The desert over which our train passed was not the desert of the novels or of the films. It was perfectly smooth and had no sand. Beyond the fact that caravans of camels and bushes of camel's thorn were to be seen on it, it bore no resemblance to the deserts of Egypt. And all the time there loomed in the background the unending ridge of mountains that screened Persia.

One town only of any size did we pass before reaching Askhabad, the capital of the province. This was Kizil Arrat, and here we found the first traces of our forgotten war in the shape of English soldiers on the platform. They were men of the Hampshire regiment, a mere handful stationed at this town (six men in all, I think) to govern it, keep it in order, protect it from external attack and internal sedition. They assured us that in fact these onerous duties were purely nominal, for nothing of any sort at all had happened there for a month and they were all living in complete comfort on the best of terms with their neighbors.

So we passed on and at length came in sight of a lovely oasis of trees with fine houses rising above them. This was the considerable settlement of Askhabad and here the mountain ridge at the back rose up to a greater height and was snow-covered. Behind it was no longer the peaceful land of Persia, but the uncertainties and ambiguities that went under the name of Afghanistan. Here we were met by British staff officers, by Russian officers whose allegiance was to the far-off armies of Denikin, and by Indian troops. Here at last was our forgotten war apparently in full swing.

Askhabad, with its long avenues of planes and poplars, its old-fashioned Russian stucco-fronted houses, its drainage and water system, and its electric light, was a model townlet. Forgetting the war which we had just found, we visited the main square and the market place. In the centre of the square were two muzzle-loading guns which we found were British, dated 1838 and 1849 respectively. As British had never fought Russians in Turkestan, we were driven to assume that they were British guns captured from us by Afghans and captured from Afghans by Russians.

The market was the cleanest and the most interesting which I have ever seen in the East. There were for sale all the nicest things one can imagine: dried peaches from the oases, fish from the Caspian, apples from the 'Garden of the Hesperides' in the Caucasus, of enormous size and fabulous redness; joints and heads of wild ibex in the meat shops, skins of Persian lamb, of marmot, fox, and snow leopard, rugs of Bokhara and of the Tekke-Turkomans, and, most popular of all commodities, brand-new bicycles, for bicycling on the mud flats seemed to be the favorite pursuit of the Turkomans. A hospital, government offices, and even a museum added to the amenities.

IV

Over a pleasant dinner we were told the nature and condition of the war which we had been sent to inspect. It was evidently a good war, if any war can be so called. But it was good in the sense that there were hardly any casualties, no front, no trenches, practically no artillery, and certainly no gas, mines, or other horrors. And then there were the entertaining extras, such as a local currency struck by the British general (General Malleson) in charge; the local Republican Committee, who had other sources of income independent of ours, and were nominally our advisers; and, last but not least, our Intelligence Service, which brought information that would have made Edgar Wallace or Phillips Oppenheim envious.

It was, in short, just the sort of war that our regular officers had always longed for, the sort of war that many of them thought the Great War should have been.

But to those of us who had been in France it was hardly a war to be taken seriously. True, it had a certain importance outside itself. It gave us a means of knowing, at least in part, what was fermenting in that vast mysterious region south of the Urals, west of the Pamir, and east of the Volga, that most romantic of all regions, whence so much of barbarism or potential culture has always throughout endless centuries pushed westward and forced its way either into Asia Minor or round the north of the Black Sea into Europe. Here germinated the Huns, the Tatars, the Bulgars, the Sarmatians, and the Scythians, and hence they moved out at intervals westward, either driven by the pressure of Chinese and remoter Eastern tribes or forced to seek new pastures by the periodical desiccation of the land and the decay of vegetation. Here was the very pulse of Asia itself, and we had our hands on it. That and that only justified this strange war and this unwanted expedition. Vaguely, by means of agents, intercepted messages, or deliberate spying, we had learned what was afoot in Astrakhan, in Tashkend, and on the confines of Mongolia and China, at Kashgar in the east and at Balkh, the back door to Afghanistan, on the west. For here we were in the ruins of an empire that had just tottered but not yet completely collapsed, and in such a condition there was much to be found out. Where unity of command has vanished and unity of administration gone, every joint gapes and every rent opens wider in the general fabric. And we could see much of what was inside.

So off we went the next day to see the foremost line of battle. An hour in the train to the eastward and a scamper on desert ponies for another half hour brought us to the last eastward point of the British spearhead, near great Merv itself. At a point about twenty miles east still of Merv was the end of all things, the little railway station of Annenkovo. It was a curious thing to think that from here I could go westward continuously to London in safety and comfort, but that half a mile farther on I could reach London only by walking to Peking! One felt that if the Allied victory had done nothing else it had at least succeeded in producing a certain unity of control over areas hitherto plunged in inextricable confusion.

At length we reached the 'front.' For there was, after all, something that could just be called that. But it was only four feet in width — for it consisted of the railway line! On that line we had an armored train, and about a mile farther on, almost on the banks of the Oxus, the Bolsheviki had their armored train. As ours advanced, theirs receded, and vice versa. But of flanks to this 'front' there were no traces, for the railway was well out in the desert and the mountains of Afghanistan were far away to the southeast. To outflank the armored train, one had to make a circuitous route in the desert, and this was virtually impossible owing to lack of water. Consequently both sides lived in, around, and near their armored train and moved with it backward or forward. All the ordinary rules of strategy were forgotten or put aside; the whole thing was a game pure and simple.

Then there was the enemy. A few skirmishes showed that he consisted, strange to say, not of Russians, but of Hungarians and Austrians. Imagine this strange little war, months after the Armistice, where Englishmen from Hampshire, Punjabis, and lancers from Bengal fought side by side against citizens of Vienna and Budapest, on the banks of the remote Oxus in the plains where Alexander of Macedon had passed and founded mighty cities! Nowhere, I think, in the whole area of warfare had there been so odd a paradox, so strange a collocation of forces. I had a long talk with an Austrian officer recently captured. He was delighted with his fate, for his chances of seeing his home had hitherto been but slight. He told me that the Hungarians and Austrians had been made prisoners years before and sent to Siberia. He said that they were asked to serve as mercenaries and were well paid; that none of them had heard of the Armistice, and they had been told that their only hope of returning home was to push the British back to the Caspian and so reach Astrakhan. Probably most of them were resigned to the not unpleasant life of mercenaries in this not very unpleasant war.

With our binoculars we could see the enemy sentinels at the distant station of Ravnino and the steam of the Bolshevist armored train. But there was no sound of war, no shells — not even an occasional bullet. The war was a thing of spasms and surprises. The trains would push each other backward and forward, unable to do any very satisfactory shooting, since most of their guns pointed out at right angles to the railway line. Once a party of Hungarians had succeeded in carrying their water and creeping round the desert by night. A small battle developed and our forces round the railway drove them back again. A small cemetery by the station marked our casualties, surely the loneliest and strangest of all the many war cemeteries, now, I imagine, utterly forgotten and not within the jurisdiction of the War Graves Commission.

V

This, in brief, was the war we had been sent to find, a comical enough affair in itself, but with serious issues depending on it. It was obvious that the officers of the Indian army who were 'at the front' thought it was real war, thrilling, genuine, and epic. Nice youngsters, in command of smart Indian lancers, but none of them had even the vaguest idea what war really was. And the senior officers, too, thought it a very serious war; but the northwest frontier is an inadequate training for the horrors of intensive bombardment, mustard gas, and the *Minenwerfer*. The officer of the Indian army still retains the boyish enthusiasm for war which has long ago been knocked out of the veterans of Continental European warfare.

Our 'allies' were in force at this spear-point front. There were the Russians, a very uncertain quantity. Their officers looked upon us as intruders, even as the station master at Krasnovodsk had done. Everywhere I had received the same impression; nobody really loved us. Not that we were not definitely useful to Russians and Turkomans alike, but both felt that we were interfering in affairs that did not concern us. And no doubt we were, but it was a most profitable intrusion from our point of view and it was of no little interest that it was the first, and perhaps the last, time that British troops had ever fought battles in Central Asia.

Our Turkoman allies were undoubtedly the most picturesque of all the allies that helped us on any front during the war. Their leader was a fine old man called Orad Sirdar who had served with high rank in the imperial Russian army. He wore a Russian uniform, but a Turkoman sheepskin hat, about the size of the ordinary English busby. He carried a sword of formidable type, more like a Persian scimitar than anything else. His personal staff were superb Turkomans who wore the usual Turkoman dress of a long gown (cut like a dressing gown) of silk, and black or pure white sheepskin hats. The general impression of the Turkoman forces was one of efficiency, but we gathered that in action their cavalry, which was their main contingent, was of little value, since, in the charge, it scattered and was not well disciplined enough to re-form quickly. Such had been their behavior at the battle of Dushakh in September 1918, when the Turkoman cavalry had scattered and commenced looting the abandoned Bolshevist supply train, with the result that the Bolsheviki had re-formed and counter-attacked them with some effect.

For the forces on the spot our task was not a cheerful one. We had orders to arrange for the evacuation of the British and Indian troops back by way of the Caucasus and for the general winding up of the enterprise. Our place was to be taken by a new contingent of Russians from the armies of Denikin at Ekaterinodar in South Russia. The reaction of the Russians on the spot was curious. They did n't want to lose us, but they felt that we ought to go. By the Turkomans our departure was viewed as a disaster. So much so that at Askhabad we were asked to meet a delegation of Turkoman headmen of tribes who wished to know our intentions. The meeting remains in my mind as one of the most interesting and impressive affairs which I encountered during the war. Some eight or nine splendid chieftains appeared, each dressed in the purple or brown silk robes of Turkestan, each with his head uncovered, displaying the clean-shaved poll that Turkomans hide beneath their shaggy hats. All were over six feet in height, with clear-cut features and long aquiline faces, exactly like the rare type of Anatolian

Turk that one sees from time to time in Turkey, who still preserves the facial characteristics of his desert ancestors from Turkestan.

They announced that if we withdrew our troops they would be at the mercy of either White or Red Russians and that they relished the control of neither. They further said that as soon as we went they would start a tribal move of some 200,000 men southwestward into Persia. In fact they did so, and for some time in the last months of 1919 Turkestan became largely nomadic again. But our commitments would have been too large for our forces if we had remained, and in any case our task of holding the equilibrium and surveying the ground in general had already been more than adequately carried out.

So with plans prepared we started on our return journey. Arrangements were made for all our troops to be sent back via the Caspian and the Caucasus or by way of Baghdad.

One deep regret remained. Away to the northeast was Bokhara, ruled by an Emir of astonishing ingenuity and courage. His state was a kind of non-Bolshevist enclave in Bolshevist territory. He had resisted all attempts of the Bolsheviki to penetrate his domain or to control him in any way. He had even gone so far as to blow up Bolshevist railway lines in various places and to declare openly his alliance with us! But we on our part were helpless to do anything to help him. As token of his esteem and affection for British arms he had sent, on a famous occasion early in 1919, an emissary, who had made an enormous circuit in the desert and reached Merv, whence he had been taken to Askhabad to General Malleson. The emissary reiterated the professions of friendship of his sovereign and produced as proof a package of decorations for the British troops — the 'Star of the Emir of Bokhara,' a lovely and resplendent Oriental adornment. Unhappily sanction was never granted for the wearing of these decorations, which was a pity for those who held them, as they outclassed in brilliance any foreign decoration granted in the whole war.

The Emir was our one deep regret. We could not help him and we had to leave him. Later, when the whole anti-Bolshevist force collapsed and the Turkomans dispersed and Bolshevism established itself firmly in Transcaspia, we heard that the Emir held out to the very end, until overwhelming forces captured Bokhara by storm. The Emir escaped before the final fall and went, I believe, to Afghanistan. But his lovely city of Bokhara was looted and its autonomy ceased. Turkestan became virtually an imperial province once again.

VI

Our journey back was as diverting as our arrival. Just as we were about to leave the station of Askhabad and had said our farewells to the British Staff, a strange and swarthy man appeared. He introduced himself as the president of Askhabad! Behind him were two men carrying a heavy box. With the greatest politeness he begged permission to be given a place on our train in order that he might 'pay a visit to Tiflis.' There was room enough on our train, but we did not wish to involve ourselves in complications, as our task was a purely military one, with no political issues to consider. Nor did we feel that we were in any way indebted to the president, and above all we distrusted the look of that large wooden box. Later our suspicions of it were found to be justified, for it had held the contents of the republican treasury. So we proffered our sympathy and regret and left the unhappy president behind us. I can see him now lighting a cigarette and gazing despondently after us as the train steamed out, for he knew that his presidential career would be a checkered one if he stayed much longer.

Our journey back to Askhabad was uneventful and we were able to enjoy the loveliness of this remote province. For it was lovely in color and in form. The railway skirted the mountain ridge the whole way along, and to the north the plain lands had a beauty all of their own. Soft fawn-colored earth with vivid green crops and trees at the infrequent settlements, pale turquoise-blue distances, and pale rose-colored skies at evening. It is a land of no sharp outlines or tremendous contrasts. And it has everywhere the imprint of a most ancient world. Here and there along the line — for the railway follows the only route possible along the desert, the only route where water, which comes from the mountains, can be found — were great mounds of prehistoric settlements, links of a great chain that runs east and west across the valleys south of the Caucasus ridge and so across Turkestan to Balkh and the Pamir. One group near Askhabad has been excavated by American archæologists and the results show affinity with Europe on the one hand and Mesopotamia on the other. The railway here, as in the Caucasus, follows the ancient road, perhaps the most ancient road in the world.

At Krasnovodsk we took ship once more, accompanied by our friend the president, who had managed to survive. But this was our only interference in local politics.

A few months after the evacuation of our troops was completed the whole of Transcaspia fell into Bolshevist hands. White Russians and Turkomans alike were scattered like chaff, and the first steps were taken which ended in the establishment of Turkestan as a semi-autonomous Soviet Socialist state. For Russia its potentialities are great. The mud plains are the finest of cotton-growing areas and the organization of the whole province in material ways is quite excellent. As a colonial province it leaves nothing to be desired, for after the conquest of Skobelev fifty years ago it was made as perfect as an imperial province could be. In export of rugs and carpets alone it contains immense wealth. And for Russia it is of the greatest strategic importance. It forms the background of Afghanistan, the Russian counterpart of our northwest provinces. From Merv runs the only strategic railway that Russia possesses against the Afghan frontier. And it was precisely in these parts that Germany, during the war, spent much time and effort with anti-Allied propaganda, conducted by two able and enterprising agents, Captain Wagner and Dr. Neidermeyer, who in ability, though not in results, were the equal of men like Colonel T. E. Lawrence.

The history I have related is now ancient history. All the chief characters have vanished and the situation is so completely changed that it seems to belong to another age. For Central Asia is the least static of all the regions of the East. But every change there has its counterpart on the southern marches of Afghanistan, and the mighty mountains of that unruly state link up rather than sunder the affairs of the plain lands south and north of them.

But those who curiously read the words 'Central Asia' among the list of places recorded upon the war memorial at Hyde Park Corner in London will now know to what a strange forgotten war it bears witness.

THE STRANGER

For years I left the door ajar,
For years the windows wide —
Always waiting your return,
I never went outside.
  (Life give me patience,
  God let me know
  You will be coming back,
  In a day or so.)

Many strangers passed me,
None came in —
Till once a very old man,
Shriveled up and thin,

Crept through the open door,
Wide night and day.
(I have never closed it
Since you went away.)

He is very quiet,
Sits very still,
Watching foolish shadows
Flicker on the sill.

Or holds a yellowed hour glass
In his long gray hands,
Watching the slowness,
The sliding of the sands.

He never spoke a word to me,
I never asked his name,
But I am not so lonely
Since the old man came.

. . . There's a queer dark coming,
Like the shadow of a nun,
Like a great wing slipping
Down across the sun. . . .

The old man is groping
In my farthest room,
I must go and tell him
That the dark comes soon.

Lest he be frightened
I shall make a light,
Set it in the window,
Pretending this is night.
  (For fear that you should pause here,
  And then go on,
  Seeing the darkness,
  Thinking I had gone.)

. . . But what is the old man doing,
His sandaled feet slow moving
Across my sun-warped floors?

  O God in Heaven, stop him!
He is shutting all the windows!
He is barring all the doors!
  He is shutting all the windows . . .
  He is barring all the doors. . . .

Josephine Johnson

INVISIBLE STUFF

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

A PETROLEUM refinery out West had a fire. The plant was engaged in producing gasoline by the cracking process — in which enormous pressures and hot temperatures are harnessed together to convert crude oil into gasoline — when suddenly and mysteriously some part of its high-pressure system gave way. There was a terrific explosion, a volcano of flame, and millions of dollars went up in fire and smoke as the entire works burned to cinders.

So complete was the destruction that not enough metal was left in the cinders to give a clue as to the origin of the accident. But the company had similar refineries in other places equipped with duplicate machinery, and the loss was too serious to risk a repetition. How could a like accident be guarded against over in Kansas and down in Oklahoma? Engineers went through the works in each of these other plants; they searched and tested, and could find nothing wrong. Finally, suspicions centred on a certain steel casting. It looked all right; by every customary physical test it sounded and felt and acted all right; but it occupied a strategic place in the system where the explosion had occurred, and the engineers decided that if there were a hidden weakness in this piece of metal it would cause just such a catastrophe as had wiped out the first plant. So they decided to look at the insides of the casting and see if it was sound all the way through.

A few years ago there was just one accepted way of inspecting the interior of a piece of metal. You could break it or saw it into sections, and thus open its inner structure; but of course after you had seen it, and perhaps proved that it was sound, you would have destroyed the object itself. Such testing is like striking a match to see if it is good.

The petroleum engineers did not like the idea of sawing up this casting; it was too important, too costly, its replacement would mean expensive delay. They appealed to a government institution, the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts, which had been using X-rays to inspect steel castings for army gun carriages. The X-ray expert there, Dr. H. H. Lester, told them to send on the casting; and a few days later he was able to show radiographs (X-ray photographs) of it.

The pictures scared the oil men. What did this black streak near the centre mean?

'It means an interior crack,' answered the physicist.

A crack in a section that must endure tons of pressure! It was what they suspected, of course, but hard to believe, just the same.

They sawed the casting in two, and there was the crack, exactly as indicated by the radiograph. The X-ray inspection was completely vindicated. You may be sure that no more castings were installed by this company until they had passed the X-ray test.

To most readers it will come as a

surprise, perhaps, to learn that this delicate, highly penetrating radiation, which is used by the surgeon in setting a broken bone and by the dentist in exploring a troublesome tooth, has now rolled up its sleeves and gone into the factory and taken its place as one of the tools of production. There are certain industrial plants where X-rays are being used regularly to inspect three and one-half to four inches of steel, and in research laboratories even greater penetration has been attained experimentally. The idea is not new, but its applications are, and the last year has developed many new applications. Altogether, more than twenty-five industrial plants in the United States are now using X-rays in the inspection and testing of materials and products — and many more are putting to work in their manufacturing processes the new knowledge of metals and other materials recently discovered in the X-ray laboratories.

II

Industrial possibilities of X-rays were early suggested by the discoverer himself. In his very first paper on the subject, published in 1895 just a few weeks after he had first beheld the strange luminescence of barium salts when penetrated by the unknown radiation, Dr. W. K. Röntgen reported various objects that he had radiographed. Among them was 'a piece of metal whose lack of homogeneity becomes noticeable by means of X-rays.' It is precisely this that Dr. Lester and the other industrial radiologists are checking up to-day by means of the rays. For any lack of homogeneity in a part that has to endure stresses and strains is a sign of weakness. In our machine age of high speed and high pressure and high temperature, such signs had best be discovered before, rather than after, using.

The World War demonstrated the industrial value of X-rays as a detective device. Down at Galveston, for instance, cotton shippers during the early war months made X-ray photographs of bales destined for Germany, and thus were able to satisfy the clearance officers that there was no copper or other metallic contraband concealed within their cotton. Later, when the United States got into the war, X-rays began to be used at our munitions factories to inspect the finished bombs, grenades, detonators, and other complicated devices, to make sure that their parts were complete and accurately assembled. Then, after the munitions were packed and delivered to the docks, the sealed cases were X-rayed to check against shortage, thievery, and sabotage.

Meanwhile, abroad, this new inspection had developed earlier and on an even more comprehensive scale. Much of the modern technique of industrial radiology was worked out then by the British physicists, Pullin, Kaye, Knox, and their associates in the British war service.

One day a new airplane, one of several recently received from the same manufacturer, snapped an axle of its undercarriage in landing. The ruined part showed that the break had occurred at a place where a hole had been drilled through the axle and then plugged up and cleaned off to conceal the flaw. The question immediately arose, How many other planes had been similarly treated? All of the remaining axles were radiographed, and several were found to be faked in this same way — though the most expert visual examination failed to find the plugged holes.

Not only aircraft metal, but also the vital wooden parts were subjected to the X-ray test. Thus there was the case of a split spar in which the workman had skillfully glued a strip of shaving over the crack. Sandpapering completely concealed the defect, and this dangerous section would undoubtedly have passed inspection but for the X-rays. Under their imperturbable invisible glow the line of that crack and the shadow of its glued covering loomed up in the radiograph as unmistakable as the hole in the doughnut.

Hidden knots, resin pockets, and other imperfections of the wood, peculiarities in the structure of the fibres, the differentiation between heartwood and sapwood, between summer and spring growths, the presence of wormholes and even of the entombed bodies of dead larvæ — all these hidden differences and defects were clearly revealed. Indeed, the air ministries of the Allies found that one of their most facile tools in providing wings for the fighting forces in France was this mysterious glass bulb which had been hastily requisitioned from the hospital and the research laboratory to provide its unfoolable, unbribable inspection.

The modern aircraft industries would be seriously handicapped if deprived of X-rays. Aviators are more and more demanding X-ray inspection of their machines. The engine of the biplane *Bremen*, which made that spectacular flight from Germany to North America, was radiographed in all its vital parts before it ventured the Atlantic west wind. Several aircraft manufacturers will accept no castings that fail to pass the radiographic test.

On the sea, as in the air, the X-ray is becoming an accepted insurance device. When the cup defender *Enterprise* was under construction, all the steel forgings that went into her trim and elegant hull were scrutinized by means of the rays, and had to pass that inspection before they were accepted.

A boiler factory in the Middle West installed in 1930 an X-ray apparatus which is mounted on wheels and travels along a rail. In this way it is able to radiograph a strip of welding many feet long, and to determine the soundness of a seam in a huge boiler or a long tank car.

A cheese factory is using X-ray inspection to make sure of the size and position of the holes in its product — apparently holes are an important essential of proper cheeses! Rubber factories are using the same means to prove the symmetry of the cores of golf balls, to determine the quality of rubber tires, and to inspect the imbedding of metal washers in rubber heels. In another factory, scrap rubber is sorted through X-rays to detect any metal filings or other foreign waste before it is put back into the pot to be remelted and reprocessed. The vacuum tube with its hidden wiring and delicate construction, the telephone cable with its thousands of insulated strands, the lump of coal with its varying content of slate and ash — all these are inspected and passed or rejected on the 'say-so' of X-rays.

Even art has its industrial demands on this invisible light. At the world conference of art experts, held at Rome in 1930 under the auspices of the League of Nations, many scientific tests to fix the genuineness of works of art were reported. Dr. Paul Ganz, of the University of Basel, told of discovering through X-rays a precious Holbein under a painting of no particular value. The old masters used mineral pigments, which are more opaque than our modern vegetable pigments; therefore a canvas on which a later work has been painted over an old one will almost invariably reveal its hidden original when photographed by X-rays.

On another occasion, Dr. Ganz discovered that a portrait of Sir William Butt, the younger, was in reality a Holbein on which a later artist had painted whiskers and wrinkles to represent the proud knight as an elderly man. But X-rays know nothing of vanity or of proud purses. They betray imitations as well as reveal the hidden treasure. Mr. Alan Burroughs, who is in charge of the extensive X-ray work at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, tells me that spurious art claims have been punctured and fraudulent sales prevented through the telltale evidence of X-rays.

This American museum has made itself a leader in the application of X-rays to art studies. It has not only radiographed practically all of the paintings in its own valuable collection in Cambridge, but has extended these studies to many other collections on both sides of the Atlantic. As a result, it has assembled eighteen hundred radiographs of art works, including many of the most esteemed paintings in the Louvre, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, the National Gallery in London, the Royal Museums of Brussels and Antwerp, and the Museum of Bruges. Coöperating in this country have been the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Cleveland Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Boston Art Museum. Classification of the information thus obtained by X-rays has already begun, in the hope of settling eventually some of the vexed questions which confront connoisseurs almost everywhere as to the authenticity of disputed paintings.

Another interesting application of X-rays has recently been reported from the Fogg Museum. In this case it was desired to restore some rare bronzes brought by a collector from Iraq. The objects were just as they had been dug out of the ruins, heavily encrusted with sand, clay, and corrosion; and the success of their restoration by the electrolytic process depended on whether there remained any solid metal core. By means of X-rays these ancient relics were photographed, the extent of their remaining metal was shown, and thus the technicians were guided in what has proved to be a very satisfactory restoration.

Police have used X-rays to search jewel thieves. The same means have been employed in the South African diamond fields to detect diamond swallowers among the miners. There is an instance reported from England in which an elephant was radiographed in the search for a valuable jeweled ring which he had swallowed. A French expert secured radiographs of thumb prints by rubbing the thumb of the subject with red lead before photographing. The resulting shadow picture shows not only the surface lines, but also the shape of the thumb bone, thus providing an added detail of identification.

It is now possible to make such sharp radiographs of the skull that one authority suggests their use to supplement thumb prints as a means of identification of persons. Recently biologists were baffled by a disease affecting carp in the Illinois River. Dissection methods were not successful in diagnosing the obscure ailment; but with the aid of X-ray pictures of the afflicted fish the scientists were able to identify the trouble positively. Applications of X-rays to human diagnosis are as numerous as are their applications to industrial inspection.

Nor is that all. Just as the surgeon, by his radiographs of the broken bone and its progressive changes under his treatment, is enabled to improve his surgical methods, so the industrialist is finding in the X-rays a guide to new and better manufacturing technique. Perhaps the most important contribution of the X-ray laboratory which the Government established at the Watertown Arsenal in 1922 is the improvement in metal-working processes which has resulted from this pioneering in a new form of inspection. For the radiograph is used here, not only to discover defective castings, but also to test new methods of making castings, and thus to establish improved processes.

So great had been the improvement of castings under this system that when the Arsenal in 1928 decided to try the fabrication of gun carriages by means of electric welding the engineers immediately resorted to X-rays to inspect the welds. By varying their methods under this all-seeing eye of the sensitive film, they were able to develop a new welding technique.

It was found, for instance, that a certain energy of the electric arc gave the best results. When the current was greater than this, porosity in the welds began to show in the radiographs; when the current was less, the X-rays revealed a lack of fusion and adhesion between the welded surfaces. Similarly, by X-raying each trial, they learned that for one particular job six inches a minute was the right rate of feed. So, too, they checked up on the right size of welding rod — and, in fact, on every detail of the process. A good weld — which used to be described (like Bernard Shaw's definition of a good play) as a weld that was made by a good welder — now was reduced to established standards. Naturally, the percentage of work that needs to be rewelded has grown less and less. And now the art of welding may be said to have arrived at a scientific basis — thanks to the shadow pictures which Professor Röntgen thirty-five years ago showed us how to make.

III

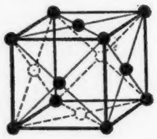
Meanwhile, the laboratory explorers have found that the X-ray can do more than provide shadow pictures. New powers have been discovered — capabilities which Röntgen could hardly have suspected. For while the immortal professor inferred that his rays were something different from the stream of electric particles which generated them, he did not know what they were. We cannot say that we know fully what they are to-day; but at least we are sure that they are of the same nature as light rays, being of a much shorter wave length and obeying the laws of electromagnetic radiation which Clerk Maxwell formulated theoretically fifty-odd years ago. In spite of Maxwell's prediction of the existence of radiation of short wave length, it was not until 1913 that X-rays were identified as belonging to this category.

Since then, however, their application has fairly galloped. The modern physicist is using X-rays to explore the molecular and atomic structure of things — to identify, measure, and chart values far beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope. By means of X-rays he has discovered a new chemical element, hafnium. By means of X-rays he has explored the inwardness of solids — of which we know far less than we know of liquids and gases — and has discovered the fundamental crystalline structure of all solid matter. By means of X-rays he has found that the muscular tissue of human flesh is made of minute crystals, that wood and cotton and silk and all natural fibres are crystalline, that the varying properties of metals are an expression of varying arrangements of their crystals.

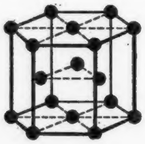
Nor have these research results stayed in the laboratory. Industry has promptly taken them up and applied them in its manufacturing processes. Thus, at the University of Illinois, Dr. George L. Clark has been studying the structure of fibres through the patterns which they reveal on a photographic film by their diffraction of X-rays. Dr. Clark found that silk gives a pattern different from that diffracted by rayon. From these studies he was able to draw a picture of the crystalline structure of the two fibres, indicating the size and arrangement and characteristics of each. One of the manufacturing companies took these results, and by using X-ray diffraction to test each step of its process it has succeeded in spinning a new rayon which closely approximates silk in the size, strength, tenacity, and elasticity of its fibre.

At the X-ray laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor John T. Norton showed me photographs made by metals through this same phenomenon of X-ray diffraction. Each metal had written its autograph on the film in a symmetrical pattern of concentric rings, each ring and segment telling the physicist something of the arrangement of atoms into crystals. These structures are infinitesimally small. Thus the iron crystal, which is a cube with an atom of iron at each of its eight corners and a single atom inside the cube at its exact centre, measures less than three two-hundred-millionths of an inch across its face. The eye can never hope to see these minutiæ; light rays, by which we see, are too large and clumsy for such microcosms. But by the deflected X-rays, bent as they strike the planes and lattices of the atomic crystals, the physicist is enabled to visualize these structures so exactly that one may fairly say he 'sees' them.

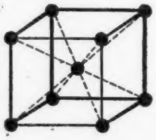
X-rays reveal that most common metals are of three crystalline forms. The soft ductile metals — copper, silver, gold, aluminum, and the like — are built up in cubes with an atom in each corner and an atom centred in each face, like this: —



Zinc, magnesium, beryllium — less ductile and more brittle than the face-centred metals — have their atoms in the form of a close-packed hexagon, in this wise: —



Finally, there are the body-centred crystals, in which iron, tungsten, molybdenum, chromium, and the other hard metals arrange their units — cubes with the corner atoms tightly held by the inner centred atom: —



Scientists long played with theories as to the fine structure of metals, but it is only recently that X-rays revealed unmistakably the simplicity of these three building blocks. Copper thus has the same form of crystal as gold, silver, and aluminum, but differs in size.

In the aluminum crystal the atoms are more than 10 per cent farther apart than those of the copper crystal.

X-rays show what happens to a metal when it is subjected to different conditions. Just as a man's handwriting may reflect his sobriety or fatigue or excitement, so the X-ray diffraction pattern reveals the effect on the crystal of rolling, annealing, heat-treating, and alloying.

When copper is fused with zinc, the diffraction pattern shows the picture of the alloying process — and the expert can fairly see the tiny hexagons of zinc edging into the cubes of copper to form brass. Similarly, the X-ray shows why tungsten carbide is harder than steel, why cold-rolling a plate makes it hard, why heat-treating a metal relieves its strain.

Several years ago Dr. Ancel St. John, studying carbon by X-ray diffraction methods, discovered a new form of the element — a crystalline carbon similar to graphite in its electrical conductivity, but having a higher resistance and being an abrasive rather than a lubricant. One of the manufacturing companies has found this discovery useful in the manufacture of an electric product. By the same method of diffraction analysis, this physicist was able recently to settle a disputed point in a patent suit. The question was whether in a certain appliance the element thorium was present in its metallic state or as thorium oxide. The diffraction pattern of the compound differs from that of the element, and by the X-rays Dr. St. John established positively that the element was present as a metal.

All of these applications of diffraction analysis are derived from the brilliant discovery by Laue, a German experimenter, in 1913. Prior to this, investigators in many lands had tried prisms and finely ruled gratings in the attempt to break X-rays up into a pattern of wave lengths similar to the rainbow pattern which light gives when it is diffracted. But the X-rays passed in straight lines through all prisms and gratings, or, if the material was dense enough, the rays were stopped — and no diffraction could be noted. It occurred to Laue that Nature itself had provided in the fine lattices of atomic crystals a grated surface of a fineness sufficient to deflect the minute wave lengths of X-rays. He tried the experiment — and his success is history. (One should add, to bring history up to date, that recent experimenters with optical gratings have succeeded in diffracting X-rays. Notable among these doers of the impossible is Dr. Arthur H. Compton, of the University of Chicago, whose X-ray discoveries brought him the Nobel prize in 1927.)

It was found that X-rays vary in wave length from about one hundred-millionth to about one ten-billionth of an inch. They were emitted in Röntgen's original experiments from the glass surface of the bulb, generated by the impact of the speeding particles of the electric current as they bombarded the atoms of the glass.

The next step was to place a metal target in the path of the speeding particles; and it was later discovered by the English experimenter Moseley that the X-rays are characteristic of the target material. Thus a copper target gives a different wave length from that of a platinum target, and so for each material. Hence a new means of analysis was placed in the hands of the scientist. If he was given an unknown substance to identify or analyze, it was necessary only to place a sample of the substance on the X-ray target and turn on the current. If the substance was a known element or compound, its radiation would betray it just as unerringly as his thumb print betrays the human suspect. And just as helium was discovered in the sun by spectrum analysis of sunlight, so the rare element hafnium was discovered on the earth by spectrum analysis of the X-rays generated by the unknown substance.

IV

The effect of X-rays on life is less known and not so well formulated as is their effect on such inanimates as the crystals of steel and silk and rayon. For many years hospitals and medical research institutes have been using X-rays to treat cancerous and other malignant growths, much as they use radium. It has not been possible as yet to generate X-rays of the same power as the gamma rays of radium, but X-rays may be produced at will and at relatively less expense than radium radiation. The dangers involved in exposure to these intense transfers of energy should be obvious. Only recently, in 1930, another name was added to the roster of martyrs to X-ray research, when Dr. Edward Mulvaney, medical inspector for the Jersey City Health Department, died as a result of X-ray burns. It should be mentioned, however, that his original burns were contracted several years ago, before the nature and danger of this radiation were realized. In modern practice, the X-ray instrument is screened in lead, and some laboratories devoted to X-ray work present the appearance of heavily armored vaults. Eight tons of lead cover the inner walls and ceiling of the industrial X-ray laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

While medical men have been experimenting with the therapeutic uses of X-rays, the research biologists have been trying them as a key to unlock the mystery of evolution. Why should a species change? If characteristics are inherited, why should there be any break? Why should not sons and daughters be exactly like their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers, on down through the generations?

In the fall of 1926, Professor Hermann J. Muller, of the University of Texas, began a series of experiments with such questions in mind. He placed fruit flies (Drosophila) in gelatin capsules and exposed them to X-radiation. Then he allowed the flies to breed, and observed the resulting progeny.

The children born of the X-rayed fruit flies were, to quote Dr. Muller, 'startling and unequivocal. All types of mutations, large and small, ugly and beautiful, burst upon the gaze. Flies with bulging eyes or with flat or dented eyes; flies with white, purple, yellow, or brown eyes; flies with curly hair, with ruffled hair, with parted hair, with fine and coarse hair, and bald flies; flies with swollen antennæ, or extra antennæ, or legs in place of antennæ; flies with broad wings, with narrow wings, with upturned wings, with downturned wings, with outstretched wings, with truncated wings, with split wings, with spotted wings, with bloated wings, and with practically no wings at all. Big flies and little ones, dark ones and light ones, active and sluggish ones, fertile and sterile ones, long-lived and short-lived ones. Flies that preferred to stay on the ground, flies that did not care about the light, flies with a mixture of sex characteristics, flies that were especially sensitive to warm weather. They were a motley throng. What had been done? The roots of life — the genes — had indeed been struck, and had yielded.'

It sounds like a ghastly orgy of mutilation — but scientists ask whether it may not be a demonstration of the method of evolution. May not the changes which we see in nature be brought about by the radiation which is continually bombarding all living things on this planet — radiation from star stuff and from radioactive elements in the earth? Since this question was first raised, Dr. Muller and Dr. L. M. Mott-Smith, of the Rice Institute, have collaborated in a study of this possibility. They find that the cosmic and other radiation carries energy sufficient to cause only a fraction of the mutations which occur. If their findings hold, it would seem that radiation is only one of the factors that change the genes. The direct causes may be chemical, within the very molecules or atoms of the genes themselves, with the rays serving only as an accelerating agent. If so, certainly they are the most powerful accelerator of the kind known. Dr. Muller finds that normally, in nature, changes occur in about five individuals out of a thousand, whereas the most powerful X-ray treatment produced changes in about seven hundred out of a thousand.

Meanwhile, others have tried the rays on other forms of life. Dr. Stadler, at the University of Missouri, observed marked changes in barley and corn grown from X-rayed seed. At the University of California, Dr. T. H. Goodspeed X-rayed tobacco seeds; they sprouted into a curious medley of tobacco plants — dwarfs, giants, some stubby and thick-leaved, others slender and tall, some with curiously inverted leaves.

Whether the biologists will be able to control these mutations — to produce finer tobacco, better barley and corn, more capable fruit flies, fatter pigs, and superior men — is something yet to be proved. A plant physiologist in New Jersey claims that he improved his yield of potatoes by X-raying the potato seeds. Plants grown from these treated seeds flowered and fruited one to three weeks earlier than those grown from untreated seed, and their tubers were larger and more plentiful.

At all events, the X-ray tube has gone into biology. The gardener and the stock breeder of the future may find it as invaluable in solving their problems as the foundryman and the textile manufacturer are finding it to-day in solving theirs.

V

But the industrialists are not satisfied. To quote one: 'The persistent tendency in industry, buildings, bridges, machines, is toward greater size, greater power, greater output; these developments demand steel that can be depended on for super-performance.'

For example, there is now under construction a turbine engine which will take steam at a pressure of 1200 pounds to the square inch and discharge it into a vacuum. The turbine is designed to drive a dynamo which will generate 250,000 kilowatts of energy. This is enormous power — the total connected load of the city of Boston in 1930 was only around 200,000 kilowatts. The cost of interrupting so much production even for a few minutes becomes prohibitive, therefore the 250,000-kilowatt generator cannot be shut down to repair or replace a broken forging or casting — it must be of such steel that it can be counted on to be accident-proof.

Continued increases in the size of machines and structures mean eventual increases in thickness of the steel parts. Already there is a demand for steel castings of six to ten inches cross-section, and X-rays as generated in commercial practice to-day are not able to radiograph satisfactorily through such densities. About four inches is the upper limit for the most powerful tubes available to industry.

To overcome this limitation and inspect sections of the greater thickness required by the United States Navy, scientists at the Naval Research Laboratory recently tried the gamma rays of radium as a substitute for X-rays. Since gamma rays have a wave length from one tenth to one twentieth that of X-rays, they are more penetrating. The naval researchers succeeded in photographing through twelve inches of steel, and they made exceptionally clear pictures through ten inches.

'I don't see any necessity for going much beyond this,' said Dr. R. F. Mehl, who conducted this notable industrial research, aided by Dr. C. S. Barrett of his staff and Dr. G. E. Doan of Lehigh University. 'But if industry requires it, I am confident that we can radiograph through even thicker sections. We may increase the penetration either by increasing the time of exposure or by increasing the amount of radium (or radium emanation) used.'

This novel industrial application of radium — which was first announced in the fall of 1930 — has been on trial at the Laboratory near Washington since early in 1929. Dr. Mehl and his associates made many comparative tests of gamma radiation and X-rays, and claim for the former these advantages: (*a*) its simplicity, the process requiring no high-voltage wires or complicated apparatus, only a capsule of radium or emanation; (*b*) the possibility of taking many radiographs simultaneously, since the radium radiates continually and equally in all directions; (*c*) the portability of the radium set-up; (*d*) its power to radiograph irregular sections of steel; (*e*) its higher penetration.

It was found that a modern X-ray tube operating at a given current would require ten minutes to photograph through three inches of iron; for the same tube under the same operating conditions to photograph through six inches would require an exposure five thousand times as long — or more than thirty-four days of continuous radiation. By contrast, to increase the thickness of a gamma-ray inspection from three to six inches it was necessary to increase the period of exposure only ten times — a matter of hours to compare with the more than a month required by the X-rays.

Thus radium is beginning to follow its elder brother, the X-ray tube, out of the hospital and laboratory into the foundry, the factory, the inspecting room. Already the Navy has put radium emanation to work in a programme of inspection. And I am informed that one of the large commercial foundries in the United States has adopted gamma-ray inspection for its heavy steel castings. The report of the naval research attracted wide attention in the steel industry here and abroad, and commercial applications of its results are sure to multiply.

VI

And so one may say with reason that the machine is harnessing to its uses even the invisible stuff of radiation. The word 'stuff' is not loosely chosen. One of the paradoxes of modern science is the discovery that these transfers of energy which we call rays are not only waves in space, but are also particles, tiny bundles of energy which behave in some experiments like bullets. When these bullets pass through the spaces between atoms and between the electrons of an atom to a photographic film, they affect the chemical coating of the film much as light affects it in our pocket cameras. But when one of the bullets happens to strike an atom or one of its electrons, the bullet may be stopped, absorbed, converted into new radiation. Obviously, the thicker and denser the material penetrated, the greater the number of bullets that will happen to hit and be absorbed. And wherever there are holes, cracks, porosity, or inclusions of less density, the more bullets will get through to the film, and so the greater will be its exposure. It is in this way that the invisible stuff helps us to see the hidden interior of the more ponderable visible stuff.

The same invisible stuff, hitting through and against the lattices of atomic crystals, shows their structure and size — betrays their unseen make-up.

And the same invisible stuff, bombarding a living cell with its bullets, knocks out parts of the cell's atoms, and so changes the very nature and characteristics of the life unit itself.

All these powers of radiation have been discovered within the last three and a half decades, most of them within the last two. Perhaps another few years will bring confirmation of that bold hypothesis which Dr. R. A. Millikan has suggested: that the invisible stuff of radiation is the creative force in nature by which matter is made and the elements forged into their characteristic forms. A *deus ex machina* — or, more accurately, a *deus in machina* — continually rewinding Time's clock.

THE ART OF LOAFING

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'SITTING for hours in the shade of an apple tree, near the garden hives, and under the aerial thoroughfares of those honey merchants — sometimes when the noonday heat is loud with their minute industry, or when they fall in crowds out of the late sun to their night-long labors — I have sought instruction from the bees, and tried to appropriate to myself the old industrious lesson.

'And yet, hang it all, who by rights should be the teachers and who the learners? For those peevish, overtoiled, utilitarian insects was there no lesson to be derived from the spectacle of Me? Gazing out at me with myriad eyes from their joyless factories, might they not learn at last — might I not finally teach them — a wiser and more generous-hearted way to improve the shining hour?'

This modest and pertinent query, breathed with and into inimical air some ten or a dozen years ago by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, must have brought comfort and encouragement to more than one confessed, confirmed, and conscientious idler like myself. How rarely in these days do we receive the heartening news that there are others of our kind left in a workaday world! Nearly half a century has passed since Stevenson wrote his eloquent brief for our once numerous tribe, and the fact that he considered it necessary to call it an 'Apology' shows which way the wind was blowing even then. Since his day, defenders and apologists alike have grown fewer and fewer in numbers, less and less ample in utterance, more and more despondent in tone. Silence and darkness deepen over us as decade follows decade. Even the poets have lost heart. They sit, like birds under icy hedgerows, numbed and brooding, scarcely daring to twitter lest they betray their presence; and when one of them — more courageous, or, perhaps, merely a little less miserable than the rest — breaks into song, it is usually a mere fragment, like Ralph Hodgson's

> God loves an idle rainbow
> No less than laboring seas,

so brief, so furtive, that it is lost at once in the frozen air.

Let the melancholy truth be admitted: idlers and so-called ne'er-do-wells have never done less well than during the three fortunately elapsed decades of the present century, and if Henry Ford is right there is little promise of a dawn in the decade at hand. His day, he believes, is to grow only the more dazzlingly bright and our night the more hopelessly black. 'There is no place in civilization for the idler,' he says. 'None of us has any right to ease.' It is presumption, I suppose, for a mere loafer to take issue with one whose lightest word, if there is any such, becomes the inspired gospel of millions; nevertheless, I cannot but dissent. In my opinion he has, unwittingly, made the harshest possible arraignment of the kind of civilization he believes in. I agree, however, with the latter statement. Men have no more right to ease than they have to lives of laborious activity. It is not a question of right, but of privilege.

The surprising thing, to me, is that so few men seem to covet this high privilege any more. Formerly, most men's desire was so to order their lives that they might join the ranks of the non-spinners and non-toilers as early as possible, before they were too old to enjoy the benefits of so fortunate a state of being. Even as recently as the turn of the century a not inconsiderable number worked to, and largely for, this end. Now all of them toil and vertiginously spin, with or without cause or need, until they are on the brink of the grave.

As for the women, what are they not doing, in these days, to avoid the stigma which attaches to the idler! They were once the ornaments of leisured life, and I use the word in the high sense. They did little or nothing — as nothing is now measured — superlatively well; they knew the fine uses to which leisure may be put. They have since lost their enviable gift so completely that it is hard to believe that they ever possessed it. So far have they strayed from their old gracious manner of life that they now consider mere busyness the queen of virtues, and so they waste their days, and their lives, in numberless occupations most of which have little or no excuse for being, even in the utilitarian sense.

All of which seems to me unfortunate, to say the least. There is so much idling needing to be done in the United States that our case is all but desperate. If I were President I would concern myself very little with the nation's industry, except to point out the disastrous effects in our time of its monstrous expansion. I would call attention to the deplorable waste of our resources of leisure. At the rate and in the manner in which they are being exhausted, for lack of intelligent direction, another generation will see us bankrupt; for leisure, flagrantly and continually misused, turns into something else, — hopeless boredom, for one thing, — and whatever reserves of it may yet be made available, by means of shorter working days in shorter working weeks, will be of less value to us than the sands of the desert or the thorns on all the prickly pears in Australia; for the raw material of leisure is nothing unless we protect and encourage and profit by the example of our enlightened idlers who know how to convert it to use.

There is no doubt in my mind that a nation in which loafing has ceased to be a virtue has taken a wrong turning somewhere. I wish that we might send an emissary back to learn where the error in direction was made; but the danger there would be that our emissary, having escaped out of the present and having discovered the road not taken, would forget, in his joy, ever to return to enlighten us. In the mind's eye I see him plainly, entering that lonely, peaceful, bird-frequented highway, loitering through what delightful landscapes, stopping now and then to view what glamorous vistas lie ahead! Ahead of him; but, alas, behind or at least away from us, and never to gladden our eyes, for we might not return even if we would. Our road leads straight on, like a cement pavement — in fact, it *is* a cement pavement for turning wheels over, and we must get what pleasure we can from the hardness and dangerous smoothness of the pavement itself, and from the speed with which it allows our wheels to turn.

But I see no reason why they should always be turning. Perpetual motion is not exacted even of us, and we may loaf at times if we will. 'Loafe and invite your soul' is a good old saying, containing wisdom distilled from the experience of innumerable generations of mankind. Men's souls, particularly in these latter days, need a deal of inviting. They refuse to be supplicated or commanded; they will not stand and deliver during the lunch hour or between committee meetings. On the contrary, they choose their own time and method of accepting even the most suitable of invitations. Few men seem to realize this; many, indeed, doubt that they have souls. In my opinion the reason for their skepticism is that they have never given themselves time or suitable opportunities to discover whether they have them or not. But it is true that, as a result of the times in which we live, in many cases what once were souls have become so parched and shriveled, so wizened and anæmic, through lack of any vital nourishment, that it is a pity they can't be extracted, once and for all, like diseased tonsils or an ailing appendix.

Say what you will in disparagement of idlers, they are, or were until recently, in excellent spiritual health. It was axiomatic with them that a healthy soul is a perpetually hungry one, needing great store of life-giving food, and so, as the first necessity of a happy life, they arranged that they should have ample opportunity for providing such food. Thus it was with Henry Thoreau, that Prince of Loafers: was he not justified in ordering his life as he did? He was blessed with a radiantly healthy soul, and knowing this, — or, rather, feeling it from the very core of his being, — he took the surest means of keeping it in health. It is true that the Henry Fords and the Thomas Edisons of his day had no time for him, just as they would have even less time for him now; but let any impartial man open *Walden* or a volume of his *Journals* at random and, after reading for an hour or two, decide whether the fruits of his idleness were not at least as valuable to mankind as the fruits of their industry.

II

Never before, in the history of the world, I imagine, has there been a time more favorable than the present, so far as opportunity is concerned, for the advancement of the fine art of idling. The amount per capita of available leisure has increased enormously during the past twenty-five years. How, then, are we to account for the rapidly thinning ranks of idlers, and for the hostile attitude of the public at large toward those who still exist?

The answer to the first part of the question is obvious. As I have said, leisure itself is nothing like so essential as the leisurely type of mind; and machines, and those who aid and abet them, have hurried and harried us out of that. We flatter ourselves that we are much better off than our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who, in pursuit of their crafts and trades, worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day; but we forget that what they considered work we should now consider indolence of the most shameful kind. They had no efficiency experts and 'engineers' to watch their every movement lest an ounce of energy or a moment of time should be spent unproductively. With them, social life went hand in hand with industrial and pastoral life. Gossip, stimulating discussion, daydreaming, musing, and fruitful thought were integral parts of the day's business, and mingled with it as easily and naturally as oxygen with hydrogen. In fact, many of the world's most illustrious idlers toiled, ostensibly, from dawn till dark. Think of Robert Burns and his contemporaries, of Charles Lamb and his; and how many others one might mention, the fruits of whose laborious days shame those of our abundant leisure. Would that we might return to the fructifying idleness of the sixteen-hour day, and the conditions of life that made it so!

But we are linked, or, rather, riveted and welded to our fate, and if we are to live in comfort, to say nothing of happiness, we must develop a technique of loafing that at least approaches theirs. One fact must be accepted: idleness and industry can never again mingle as they once did. Those who serve machines, either directly or indirectly, must give them undivided and unremitting attention during the six or eight hours of daily slavery exacted. But this lesson — heaven knows! — has already been adequately learned. What has yet to be learned is how to return to life on human terms after the day's servitude is over.

And this, I think, accounts in part for the generally unfriendly attitude toward confirmed idlers, who, in their efforts to avoid accepting on any terms the conditions of labor demanded by the machines, loaf more than they should, perhaps, or is good for them, and their example offends those more resigned to such conditions. But at least they have not forgotten how to loaf, and it is unfortunate, it seems to me, that their justifiable resentment against motor cars, radios, motion-picture theatres, miniature golf courses, and other destroyers of leisure is not more widely spread. To be sure, the use of such things has a certain lethal value for those so wretched that they can no longer enjoy conscious life and thought in our industrialized world, but not many of us, surely, are as badly off as that. Self-respect, to say the least, demands that we should refuse to accept these spurious substitutes for idling at the hands of those who now foist them upon us. Worms that we are, or seem to be, I cannot believe that we are as wormlike at heart as they. The trouble with us has been our tolerance, our good nature, a heritage from happier times; and our quite natural bewilderment in the midst of such rapidly changing conditions has given the real worms, who have welcomed and glory in these changes, an advantage over us. As might have been expected, they have so abused their advantage that I firmly believe they will eventually defeat their own end, which is to make all of us as abject worms as they themselves.

If idling is ever to regain its rightful position as one of the arts, — or, better, as the fostering mother of all the arts, — there must be a change of attitude toward its professors and practitioners. Active encouragement they do not need, but toleration is as necessary to them as to other men. 'Who are these professors?' you ask. 'Name some of them.' There you have me! I feared that question and am not prepared to answer it. So far has the decay of loafing gone in the United States that I cannot think of a single eminent loafer of American birth since Walt Whitman's time. Lafcadio Hearn was one, but he was born in the Ionian Isles, of Greek and Irish parentage. Although he made heroic efforts to loaf, in New York, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and elsewhere, so great were the odds against him that he at last fled to the island of Martinique, and later to Japan, arriving at this latter country too late, unfortunately, to loaf to full advantage; for there, too, idleness, practised for so many centuries with such beneficial results, was fast falling into disrepute, owing to the influence of Western ideas.

Harvard University had an idler of genius in Professor Santayana, a man splendidly qualified to teach, by both precept and example, the highest branches of the art; but lack of willing students, and of those congenial influences which are the breath of life to a man of his kind, forced him to retire. The College of Business Administration which has risen in the great void — the place, not the room — made by his withdrawal offers sufficient proof that he was not mistaken in his view of the hopelessness of the situation.

There are, perhaps, eminent idlers still living in America whose lights burn clear, steady, and cheering to those who share their retirement. But wide are the gaps between light and light! Small wonder that those who grope through the murk without finding them doubt at times that any lights are there.

What I mean by an idler of the higher categories is, I hope, clear by now. As Francis Thompson said, —

From stones and poets you may know,
Nothing so active is as that which least seems so.

Perhaps he gained his knowledge of stones intuitively, or he may have taken it from the Japanese, who have always been stone worshipers, not alone because of their sense of the beauty of stones as objects, but also, I believe, because of their realization of the tremendous energy latent or simmering within the stones. Poets, the most distinguished of idlers, are such outwardly harmless containers of power, which makes them truly dangerous — not of themselves, but because of the uses to which may be, and is, put the enormous energy of thought they throw off.

The Greeks, who, as idlers, were one hundred per cent literate, so to speak, fully realized the danger of being so; therefore it was a point of honor with them, as well as a matter of self-preservation, to keep all of their potentially harmful ideas in their rightful places, merely as objects of beauty or of curious interest. Our Western world owes Francis Bacon an incalculable debt of obloquy for being the first great teacher of the fatal doctrine that all ideas may be put to practical use. In a by no means fanciful manner of speaking, he is the father of most of our present ills. It was during his century that the road we should now be following was missed, and it was largely through his agency that our forefathers were lured away from it. What an imposing ruin he made of his life! Never has a more kingly idler been self-destroyed. His essay, 'Of Gardens,' shows him at a moment when he was following the true bent of his genius.

III

The mention of gardens leads me to sound a more cheerful note. The fact that both private and public pleasure gardens are becoming more numerous and more beautiful every year shows, I think, a growing disposition to loaf that may eventually become something more than a disposition. During a recent journey from San Francisco to New York, and back again by a different route, I was surprised and greatly encouraged at the number of private gardens that may be viewed even from car windows; there are many more of them than there used to be, and they are often found in the most unlikely and needful places. This is particularly true of those lying in the vicinity of great cities. The greed of real-estate owners and promoters has made it almost impossible for men of small means to have gardens of any sort, but there is a limit, apparently, beyond which even the greed of real-estate owners may not go, and so, sometimes, there are postage stamps and pocket handkerchiefs of land that householders may call their own. How much they have learned to make of little! With what loving and patient care they lay out their tiny gardens, taking advantage of the most meagre resources of light and air! No shred or patch of sunlight is wasted. They have lawns the size of hearthrugs, and beds of flowers the brownies might have planted, with graveled paths a handsbreadth wide between them. In rare instances where there is room for a tree, the tree is there; sometimes all other pleasures are sacrificed to that of having its moving leaf-shadows for a carpet, over an earthen or sanded floor. Thousands of these gardens are passed during the course of a journey across the continent where, ten years ago, they were hard indeed to find. Not a few of them are enclosed with vine-covered walls or trellises, and in these, one may be sure, the art of idling is sometimes modestly, if furtively, studied.

As for our public pleasure gardens, many of them are now of princely amplitude, offering the most congenial inducements to idlers, the most varied refreshment in the way of shaded lawns and arbors, walks, lakes, and fishponds; but something is wrong here, for, as you stroll through these green and restful retreats, you will see only men reading newspapers, than which nothing could be more hostile to the cultivation of the proper disposition for idling. Unfriendly spirits are abroad in these gardens, the chief of them, I believe, being the spirit of carbon-monoxide gas, a deadly poison to the pollinating germs of idleness that formerly floated at will even through the air of cities. Were this evil spirit to be exorcised by that powerful magician, Public Opinion, I predict that idlers would soon be as customary a sight in our public parks as rooks in a rookery. The advantages that would spring from so fortunate a circumstance are too numerous for mention.

One other evil spirit should also be exorcised, not from parks alone but from life in general, if idling is ever again to flourish. It too is a gaseous spirit, and vocal, issuing from the radio.

Some months ago I had a harrowing experience with such a spirit. It was in Rochester, Minnesota, a pretty town, though filled to overflowing with ailing mankind drawn there from all parts of the Western Hemisphere by the deserved fame of the Mayo Clinic. I was not ailing, but I began, first, to wish that I were, and then to fear that I was, for all the talk was of disease: its innumerable symptoms and peculiarities, the stages of its progress, and the methods of campaign used against it. Everywhere — in hotels and restaurants, in the shops and the streets, in season and out of season, in English, German, French, Spanish, and Italian, the one topic of conversation was disease. At first I was interested, then bored, then desolated. I tried to escape by taking country walks, but all the roads were filled by the departing cured, joyously hastening homeward at fifty miles an hour, and the approaching sick, anxiously hastening in, at sixty; and roads, of course, in whatever part of the country, are no longer for the delight of leisurely pedestrians. So I was confined to the town and took refuge in the park; and a refuge, I thought gleefully, it was to prove, for it was then late October, the temperature near freezing, and all of the invalids and convalescents were keeping well within doors.

There was no one in the park except some children covering each other with autumn leaves, and their laughter was as bracing and health-giving as the wan sunshine and the biting air. I sat down on a bench near an open pavilion, used, evidently, for summer concerts, and had just settled myself for a morning of luxurious loafing when a radio, hidden somewhere on the platform of the pavilion, shattered the autumnal silence beyond all hope of repair. This truly infernal machine was provided with an amplifier that was something more than ample. I fled to the farthest recesses of the park, but the unctuous voice of the announcer — the unction magnified one thousand diameters — pursued me wherever I went. During the week that followed, I returned to the park at various hours of the day, early in the morning, even late at night, and, while there were brief periods of respite, no pleasure was to be had from them because of the realization that a demon with an inhumanly human voice was crouched close by, ready to spring, and that soon he would spring. And this demon, I mused bitterly, has somewhere a local and sumptuous habitation and a name; and when, if ever, he retires to rest, no doubt he does so with an easy conscience, a sense of virtue as unctuous as his voice. But he had eaten fern seed at Rochester. One could not get at him to endow him with eternal peace.

Much remains to be said on the subject of idling; in fact, I have scarcely scratched the surface of it; but perhaps a self-confessed loafer may gain more credit for his calling by practising it than by preaching it.

But was my Rochester experience typical, I wonder? Are radios now common nuisances in public parks? If so, is there no other voice of protest to be joined to my feeble cry? Breathing this question into the air in reproachful but gentle, unamplified accents, I descend from the rostrum.

One last pregnant remark while descending. I believe that, had more men occupying strategic positions in American life — financiers, promoters, captains of industry, and the like — been idle by choice during the past thirty years, there would now be vastly fewer of those, in humbler stations, idle of necessity.

PSYCHOLOGY TO THE GENERAL

BY ROBERT N. CORWIN

I

THE public press some time ago announced that, during one of the forensic impasses to which debate not infrequently leads in our most august legislative body, a member proposed that the services of the official chaplain of the Senate might well be dispensed with and the time hitherto given to devotional exercise allotted to a professional psychologist. This proposal to appeal when in doubt to mundane rather than divine counsel was probably neither made nor received with entire seriousness, though the *Congressional Record* sometimes makes difficult any attempt to separate the ridiculous from the sublime. But, whether the intent of our Solon was serious or not, this plan to have recourse to this modern God from the Machine, psychology, for aid in calming emotional squalls and in discovering correct and practical methods of addressing and deciding baffling questions, is in keeping with the spirit of the present day and the attitude of the present generation.

The reasons for this pressing need for succor in meeting the accumulating problems of this golden age of novelty and speed are not far to seek, and, in fact, need not be sought at all, for they are recited or reiterated from every pulpit and forum and echoed by the public press. It has become commonplace to call attention to the dislocation along the fault which separates to-day from all the yesterdays and to show that the simple practices and codes of our forefathers have been strained to the breaking point. But in the midst of this Rip van Winklian bewilderment, and thus at a moment uniquely psychological, the new science of psychology comes to the rescue and places at the service of mankind the rich results of its prodigious industry. Researches in this productive field, so we are told by the more active protagonists, have made available to all and sundry the laws which underlie the motives and determine the behavior of the mass and of the individual. Each of us may now learn, for the asking, the sources and the limits of his own capacities, the hidden springs of his own personality, and may know the influences which motivate his relations to his fellow men. The way is now clear, so the assurance runs, and the first steps taken toward the solution of the basic problems of human nature and the social order.

Never have man-made plans held fairer promises. Little wonder that a confused and famishing world should, without close scrutiny, give ready and general acceptance to a boon which seems to fall but little short of a knowledge of good and evil, and that psychology, or what passes for psychology, should become our guiding cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Everyone, accordingly, who takes thought concerning his relation to his own time and place finds himself an unconscious participant in this twentieth-century mass psychology, or its unwilling victim. He cannot but seek to orient his mind to this new all-embracing movement.

These considerations have prompted this brief non-professional survey of the present status of psychological research and of those applications and derivatives of this research which most affect our daily life, in the hope that some basis may be gained for estimating its value to the average man, who is, after all, the ultimate consumer. This venture is that of a layman who must form his estimate of what psychology is by what it does to and for him and his kind. It will seem both presumptuous and futile to officers holding high command for the common soldier to try to conjecture, on the basis of what happens to him, what is going on in the minds of the General Staff. His not to reason why! But psychologists must know, even if generals do not, that conjecture on the part of the lowly is inevitable, however inadequate the basis upon which it must rest.

II

The evolution of modern psychology is spanned by the memory of living men. It grew out of the discovery of new worlds to conquer in the biological and sociological sciences, resulting in an awakening comparable with that which followed the revelation of the new heavens by Kepler and Galileo and a new world by Columbus and his successors. The latter part of the last century was characterized by unprecedented progress in every field of natural science. Intensive study and experimentation, coupled with new incentives and new approaches, led to numerous broods of new sciences. Thus psychology, deriving on the one hand from philosophy and on the other from physiology, entered upon an independent rôle. In one important respect has the recent renascence of intellectual interest and activity differed from the earlier. Then, only the intelligentsia were interested or affected; now, any important scientific discovery becomes on the morrow the common property of the whole reading or listening public.

The first psychological laboratory was set up by Wundt at Leipzig, in 1874, in the belief that mental phenomena could be best studied by controlled experimentation and that the knowledge of the mind in all of its manifestations need no longer be wholly dependent on introspection and inductive reasoning. From this source has sprung a vast and vigorous progeny, well represented in this country by numerous laboratories, many of which are devoting their resources to investigating the organs and processes of sense reactions, the effects of various kinds and degrees of stimuli, and to recording and interpreting all discoverable processes and evidences of sensation, feeling, and will. The great foundations established to promote human welfare have drawn millions from their reservoirs to aid the new cause. White rats, guinea pigs, cats, dogs, and bees, and primates of various stages in the evolutionary processes, have been made to serve man's great need. The product of this research is purveyed to scholars and to others in several learned periodicals and in more than a thousand monographs yearly — to say nothing of textbooks for schools and books with a less technical purpose for the general public.

The layman is immediately struck by the disconcerting divergence of faith and hope illustrated in this research or in such parts of it as are intelligible to him. Learned psychologists, or those who purport to be, appear to disagree as to the relative dependability of introspection as compared with more objective investigation. They differ as to whether intellectual activity consists of functions and processes merely, and thus as to whether we can know what the mind is except by observing what it does and how it acts. They are not in agreement as to whether sensation brings concepts to the mind as simple units or as patterns and relationships as well, or as to whether there is outside of sensation some impelling force which integrates these sensatory units into concepts and, if there be such force, whether it is innate or acquired. There is no consensus of opinion as to the relative influence on human behavior of instincts, if these exist, and of the subconscious, whatever that may be. The structuralist, the functionalist, and the behaviorist each interprets the same mental phenomena as evidence of the truth of his own separate and divergent faith. There is wide divergence of claims as to what has been attained by modern psychology and as to what may be confidently expected of the future.

Thus the layman has brought home to him, at the very outset, a fact which he had already suspected — that there are psychologists *and* psychologists, and that the extremes of these two groups are as wide apart in claims, methods, and unfortunately in general influence, as a typical professor of dogmatic theology and a much-sought-after revivalist of the Pacific Coast.

The smaller group applies to its researches methods no less objective, a skill no less trained, and a restraint no less marked, than are illustrated in the best representatives of the natural sciences. None can doubt that benefit has accrued to us from the researches in this field and from the consequent interest aroused. We have a clearer conception of mental states and mental activities, of the physical sources of such states and activities, of the importance of emotional factors, and of the controllability and measurability of intellectual processes. They have added to our knowledge of abnormal and subnormal mentality, of habit, motivation, and the processes of memory and of learning, the effects of mental fatigue, and have thus given us simpler and more adequate pedagogical approaches to certain problems. These achievements represent something substantial and definite which may serve as a safe *vade mecum* to all seekers after truth and which will help on the way to clearer thinking and greater intellectual stability.

The psychology or near psychology, however, which is prescribed for the defenseless layman and practised upon him comes for the most part from the larger and more vocal group, which naturally includes the exegetes, popularizers, and exploiters. Representatives of this group undertake to prove by precept and example that psychology, once the most remote and theoretical of sciences, has become one of the most adaptable and practical. The results of its researches have, accordingly, found application not only in school and in college, but also in corrective institutions, large industrial plants, in selling and advertising agencies, in literature, — pure and otherwise, — and, in fact, in nearly all the concerns of everyday life.

It seems reasonable, therefore, to raise the question as to the rating of various enterprises and activities which, in the evident belief of the public, are backed and guaranteed by the whole psychological industry. It is proposed to examine, as briefly as may be, some of the recent applications of what is offered in the guise of new psychology with a view to learning whether the recent pyramiding of psychological projects is warranted by the capital stock, and to determine how much of what is being offered as proved and sound belongs in the purely speculative class. All scientific progress is characterized by constant trial and frequent error, and every offering is fair game to 'bears' and 'bulls' alike, but in most fields of research the public is not made the victim of all half truths revealed. The estimate of psychological values here submitted is not based on data collected under controlled conditions and must suffer from such defects as inhere to 'purely subjective' findings.

III

Psychology, or what purports to be psychology, touches the average man intimately and affects his life profoundly at three cardinal points — education, literature, and certain everyday business and social contacts. Some of the more familiar aspects of these will be considered.

Education is the greatest industry in this land of great industries. It absorbs more capital and expends more effort than any combine of mass labor and capital. Twelve million children and the future of the States are involved. It is right and proper that all aid to be derived from science and experience should be applied to this great cause, but it is equally essential to the national welfare that the field of education should not be made free to the latest and loudest revivalist or sales promoter to appear over the horizon, proclaiming and 'representing' New Psychology — Latest Edition. Life has become synchronized to a series of rapid and abrupt changes. It is hard to hold fast to that which is good or even better. We grasp at every novelty, from a new car to a new vitamin or a new complex; anything that will brighten the home, quicken the memory, break down sales resistance, or build it up, is welcomed. We have neither time nor patience to give the new model or device a thorough road trial before acceptance. Education has shown itself especially susceptible to pseudo-psychologists bearing gifts. It has not been content to adopt and apply the few sound and simple doctrines derived from the study of the processes of learning, of memorizing, of aptitudes, of motivation, and of the transferability of skill from one discipline to another — and underwritten by scientists of recognized standing. Much of doubtful value has been adopted into the educational theory and practice without thorough testing and chiefly because pushed by skillful propagandists who claim psychological backing.

The chief threat against the integrity of the teaching profession arises from the demand that all teachers shall have a thorough training in the science of teaching, which in turn claims as its basis the more recent pronouncements in psychology. When a like demand went forth a generation ago (1892) that the teacher must become proficient in psychology, William James said: —

'As regards this subject of psychology, now I wish at the very threshold to do what I can to dispel the mystification. So I say at once that in my humble opinion there is no "new psychology" worthy of the name. There is nothing but the old psychology which began in Locke's time, plus a little physiology of the brain and senses and theory of evolution, and a few refinements of introspective detail, for the most part without adaptation to the teacher's use. It is only the fundamental conceptions of psychology which are of real value to the teacher and they, apart from the aforesaid theory of evolution, are very far from being new.

'I say, moreover, that you make a great, a very great, mistake if you think that psychology, being the science of the mind's laws, is something from which you can deduce definite programmes and schemes and methods of instruction for immediate schoolroom use. Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art.'

This statement was made, to be sure, a generation ago, and thus before the most active, and some might claim before the most productive, period of new psychology, but it would be reassuring to a large class of consumers to have some conservative and nonpedagogical psychologist point out the fundamental discoveries of this intervening period which show or tend to show that James's criticisms are now quite out of date. His counsel has, in any event, remained unheeded and is probably forgotten. Teaching is in a fair way to be relegated to the lost arts. It has become a science properly relabeled pedagogy, with a rigid system of dogma, an elaborate ritual, and a professional cant. Initiation of novitiates into this caste has become as elaborate as it is perfunctory, and consists, as is well known, in the acquisition, usually by the coupon method, of a certain number of courses in 'education,' psychology, methodology, and the like. Meantime the profession has been carefully protected from intrusion by the uninitiated by what amounts to trade agreements with institutions which train novitiates — a unity of interests, confirmed in most states by legislation.

No wholly sane person will object to the training of teachers, or to changes in educational theory and practice, so far as these reveal higher ideals and saner methods, or promise better results. If teaching is to become a learned profession, there must be training, and the aid of tried and true psychology must be invoked. Likewise, if education is to rid itself of the futile doctrine of equalitarianism and to assure to all fair play in opportunities, if it is to give over the regimentation of all recruits at a safe level of mediocrity and to help each to discover and develop his own talents — if education is to undertake these and other progressive and cumulative changes with reasonable hope of fruition, psychology must aid and abet.

The objection here lodged is solely to those laws and practices which so rigidly and inexorably define the methods of selecting and training teachers, and thus artificially and greatly limit the sources and numbers from which the profession may be recruited. The quality of teachers must inevitably be lowered where native ability and knowledge, personality and character, are subordinated to easily acquired technique. Teachers cannot be fabricated to order from whatever material happens to be at hand. In most parts of the country, however, state laws require that one or more years be spent by the would-be teacher largely in the acquisition of doctrines which, with few exceptions, James regarded as of doubtful worth. A person with sufficient native ability to make a good teacher will from his own experiences and those of his successful and unsuccessful associates hardly fail to pick up an adequate knowledge of method and technique, if these are insisted upon as essential. One who has not such ability will not acquire it through the absorbing of the required courses in educational psychology, but, under present laws, no great teacher from Socrates to Charles William Eliot could qualify for service in the public school system of most states. We have sacrificed ability to pedagogy, professionalism, mass psychology, and mass production.

IV

The educational field, thus weakened in its personnel, has been invaded in recent years by a popular device known as the psychological or intelligence test. Since the chief concern of experimental psychology at present is the study of stimuli and responses, it is perhaps natural that the most active, if not the most important, phase of investigation during this century and in this country should be the development of the measurements of responses which reveal intelligence and mental alertness.

There is no question of the need for improving on the traditional hit-and-miss method of measuring a student's ability and progress. It must be obvious to all concerned that the grades assigned for recitation or examination under the older usage correlate quite as closely with the instructor's mental attitude and physical well-being as with the student's knowledge of the matter under investigation. Not all professors are good cross-examiners or good mind readers or good guessers. Yet progress is difficult without some means of determining longitude and latitude and speed.

Intelligence tests were widely used as a rough and ready means of classifying the personnel during the recruiting of the national army, 1917–1918. They have since been developed and perfected by many practitioners and in many laboratories and applied to many different problems. An abundant literature and numerous textbooks deal with the subject. The tests have been tried out on hundreds of thousands of children and adults, and the results thus gained have been used in the manufacture of reasonably reliable scales for measuring achievement in many subjects of study and many varieties of skill. The scales for reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic have been of great value in determining both the progress of classes and the proficiency of teachers. Most important of all, perhaps, they have helped to demonstrate the necessity of grouping together for instructional purposes pupils of approximately the same mental rate and have thus aided in the baffling problem of the supernormal as well as of the backward child. These tests have, moreover, captivated the interest of the parent, who now speaks glibly of mental age, chronological age, I. Q.'s, correlation, and raw scores.

Intelligence tests can, then, show a good balance on the credit side of the account. The ingenuity displayed in concocting questions which shall reveal every shred of concealed intelligence, in devising stencils or other mechanical means of tabulating answers 'objectively,' and in constructing formulæ and graphs for correlating and interpreting results, has put on his mettle the old-fashioned examiner who questioned only for knowledge and power — and, so far, good has resulted. But these new devices, like psycho-pedagogy, have been oversold, or at any rate overbought. Their promoters have been too optimistic in their claims and have confused hopes and promises, means and end. These tests, without question, measure intelligence, 'if,' as a well-known psychologist states, 'intelligence is what is measured by intelligence tests.' But they can be and have been misleading because of the uncertain nature of this element and because of the many determining factors which they must leave out of the reckoning. Their forecast of future performance is not as infallible as represented.

These tests, as thus far perfected, have tested chiefly for mental alertness, cleverness, smartness, or, as one psychologist puts it, whether the examinee has high or low mental gear. The time limit has always been an important factor. Recognizing this characteristic of these tests, a colleague makes it a favorite pastime to defend the thesis that most Americans rated as great by several generations — among them Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, and many more — were slow in their mental reactions, and, therefore, that the rapidity of decision or of the thought processes is no guarantee of good judgment or wisdom or success. This contention lacks the validity of a controlled laboratory experiment, but probably has a considerable basis of truth.

The lay critic, therefore, resents the prevalent assumption that these tests are based upon a new principle and that newly discovered laws of educational psychology underlie them. As far as has been revealed to him, they are as empirical in origin and use as those which educational psychologists rather derisively call 'content' tests. The data derived from them are not entitled to special privilege. The layman resents, likewise, the statistical invasion of the field of teaching and learning and the mechanistic implications of these alleged quantitative objective tests, — the kilowatt-hour idea, — the assumption that the mind is made up of functions or patterns or forces which may be readily and accurately measured only or best by the newly devised question-and-answer method. He is not convinced that the educability of the child or of the adult may be reduced to curves and percentages and treated as such. The corollary of this popular process is mass fabrication.

The success of the intelligence tests, as demonstrated by the avidity with which they have been absorbed by the trade, has led to the wide application of this measuring-rod process. Educational psychologists have been busily engaged in perfecting pencil-and-paper tests for discovering other desirable traits of personality — honesty, dependability, stability under stress, and various other qualities or attributes into which character may be resolved. Such tests may also now be had for determining the aptitudes, skills, and other types or degrees of intelligence — if these be intelligence — required in particular studies or tasks. Upon the resultant charts, curricula may be built. There need be no misdirected effort from the beginning to the end of the school or even of the college course if the personality chart justifies this sequel. No more lights need be hidden under bushels of prescribed subjects. There will be perfect division of labor along the lines of aptitudes as revealed by the new process. The character or personality record now demanded for admission to certain progressive colleges covers sixteen pages of questions. Admission officers must not be outdone in the application of up-to-date production-engineering methods.

The benefits of an early and reliable discovery of aptitudes need not end with the school or college course. Researches now in progress indicate that in the near future the aspirant may have his life's work cut out for him as soon as he has progressed to a point where he may offer himself for an intelligence and a personality test; for it has become possible, it seems, to classify and tabulate the mental attributes, the emotional ingredients, and the species of personality required in each of the numerous trades, professions, and business careers represented in modern life. Our rough-hewn ends may now be shaped by engineers in personality. Those who have blacksmith tendencies will no longer become dentists, and the bedside manner will no longer be seen at the bar or in the pulpit. Mr. Ford may reduce labor turnover and costs by adopting personality specifications for the various machines and manipulations of his great enterprise.

Such are the miracles claimed for modern practical psychology. It does not lack temerity, for its task is as difficult as rescrambling the castes of India. Its further progress in determining the essential desiderata for each walk in life will be watched with open-eyed and, let us hope, open-minded interest. Meantime, the layman cannot but marvel that civilization has seemingly progressed so far without realizing and supplying the need for psycho-personnel guidance.

V

It is now less timely than would have been the case a few years ago to speak of another not wholly dissimilar product of the school of psycho-pedagogy — the questionnaire. There can be little doubt that this well-worn device has not only affected the emotional nature of all recipients, but has, to some extent at least, modified educational procedure in general, for much of the lore issued during recent years in the name of education has been based on so-called data collected, classified, and correlated by the perpetrators of these 'fact-finding' inventions of despair. They now, however, seem likely to pass without leaving irreparable havoc.

Another phase of psychological investigation and practice which has had great vogue and deep influence on public opinion is associated with the name of Freud. This shrewd investigator has given to practical psychology quite a new turn, or slant, for he found that what earlier psychologists had considered a stream of consciousness was rather a stream of sexual desire, and that it, if inhibited, might from out of the subconscious depths avenge itself on the individual. Dreams, it appears, reveal uncensored thought, and are more significant than to Joseph or Daniel of old when subjected to psychoanalysis. Sex impulses motivate and dominate behavior from birth and are suppressed at one's peril. Here we have Socrates' dæmon turned bestial, to be exorcised only by psychoanalysts. How pervasive has been this cult, originating with Freud and developed and diversified by Jung and Adler and their pupils and successors, is shown by the glibness with which the layman and the daily press speak of libido, complexes, overcompensation, defense-mechanism, self-projection, intro- and extro-version.

Priceless truths are not usually revealed in this sudden and overwhelming manner, but, after the smoke of battle between addicts and critics has cleared away and rampant exploitation has exhausted itself, some modicum of benefit and practical value will come to the healing profession and thus to the public at large. This phase of the new psychology must be commended for focusing attention on the rôle played by the subconscious in emotional and intellectual reactions and for promoting a more profound study of childhood and adolescence. The investigations which have originated with psychoanalysts, or in opposition to them, will help the general practitioner in the diagnosis of various types of neurotics and of unsocial and unstable misfits, and may enhance the technique of the specialist in the treatment of such cases. Pending this happy ending of the melodrama, the layman is at the mercy of those who exploit his helplessness.

Present-day literature reveals the

most evident and far-reaching consequences of this Freudian and psychoanalytic cult. The greatest of all arts has no doubt suffered in the past from Puritanic strait-lacedness and Victorian prudishness and other sins of repression, but the lean years, if they may be so called, can neither explain nor justify the satyric slough of sex in which the reading public must now welter. It is no longer a question of reticence — sex has become an obsession. If one may judge by the evidence presented, the motto of the publisher is, 'If it's sex, 't will sell,' and of the Best Sellers Club, 'If it sells, it's good.' This encourages mass production and creates captains of this industry. Confession and self-revelation may be a necessary part of the cure of neurotics and of those suffering from sex obsessions and other emotional disorders, but publishers should not be encouraged to accept 'histories' which belong in a doctor's office or in a hospital. The reading public ought not to be made to suffer vicariously for the sins, real or fictional, of everyone afflicted with a case of nerves.

The reading layman of the present day is neither a prude nor a Puritan. He does not shy at dirt as such or at nakedness. He approves of adequate knowledge of the physiology or hygiene of sex and applauds a healthy appetite for the pleasures of this world, but he does protest against a literature, based upon this new-old phallic cult, which threatens to break down those restraints and traditions of decent behavior which have been building up ever since men climbed down from trees. Both individuals and nations, in their healthier moods and more robust ages, have protested against letting the worship of Aphrodite get out of hand.

The behaviorists form another bloc situated well to the left in the body psychologic. This cult, too, offers a rule of life which looks both easy and pleasant. The followers see neither a higher nor a lower in human nature. There is no missing link between the intellectual and emotional nature of man and that of the so-called lower animals. The animal and the human being respond in the same manner to the same stimuli. These responses are purely mechanical in nature and may be as easily and as satisfactorily explained as any other physicochemical process. Since, however, several of the prominent captains of this school have wrecked their own ships, and several in positions of less authority have not been wholly successful in exemplifying this philosophy, a radical revision of the older order and traditional codes has seemed less important.

Codes of conduct are not entirely wanting in evidence of the survival of the fittest trial-and-error experiences; for though they differ, to be sure, in certain matters from age to age and from country to country, there appears to be a substantial agreement on a considerable body of those sanctions and loyalties which concern social relations and human welfare. Irrespective of time and place, this agreement — an inheritance, perhaps, of ancestral memory — includes a large portion of such old-fashioned concepts as honesty, decency, and justice.

The earlier lessons of philosophy and of its handmaid, psychology, were moral in their implications. Modern psychology, or what masks in its guise, has, in its drive toward objectivity, become as unmoral, or as amoral, as physics or chemistry. Perhaps this is as it should be. Psychology, as such, need charge itself with no moral mission provided it keeps within the bounds prescribed for all sciences. But many who claim membership in the profession must answer in some measure for the moral bewilderment of the present day. The quantum theory and that of relativity have had no such effect on human behavior. The layman cannot be expected to separate the just from the unjust among psychologists. It is this aspect of the matter which led one of the most broad-minded and level-headed and successful college deans to state recently that the great moral problem of his university to-day is its department of psychology.

The art of living is the most universal of arts, and the art of thinking the most difficult. Philosophy has never shirked its responsibility or remitted its efforts to give practical service in both these arts. Practical psychology, which in public interest has supplanted philosophy and assumed its function in large measure, lacks not only the seriousness and serenity of the older discipline, but, what is more important, its responsibility. To all appearances, it throws out its theories to be picked up by sales promoters, personnel officers, pedagogues, psychographers, and other would-be docents and practitioners who prey upon the public, and is off on the hunt for more.

The lay critic is, accordingly, inclined to regard as unprofitable much, if not most, of what is offered in the name of practical or applied psychology. He fails to see how or where the new derivatives discussed have simplified or enriched our daily life — have made it either saner or sounder. He cannot, then, but concur with William James as to the futility of attempting to engraft upon our inherited stock of ideas every new offering from the science of the mind, and to adapt our code of morals to conform to the latest fashion in behavior. We find reassurance in remembering that the great feats of intellect and the most illustrious deeds of valor and of sacrifice were achieved without these recent revelations on mental processes and human behavior. The vigor, durability, and usability of this funded inheritance are illustrated in the records of two millenniums of searchers after truth and champions of the right. What they thought and taught has become art and part of our mental fabric, has become embedded in our language and everyday doings and dealings, and can no more be overlooked or put away than our physical characteristics, evolved through the ages. Quick turnovers had better be confined to other stocks in trade.

In view of the above considerations, it is proposed that a moratorium be declared in the psychological market until a psychology of psychologists can be prepared under the editorship of a long-suffering but hard-headed layman or of a commission composed of ultimate consumers. We have a psychology of childhood, of adolescence, of the only child, of twins, of industry, of war and peace, of religious experience, of the masses, and of this, that, and tother. Modern psychology is a most adaptable and inclusive science. It cannot exceed the competence of a wisely chosen commission to prepare a handbook which will enable a layman of average common sense to recognize on sight a real honest-to-goodness psychologist and which might save him from being victimized by any and every one who has learned to lisp the latest psychological shibboleth. To be effectively modern, modern psychology must assume some degree of accountability to the laity for the pretensions of its representatives.

AN APOLOGY FOR YOUTH

BY THEODORE MORRISON

I

NOTHING is more obnoxious to clever youth than the doctrine that whatever is, is right. The bitterness of the young toward any degree of contentment with things as they are is often an embarrassment and a bewilderment to their parents and older friends. Any attempt to defend the world as it is, any complacent or thoughtless remark which betrays the acknowledged tendency of older people not to chafe against wrongs that custom has established, ignites all the explosive intemperance, boldness of language, readiness for extreme conclusions, and unmanageable emotion which belong to intelligent immaturity.

Sensitive young people brood much over the enormities of the world. The vast and, as it often seems, insoluble problems which have come in the train of applied science and the Industrial Revolution, the brutalities to which labor is still subject, the starvation of all but whole peoples while food enough for the world entire is produced in favored lands, the prevalence of want and injustice even among prosperous nations — all these are very lively and present thoughts in the minds of the young, and excite them to blind rage against any semblance of toleration on the part of their elders. And it is well so. There is a kind of youth — early indoctrinated with the complacence of its parents — that goes through life contemptuous of revolt, smug with acceptance of the prevailing scheme of advancement and social approval, unstirred by any generous resentment, unmoved by fellow feeling for the oppressed, skeptical of every effort to right established wrong, faintly scornful of those who turn aside from the broad way of success to mitigate the world's inequalities. There is something frankly disgusting about a young person of this kind. A man ought at some time in his life to burn with liberal ardor; there ought to be that in him that leaps out in denunciation of smugness, that welcomes every hope of progress, and that will not endure the thought of the wrongs ground out day by day in the perfunctory turning of the social mill. Youth is the time for such generous impulses, if they cannot be sustained throughout life; youth despising them and adopting the dull rigidity of conservatism is a sorry sight. An acquaintance said to me once, with a smile of self-satisfaction, 'I am a very conventional young man.' Anything but a Bohemian myself, I wished at that moment that I could claim partnership with those who toil on the fringe of society and salt their bread with rebellion against the chilling sluggishness and unction of the elect.

Sensitive youth does not always stop with adopting and passionately defending some radical social programme, or with sharpening its wits upon notorious injustice. Its dissatisfactions may reach a profounder level. It casts its eye over history — as much of history as it knows — and asks when society has ever been organized on what might seem the rudimentary principle that all its members should be supplied with enough before any were maintained in luxury. It asks when the oppressed ever failed to outnumber the oppressors, when the sum of misery and want has ever failed to outweigh the sum of plenty and ease. Receiving a pious answer, it rends the religion of its elders with terrible logic as an unctuous defense of inequality and injustice. Precociously it learns that the rich and the fortunate suffer from disappointed ambition and private grief, that the gifted struggle against poverty and hostility, and that no man is secure by his station or his talents from despair. It has a keen eye for mockery and hollowness, and comes to suspect that what it has always been taught to think the lasting satisfactions of life may themselves be delusive and hollow. And seeing so many thousands of men who to the external eye must appear wretched, it does not hesitate to ask, 'Why should they live?' From this question it passes on to the profounder one, 'Is life itself worth living?' And so it comes to the most intimate of all, 'Why should I live?' It questions, as Samuel Butler did, the common assumption that parents confer a benefit on their children by begetting and bearing them; it may even burst out with the wish that these acts had never occurred, to the no small shock of an unsuspecting parent. Youth is a keen taster of ironies, and can take a fine pleasure in a morbid epigram.

> Bring hemlock, black as Cretan cheese,
>   And mix a sacramental brew;
> A worthy drink for Socrates,
>   Why not for you?

These are terrible questions and thoughts. It may seem alarming, pitiable, or merely comic that youth, often healthy and apparently happy youth, should be afflicted with them. But they are quite sincere; that is to say, they are actual and overwhelming at the moment when they are being felt. They do not make up the whole mind of youth, or occupy the whole of life. They do not interfere with a good game of tennis, with intense friendships, with eager respect for a beloved master or counselor, with riotous enjoyment of a dance or an escapade. But they make up a larger part of the life of young men (and I suppose young women) who are sensitive, thoughtful, and ambitious than those who observe them may suspect. And it is an important part of life that they fill, the intelligent and mentally restless as well as the emotional part, conscious of unfolding abilities and purposes, but panicky about their application, standing diffidently before the world and able to see it only through a mist of unasked and confusing feeling.

Obviously this state of precocious despair must wear off; otherwise the world would be less densely populated. The author of the *comédie humaine* would have to be imagined as a cosmic Ibsen, and his puppets would always be stealing off-stage to shoot themselves. It is a truism that advancing age mitigates the tremors and uncertainties of youth. It is a truism — alas — that increasing years frequently transform the radical into a conservative, and the impatience of youth at manifest wrong into the passivity of age toward the established order. Youth, getting wind of nearly everything that is to be known about life, soon hears this ancient piece of worldly wisdom proclaimed; and nothing is more distasteful to its ears. Youth wants its questions answered; it does not want them to sink into mere sluggishness.

Ironically enough, every state of

being seems to be precious to a man in some degree. He will gladly exchange a wretched condition for a better one; but if the wretched condition is the only one he knows, it will be dear to him because it is life and not death. And so with youth in the condition I have described. Its state may be wretched, but it is fresh, poignant, and intense. All its ferment may take place in a healthy frame, teased by vital impulses which create an appetite for life in despite of scruples. Logic may condemn the world, but a good walk in the mountains is a more powerful argument, while it lasts, than any logic. Not knowing what maturity may be like, and on good grounds suspecting the worst of it, youth has a right to regard the exchange with skepticism, and to look down its nose at the platitudes of Rabbi ben Ezra.

But what the young particularly resent is to be told that their profound trepidation and their earnest questions, extending even to the justification of life itself, will mysteriously become of no account as they grow older. Suppose this true: what sort of answer does it constitute to the logic which youth brings against the world? No answer at all. It is mere callousness, tacit ridicule, or patronizing stupidity. Are the wrongs denied against which the young mind revolts? They have convulsed nations with revolution, and troubled the consciences of the most serious and thoughtful men. Are its doubts of existence compounded with solid reasons? The greatest philosophers have confirmed them. Is its ardor condemned? So was the ardor of Shelley crushed and calumniated by the men of his time, and venerated since. Why, then, should those who are experienced seem to approve the change by which resentment of injustice becomes toleration of evil, profound questioning of existence turns into complacency of mind, and restless eagerness of spirit sinks into dull passivity? Are age and experience desirable because they promote this change? Is the defense of life to rest not on the ground that it possesses some intrinsic good, or even that its wrongs are remediable, but rather that after it has gone on for a certain number of years doubts of its value and indignation against its evil succumb to inertia?

So those counselors of youth might be answered who dismiss its criticisms of existence as a mere ferment of immaturity. If advancing years are of value only as they promote the habit of accepting the world without improving the reasons for it, then the youthful view is decidedly the more creditable, and age is a tragedy. Is there not a real measure of truth in this, and is it not so acknowledged by those who have grown old without losing the memory of their youthful fire? Youth's case against the world is a good one. In the late teens and early twenties, a man's capacities have largely matured, if not his application of them. He is prepared to give reasons, draw conclusions from data, and use his mind as an instrument as well then as at any later time in life. He is prepared to do so; this is not to say that he has done so. The crown of his achievement may await years of effort. Though his mind is a completed instrument, it is an untempered and untried one. He has had little experience of the complexity of things; he has met few practical rebuffs; he is largely unacquainted with the actual field in which his abilities must be put to proof. But his wits are quick and developed, his logic shrewd. If reflection — and youth is capable of prolonged and intense reflection — leads him to question whether life is defensible, he is entitled to ask reasons of those who urge a contrary view, and to be impatient with them when they answer that with the passage of years he will grow less revolutionary. The child who can ask a precocious question can bring precocious understanding to a candid reply.

II

If custom, or the ticking of the clock, or, worse still, the decline of natural powers, were the only means by which the questioning spirit could be reconciled to life, we might well disdain to be reconciled at all. But a more subtle transformation is involved. What youth lacks, of course, is experience. But experience is more than the mere passage of years; it is more than the formation of habits, or the rise and decay of natural capacities. It is much to be suspected that life cannot be very successfully defended by reason, and that if it is to put in a word for itself it must speak through the qualities of this mysterious agent we call experience.

In the last analysis it seems as though we must live because we want to. Religions and philosophies do their best to obscure a fact so inimical to logic, but this primary impulse is what mans the pumps when reasons and metaphysical apologies, like rats, have deserted the foundering ship, concluding that she is fated to go down, while the captain grimly stays aboard and keeps his vessel afloat in the troughs. Surveying the troubled sea and the frail bark at its moorings, youth wonders why such a perplexed and fanatical voyage should ever be undertaken, and what mysterious value resides in it. But once the hawsers are cast off, and it begins to be plain that the vessel is seaworthy, the excitement of the gale rallies his spirits, and experience reveals what reason had only obscured.

The step that confronts youth is the step into experience. Perhaps if some illumination could be shed on this crucial transition, it would be possible to show why so many who began in rebellion against the world have ended, even if a little sadly, on good terms with it, and why so many who began by wondering how the wrongs of existence could be tolerated have ended by populating further the society from which these wrongs are inseparable.

The only way of making up a defect of experience in advance is by borrowing from the experience of others, and this youth proceeds to do with lively imagination. But it is easier to borrow large generalized views of experience, which are necessarily specious, than the living current of individual life, so full of casual but absorbing particulars, which each of us lives in himself; and it is easier to appropriate vicariously the violent and tragic emotions than the tranquil and cheerful ones. The imaginative mind is deeply susceptible to a broad view of the world's misery. Human life to the sensitive spirit seems to parody itself continually with grotesque, unconscious distortions. It looks a simple thing to be open, frank, kind, tolerant; it seems incredible that men should spend their days tracking and baiting society's victims, immuring prisoners in filthy cells, grasping for advantage, mocking and snorting at visionary good. That the instruments of the law, the very means intended to incorporate justice among men, should compound the felon's crime and lock the innocent man in jail, that a Negro should be lynched, that among remote tribes of savages human life should be of such small account that the women suckle pigs instead of their own children, are not isolated facts to a mind jealous for life's good report; they darken the whole universe, and call existence itself in question.

A man whose business lies with writing and the imagination may never lose the overwhelming impress of such facts. *Gulliver's Travels* must have been written from just such bitter revulsion against man's wrongs viewed in the general, from the fundamental disgust with life which is apt to be aroused by bringing its enormities before the mind in their terrifying mass. But even Swift was forced to confess that while he hated mankind, the abstraction, he loved men, loved Pope and Arbuthnot while hating Lilliputians and Yahoos. Yet Pope and Arbuthnot were embraced in the same genus as the Yahoos, an irony on which Swift must have reflected, although he kept it from his book.

It is no credit to a man to lose the sense of life's general wrongs. Not all men can be incensed against them all the time, or the business of life would never get done, and no one's household would be in order. But while the sense of the world's vast amiss must sometimes be in abeyance, it should never die; it should not even sleep. And we see it sleeping and dead on every side much more than we see it vigilant and keen. We see the torpor and callousness of the great unleavened mass of society supporting the shrill self-interest of the demagogue and thrusting its dull, contemptuous weight against the forward movement of intelligence and compassion. Toward this vast sluggishness and imperviousness of society a man should ever keep his defenses bright and pure. But he may do so, and yet find that the facts and impressions of which I have been speaking, without losing their reality or their enormity, take their places by degrees in a less tragic perspective of the world, to the extent at least that those who question existence itself on a preliminary view become reconciled to it as they become acquainted with it. Perhaps this reconciliation is not altogether creditable. Moral glory may shine brighter in the rebel who condemns life to the last. Yet while the most odious people in the world are those who are smugly unaware that anything is wrong with it, the man who admits us to the sweetness and savor of human nature at its best is the man who intimately knows and has suffered the world's wrongs yet remains patient with life and tolerant of its creatures.

III

Reconciliation with the world must take place by some means or other if the majority of men are to preserve their sanity — and we can hardly desire the opposite. Perhaps the simple and familiar explanation is the sufficient one: youth grows older and wiser. It may not be worth while trying to refine upon this piece of worldly judgment. But perhaps more can usefully be said. A part of this growing older and wiser is apt to mean growing merely duller in sensibility and more settled in habit. As a man's business grows upon him, he has less time to think of social or metaphysical qualms about existence. But the case is more subtle than this. There are many opposite ways of falling into error, and two are applicable here. A man can become so sunk in his private ambition, happiness, or, for that matter, unhappiness (which people are sometimes very loath to part with when they have taken it to their bosoms and married it), that the generous youthful sense of universal wrongs quite deserts him. On the opposite side, it is a distorted view of the world that mistakes the imaginary sum of human misery for the actual substance of life. To other fallacies might be added the pessimistic fallacy, which is just this substitution of mankind for men, of the world's misery as a general concept for the life that each one of us leads in his own person.

If it were possible to go about among men who to the external eye must inevitably appear wretched, perhaps even so wretched that we wonder why they should wish to live, and dip into the actual stream of their separate thoughts and the thousand particulars of existence that confront them hour by hour, the situation would appear very different. Satisfactions are often trivial and unobtrusive: a quiet half hour for tea or beer, a small triumph or recognition, a piece of business well carried off, a word of friendship. The trials of actual life, in the daily experience of real persons, are correspondingly different from those solemn major burdens which the imagination of youth conceives. Truth to tell, neither the satisfactions nor the sorrows of common life would make a great showing in the eye of reason; but life is not lived for reason. It is lived, in the last analysis, and when all else has been stripped away, to gratify certain appetites and emotions. Its vital framework is constructed of feeling, and the only object for which, ultimately, life can possibly be lived is the satisfaction of one or another set of feelings. Some type of gratification every one of us seeks — and finds, in circumstances trivial enough, it may be, and by standards that a too glorified or romantic view might consider lamentably meagre and contemptible. But the growth in experience is a growth of the concrete in place of the abstract and the romantic. It fills in the broad sweep of untutored thought and feeling with manifold knowledge of the small decisions, responsibilities, expectations, and achievements on which mature life is built up.

In a wide view of the miseries of the earth, a large part is true and valuable; but some part is deceptive. If the world's wretchedness were as universal and black as it seems to the sensitive eye of youth, then indeed the race might long since have tired of living, and might have renounced existence as vain. But if we reckon up the balance by each individual life in turn, the case may not appear a great deal nobler, but certainly it is very different. Satisfactions may not often be exalted, but at least they are more frequent than a pessimistic view suspects; and what looked at in the mass may seem universal groaning and lamentation breaks up, when we consider the innumerable separate lives of which the world is formed, into varied fragmentary colors of pleasure, hope, dismay, drabness, responsibility, delight, intermingled in ceaseless profusion. Even grief is not all unwelcome to a living man, for it is not death, and it too is interfused with appetite for existence and with ultimate, radical interest in even the trivialities of being.

If more important incentives to live were lacking, I can imagine that a man who proposed to shoot himself might wait to see whether a fly on the ceiling would cross the crack that lay in its path or turn aside from it. This may be an irony of which the cynic could make his own use; but is it not a testimony to the nature of the bonds that really hold us to existence? It is easy to imagine that we value life for some transcendental or sublime principle; but when religions and social programmes and romantic philosophies have been swept away, the simple and primary appetite for the world's continual small happenings is left. 'Come, let's away to prison,' says Lear to Cordelia when fortune has brought them to the last pass.

> . . . So we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
> And take upon's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies.

This vital interest in trivialities is often disdained as an ignoble defense of life, or rather no defense at all, but a cheat. It is dignifying mere gossip. Worse than this, if it is true, it shows how little command reason has over mere animal instinct, and how blind is our love of life that will shut its eyes to the travail of the whole earth to dote like a country lout on some trivial stupidity. Of course this is true. We are all bound to existence by cords that have no foundation in logic and do not ask the leave of reason. The scales are loaded in advance in favor of any state of being rather than annihilation, and pure animal instinct makes men prefer misery to death. But there is a more favorable way of regarding the matter. Even a transcendental principle or a religious revelation, whatever high sound of duty or abnegation there is about it, is cherished because it ministers to emotional satisfaction of some kind. No defense of life could be imagined — life being what it is — that did not address itself to the gratification of some desire, perhaps the desire for order, peace, restraint, perhaps for high daring and the grand passions. The very subjection of the emotions in favor of pure contemplation or Stoic austerity is but another state of emotion. Let us begin with this primary, naked fact that as human beings we are interested in existence, even in its trivialities, and that this interest will survive terrible shocks and disasters. If this fact is tragic and ironic, it also has a dignity of its own, and deserves to weigh in the reckoning of things. It is tragic that the universe seems able to support conscious life only at the cost of infinite pain; but it is not tragic that the only beings who can explore themselves and nature, who feel sentience flooding through their bodies, who have eyes with which to see the light and ears to hear sounds and harmonies, have also a radical and all but unconquerable interest in the spectacle and struggle of which they are a part.

I do not see that this interest is to be condemned because it does not wait for the sanction of logic, or because it is a product of animal predisposition and not of independent thought. It does not constitute a defense of life in the realm of reason. No logic on earth can show that life is worth living, for logic does not belong to the realm of primary feeling in which the desire to live arises, and in which we find the satisfactions which living creatures irrationally crave and seek. Indeed reason usually meets with a good deal of success when it sets out to show that life is not worth living. Logic bears pretty hard on existence. The argument is the easier because its terms are not quite true. The miseries which we throw in the balance, the wrongs by which we condemn life, are specious, and not actually those we suffer in our real experience of the world. Actual grief and disaster do not usually destroy the appetite for life, as in logic they should. They, as well as happiness, contain that element of radical interest and expectancy which sustains the daily round of living. It is rather true that when we are suffering from that *tædium vitæ* which, no less than the love of life, has a real station in the experience of sentient creatures, we marshal our griefs and disasters, together with the griefs of the world, and use them as reasons against existence; and so they acquire their compelling status in logic. But here, too, feeling and the tides of animal appetite are the governing force; and in normal beings the balance is soon swinging again in life's favor.

IV

We rage justifiably against the smugness of 'whatever is, is right,' against the pragmatic piety of 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' These phrases make their peace too easily with the wrongs and injustices of life. But let us consider another and a grander sentence: 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' These are tragic words, yet they do not disparage life. Their very grandeur testifies to some satisfaction which we feel even in a creation that groans together, some dignity and nobility of life even in distress.

Youth, with its wits matured but its experience defective, condemns life by reason and fails to understand why advancing years should reconcile it to a world the wrongs of which are great and slow to diminish. Experience removes this bewilderment in many ways. It turns some of the ferment of self-examination and diffidence into responsible action. It supplants the imaginative picture of things which a sensitive mind forms with the things themselves, which, whether they turn out to be better or worse, are at least so different that only experience could have revealed their qualities. Youth looks on the world from a detached height, in which only its broad aspects appear. And from this height the conspicuous feature is the want of organization and control in the interests of reason. There is a vast groaning of unnecessary friction and conflict; it seems as though a little competent social engineering should set things right. The plunge into experience reveals the world in a different aspect, as an innumerable collection of individuals, each necessarily pursuing his own way, protecting his own brood, striving to establish his own household. Out of these numberless separate lives rises all the groaning and the turmoil, out of the clash of these myriad individual interests rises all the cruelty. And if the cruelty is not mitigated in an absolute sense, if its sum remains as great and its nature the same as when youth surveyed it from the anticipatory height, it seems to me that relatively it is mitigated very greatly. What the individual contending for his own household has to bear is not what youth imagines the whole great mass of men to be bearing. It is neither so vast a burden nor so unadulterated. It is a life of many moods and daily transformations, in which defeat is not often an ultimate tragedy occurring once, but a moment's or a year's reverse occurring many times; in which grief is not irreparable, and in which achievements, pleasures, friendships, and delights have their part in the many-threaded tapestry of existence.

As I write this essay I am myself at a point not far from midway between youth and full experience. I am — I thank God for it — still well clear of middle age; but I have had at least some acquaintance with responsible toil, I have a wife and son, and while my life has been fortunate, the common pains and reverses of the world have fallen on those near me, and have not left me untouched. I write primarily for my own satisfaction; this is the principal reason, aside from the hope of success and reward, for writing anything. I have been intensely interested to watch the process of experience in myself and to try to understand it. If I am preaching in these pages, I am preaching, as a good priest ought, to myself. If anyone wishes to overhear the sermon, I am flattered. If anyone profits by it, I am humbled. I should of course be gratified to think that I had illuminated the path that other young people must travel, or had made clear to those more distant from youth the questions that may trouble the minds of their own children. It is not easy to speak an enlightening word to a young man who may be sincerely asking himself whether it is justifiable to bring children into a world where human life is subject to so many disasters. For one thing, the question is too well founded. But experience will provide an answer beyond the scope of reason. The same young man will find himself incurring children despite his scruples; and watching them through their first novel encounters with the world, he will come to perceive why it is that men would rather expose themselves and others to the hazards of existence than allow either their own lives or the long experience of the race to vanish from the earth and sink into outer darkness. He will find himself hoping that his own children may live to feel what he has felt, not excluding a portion of his doubt and trepidation, since these too belong to the full life of the spirit.

Have I been drawing round insensibly to the view that 'whatever is, is right'? I hope not. Certainly I shall never be caught saying that whatever is done is right. Man's cruelty to man is the most tragic fact of existence. Against it, and against the vast insensibility of men in the mass, I hope that I shall ever burn with youthful ardor. It is true that I feel a skepticism — some of my friends would call it a paralyzing and unworthy skepticism — of reforming the world merely by reorganizing its economic or social structure. It is true that beneath all remediable evil I believe that there is intrinsic pain too deeply stationed in natural circumstance ever to be dislodged. This fact has its reflection in the highest passages of tragic literature. But I doubt if we can wish the world wholly other than it is, for then we should be wishing it something other than human, and the human is all that can know or judge, the source even of our longing for some transcendent satisfaction and fulfillment such as never has entered our experience. There are many circumstances of my life which I could wish different. There are many acts for which I suffer acutely with chagrin when I think of them. But I cannot wish myself altogether different from what I am, for how shall I know or judge the creature I should then be? What I desire is the purification of the faculties I possess, the improvement of the sort of man I seem inherently to be. Perhaps if the race could speak for itself, it would say something of the same kind of its whole sum of experience. We desire the improvement and the purification of the sort of experience with which man is familiar, and not the substitution for it of some unimaginably different experience. Probably, if the truth were known, we do not desire the complete suppression of any representative element in it. We wish cruelty mitigated and pain diminished; we do not wish experience to be deprived of all its tragic quality, without which, I suppose, it would lack the fundamental seriousness necessary to continued interest. It is a striking thing that when we are aroused by some public injustice, or threatened by some private loss, life itself is enhanced, raised above the humdrum, given importance and meaning. Here too is an irony of which the cynic can make use. But, taking a more favorable view, may we not say that it shows the craving of our faculties for large and serious employment, and the nobility they are ready to assume when we give them an opportunity?

Let us say, then, not that whatever is, is right, but that ultimately what is right cannot be established apart from the nature and constitution of human life, and the elements that go to make up the sum of experience. It will be a hard task to show that among these elements the tragic is one which can be wholly and finally rooted out.

To think that two and two are four
  And neither five nor three
The heart of man has long been sore,
  And long 't is like to be.

This is read with a smile. But there are disasters, both of public and of private fortune, which make us wonder how the human frame can endure. There are lives which we can only dismiss with such words as those that were pronounced above the dying Lear: —

Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

There are wrongs so final and so vast that they restore in all its force the question whether life is justifiable, and leave us without an answer. Such a wrong was the World War. Such wrongs (in the view of many) are the social injustices consequent on the present organization of society — unless men can be united to redress them. There is enough groaning in the whole creation always to pose the great question of life's worth. Answers given in reason or theology are mere logical figments or pious apologies, unworthy of the best in human nature. Rather let the question go unanswered on this plane. For sentience is a gift that men always seem likely to prefer to oblivion, even if it must be accepted at the price of some irreducible travail and injustice in the constitution of things. Perhaps it is life's profoundest credit that the preference is established not by thought but by experience. We need not try to stifle the ultimate question when it arises, nor regret that it continues to trouble the profoundest impulses of sensitive minds. For out of minds so troubled have sometimes come the highest utterances of human fortitude and reflection.

Have patience; for a long eternity
No summons woke thee from thy happy sleep;
For love of God one vigil thou canst keep
And add thy drop of sorrow to the sea.
Having known grief, all will be well with thee,
Ay, and thy second slumber will be deep.

THE ROYAL YARD

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

THE decks of the ship had been recently holystoned, and gleamed whitely in the light of the brilliant moon. Thin lines of black showed where pitch had been poured into the seams between the planks. Here and there, in the proper places, ringbolts lay on their sunken iron plates with an aspect of coiled shadows. There were many shadows about the decks. Under the fo'c'sle head the windlass stood concealed within a wall of blackness. Bars of sable slanted aft and to leeward from the rigging and the masts, and solid masses lay beside the deck houses. Larger shapes of gloom were cast by the lower parts of the mainsail and foresail, and narrow bands by the hatches.

All these shadows moved with the motion of the ship, not in the direct manner of solid things, backward and forward and from side to side, keeping their shape and quantity, but oddly, sliding two or three ways at once, spreading outward, drawing in, changing their angles and their forms and dimensions, like living things boneless and silent.

Shortly after eight bells in the first watch a boy crouched over the forward taffrail on the lee side of the poop, absorbed in this fantasy of motion. He was very still, and unconscious of anything but the shadows, whose movement fascinated him. They seemed so solid and real that he wondered why they left no mark on the deck, and by what quaint magic they changed their shapes, moving into the world and out again.

The bark was heading north on a summer sea, with the wind on the starboard beam, all sail set and drawing sweetly, her movement through the water gentle and smooth. The slight rolling motion was due to the swell, not to the little waves raised by the balmy wind, which were thinly capped with foam and slapped playfully against her weather side as she slipped along. Placid sounds of bubbling and faint splashings came from the water overside.

Lost in his contemplation of the shadows, the boy was unconscious of these whispers of laughter from the friendly sea; but they went on without pause, and after a while the melody of the overside chorus drew his attention. Moving without a sound on the pads of his bare feet, seeming as effortless as the shadows he had been watching, he reached the corner of the taffrail and looked down. The bark was moving swiftly through the water and pulled the sea along with her for a little way, turning it slightly in her own direction of motion. Countless tiny bubbles floated up from the depths and burst at the surface, an endless fusillade whose delicate frothing mingled with the wash of the ship's passage and the slapping of the waves in a soft medley of delightful sound. There were small ripples curving toward the bow, and close against the side of the ship was a line of churning foam.

These sights and sounds, almost as

familiar as the ship herself, held him with unwavering charm from night to night. But now a different sound came to his ears, a sort of vibrant sigh that he knew he had heard before. He searched the surface closely, but it did not come from near the ship, and he raised his eyes to the wide stretch of sea. For a few moments he saw nothing but the little waves running in the moonlight, with purple shadows underneath and small crests that broke in foamy whispers. Then, suddenly, a cloud of glittering shapes flashed out of the sea. They rose slantingly, cutting through the crests in their upward leap, sailed swiftly above the surface on motionless wings, then dipped with fan-shaped splashes, and came up again for another short flight. The silvery gleam of the flying fish delighted him, though he knew that terror drove them out of the water, that just beneath the surface raced the ravenous bonitos, swiftest of all sea dwellers, with sharp-toothed jaws agape. There were different schools hunting that night, some driving one way and some another, and he marveled at the speed of the hunters when they leaped out of the water to catch a lagging prey.

On the weather side of the poop the mate paced slowly back and forth in an endless series of short journeys, terminating when he halted abreast of the wheel to observe her moonlit wake, and again at the forward taffrail when he paused to cast a searching glance aloft. Infrequently he strolled amidships and peered into the standard compass abaft the mizzenmast, to see if the ship was holding her course. On one of his journeys forward, as he came abreast of the companion hatchway, he glanced across the poop and saw the boy jammed into the corner of the taffrail, lost to all but the gleaming shoals of flying fish. The mate went softly down the companion stairway and glanced at the cabin clock. It was five minutes past nine, and two bells had not been struck. Ascending to the poop, he walked over to the boy, who heard his approach and turned to look at him with slightly startled eyes.

'Dreamin' again,' said the mate accusingly. 'What time is it?'

The boy squirmed round, fronting the officer.

'I'll see, sir,' he offered guiltily.

'Look here, Jim. You'd better stop dreamin'. Duty comes before flyin' fish. Miss the bells again an' you'll spend your watch below on the royal yard. Now mind what I'm tellin' ye.'

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy appeasingly.

'Strike two bells,' ordered the mate, turning away.

The boy went to the after end of the cabin skylight and struck twice on the little bell, listening to its mellow tone until it faded into a far-away wisp of sound that was lost among the murmurs of the night. Then came the deep chime of the ship's bell from forward, and he listened to that also until its last note died.

When he went forward to the rail again he intended to keep very alert and strike four bells exactly at ten o'clock. But as he reached the head of the ladder he heard a multitudinous sighing of filmy wings, and a shoal of flying fish sailed across the main deck at the waist. He stopped dead, then darted down the ladder to look under the foot of the mainsail, but they were gone. He thought he had heard a faint smack somewhere, and wondered what it was. Perhaps one of the fish had fallen aboard, so he ran along the deck, jumped to the main hatch to secure a better view, and descried a slender small shape on the lee topgallant rail. In a moment he was beside it, his hands resting on the edge of the rail and his head bent in close examination of the unintentional visitor. It was a small fish, of a silvery color, with wings of membranous, filmy stuff that looked too delicate to be roughly touched. Its movements became slower and weaker as he watched it, and it looked rather pathetic, he thought; so he climbed on the rail, caught it behind the wings with his forefinger and thumb, and dropped it into the sea. That side of the ship was in deep shadow, but he saw the fish sink inertly for a moment, then flash out of sight with the speed of a rifle bullet. Pleased at this, he stood faintly smiling until he heard a murmur coming from forward, the barely audible voice of one of the men. He slid off the rail and approached within a few feet of two men, one of whom was talking, the other smoking and listening in complete silence.

The boy leaned against the rail, his eyes slightly above the level of the bulwarks; the words of the speaker came clearly to him. The man was telling his companion what he was going to do at the end of this or some other voyage, and the boy became absorbed in the simple tale and charmed by the voice that was telling it. The sailor had saved his money and had nearly a thousand dollars in the bank at home. At the end of this voyage he would have two hundred more, and with twelve hundred dollars he knew where he could buy a two-masted schooner, old, but sound and seaworthy, which he would take down to the South Pacific to look for an island he had heard about, where flowed a spring of magic water that would cure every disease in the world. He had learned of it from a man he was shipmates with, a few voyages before this, who had reached the island in an open boat after being shipwrecked. One of the men in the boat was nearly dead with consumption, another had heart disease, and one had trouble with his kidneys; but after they had been drinking the water for a week all their diseases vanished, and when a passing ship took them off they were in perfect health and very strong. This man intended to fill the hold of his little schooner with five-gallon bottles and carry the water to San Francisco, where he would sell it at a handsome profit. The schooner would be his own, and if he did not find the island right away he could do a little trading to cover expenses.

The moonlight on the sea, the murmur of the caressing wind, and the deep glamour of the night made a perfect setting for this kind of yarn, and the boy saw the schooner, the island, and the bottles full of magic water as plainly as though they were set before him. But the man's voice charmed him more than the tale. It was mellow and very low, tuned to the night in such a way that it seemed an impersonal sound, like the murmur of the wind or the wash of the sea alongside.

By and by the image of the little schooner faded away, and the boy gazed at the horizon, which had a sort of thin, smoky haze above it, very fine and low. He turned at the sound of someone going aft, saw it was Lars, and followed him until he halted below the break of the poop and asked the mate's permission to harpoon bonitos at the bows. There was a school of them under the bowsprit, he said.

'Go ahead,' the mate granted permission. 'But don't wake the watch below.'

'I won't make no noise, sir,' promised Lars, turning to go forward again.

The boy's heart stirred with excitement. Harpooning bonitos! He must go up to the bows and see that. He would not miss it for anything.

'Can I go, sir?' he asked the mate, who pondered for a moment.

'Yes, but don't forget what I told you about the bells.'

'I won't forget, sir.' He ran into the cabin from the main deck and looked at the clock. It was half-past nine, and he stood for a moment impressing on his mind the necessity of remembering to strike four bells at ten o'clock, unless he wanted to spend his watch below on the royal yard. He left the cabin and raced forward, went up the ladder to the fo'c'sle head in two bounds, and came upon Lars standing beside the port anchor. The seaman was working with the harpoon, lashing the shank to the iron, which had a swivel barb at the end. The barb was held in place by a thin iron ring, which was pushed back when the head entered the fish; then a jerk on the line turned the barb crosswise, which prevented it from drawing unless the strain was very heavy, in which case a large piece of the victim was torn away.

Lars looked up and winked as the boy came close.

'Want to see the fun?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied the boy eagerly. 'I'd like to see it, Lars.'

Lars paused a moment and pressed a hand against his jaw.

'I got a hell's-fire toothache,' he complained. 'Did n't get no sleep las' night. I'll die pretty soon if the bloomin' thing don't quit.'

He completed the lashing, took the check ring between his finger and thumb, and moved it up and down on the iron a few times to see that it worked smoothly. Then he lifted the end of a line coiled on the deck and made it fast by passing it through a hole in the end of the shank and putting a double hitch in it. Carrying the line and harpoon in one hand, he went forward and stepped out on the bowsprit, walked along it a few paces, and sat down, straddling it. The free end of the line he made fast to the jackstay, slid over sideways, and planted his left foot on the bobstay, letting the bight of the line hang free. The boy followed him on to the bowsprit, but stopped a fathom or more behind him and crouched down on the boomkins. Lars turned his head.

'Soon as you see me fast, Sonny, get in off the bowsprit. Them bonitos are strong an' struggle like hell. Don't make a noise an' wake the watch below, an' don't get excited an' fall overboard.'

The boy promised to follow all these instructions, and looked over the ship's bow. There was a singing curl of foam at her forefoot, a bone in her mouth, and forward of that a dozen or more bonitos were sporting about — crossing back and forth, frolicking with each other, going straight ahead in regular formation, diving suddenly, dashing off like flashes of dark blue lightning, or leaping clear of the water in a graceful curve. The boy watched the fish with his usual absorption in what he looked at, admiring their ease of movement and their effortless leaps out of the water, careless expenditures of superabundant energy. But now a large bonito, moving in line with the ship, curved into the air directly beneath Lars. The seaman's arm went up with a jerk, and the harpoon darted down. It seemed a straight cast, and the boy felt a swift surge of excitement; but the point of the barb did not strike true, either from a sidewise motion of the bonito or from the inaccuracy of the throw, and the harpoon plunged harmlessly into the sea.

'Missed!' growled Lars, hauling in the light line to which the weapon was attached. Immediately he was ready again, and the boy raised his eyes from the sea, whence the bonitos had disappeared with a flirt of their tails, and watched the seaman. He crouched on the bowsprit, poised and tensely expectant, his right hand gripping the jackstay, his naked left foot placed firmly on the bobstay, the harpoon held ready in his left hand. He seemed to the boy in the moonlight like a figure of olden legend, wrought in some enduring stuff with the color and glow of life and the stillness of bronze.

The bonitos came back, having recovered from their scare, and continued their gambols under the bowsprit, attracted by the enormous creature, the ship, and desirous of keeping it company. Lars waited, silent and motionless, till his next chance came, and made his cast at a fish that turned on its side at the surface and made a broad target. The harpoon went down and pierced clear through its body, and the boy in his excitement uttered a faint, whimpering scream. Lars whipped in the line with swift overhand pulls, and the bonito fought madly, frightfully wounded as it was. At first it tried to dash away, but the harpoon made that impossible, and when the line came taut in the strong hands of Lars the struggling fish was hauled under the bowsprit and lifted out of the water. The boy remembered his instructions and skipped back to the fo'c'sle head, where he watched the struggle between man and bonito. The fish was three feet long, with a heavy, powerful body, and its struggles were titanic. When Lars got it up on the bowsprit it flogged about with tremendous strength, and, powerful as he was, he had all he could do to hold it. Gripping it with both arms against his chest, he slid along the bowsprit bit by bit until he reached the boomkins, then he scrambled to his feet and reached the deck, where he threw down his catch and knelt over it to extract the harpoon. When he had done that he pulled an iron belaying pin from the rail and struck the thrashing bonito several crushing blows on the head, until it lay still. The boy watched excitedly, making little ineffectual motions to help, but keeping out of the seaman's way.

When the bonito was dead, and the boy stood bent over the still body whence the amazing energy had fled, noting the blue back and lighter-colored belly and the four brown stripes on the side, Lars turned to him and said, 'It must be four bells now, Sonny, an' it's my next wheel.'

The boy looked up uncomprehendingly, so deep was his present interest, noticed that the seaman's shirt was soaked with blood, glanced down at the bonito again, and saw a film of dark stuff spreading slowly over the deck, which Lars would have to wash off before it soaked in and left a stain. Then his mind came back to ordinary things, and he remembered the mate's threat of the royal yard if he forgot the time again. He leaped for the ladder and down to the deck, fled aft to the cabin, and saw that it was two minutes after ten. The mate noticed him, and suspected from his hurried striking of four bells that he was late again. Waiting till they heard the ship's bell repeating the hour, the mate called the boy over.

'What time is it?' he asked ominously.

'Two minutes after ten, sir,' answered the boy, looking steadily at the officer.

'What were you doin', dreamin' again?'

'No, sir. I was on the bowsprit, watching Lars harpoon a bonito.'

The hard look on the mate's face changed to an expression of interest. 'Did he get one?'

'Yes, sir.' Animation lighted the boy's face. 'He caught a big one. You ought to have seen how it struggled.'

'Aye, they're strong.' Memories of other days carried the mate's mind away from the boy's fault, and he stood looking off to leeward until Lars came to relieve the wheel. The relieved man reported the course on his way forward, which brought the officer back to the present. Two minutes was a small matter, he thought, not enough to justify such severe punishment as spending a watch below on the royal yard. For the sake of discipline, however, he could not overlook the boy's carelessness a second time, so he compromised.

'Stay on the poop the rest of the watch, an' keep movin',' he commanded.

'Yes, sir.' The boy returned to the lee side, and walked back and forth in the mood of subdued rejoicing that follows narrow escape from a grave danger which may still be hovering near.

II

The mate sent his glance aloft in swift scrutiny, saw nothing that needed attention, and glanced outboard, scanning the horizon for a light or a black cloud or the loom of land. Nothing was in sight, and he brought his gaze inboard again. There was something about the starboard headlight, he began to suspect, that was not quite right. The headlights were not visible from the poop. Their reflection could be seen from aft only against rain or fog, or when the ship was rolling and the light struck the surface of the sea, but his trained vision told him that the light was not burning as brightly as it should. He called the boy quietly, so as not to disturb the sleep of the captain and the second mate in their cabins below.

'Go for'ard an' take a look at that starboard light.'

'Yes, sir.' The boy went down the ladder and ran lightly along the main deck, mounted the ladder to the fo'c'sle head, and came face to face with the man on lookout, who stopped his 'thwartships tramp and looked at his visitor in silence. The boy told him the mate's order, and Mac walked to the lighthouse and leaned over the rail to look at the lens.

'It's a little bit dim,' he admitted. 'But how can he tell? He must have damn good eyes t' see round a corner.'

The boy laughed and went down to the main deck, entered the closet under the light, and stood on the seat to open the door of the lantern. With a match he broke the crust off the wick and turned it up till it burned with a clear, bright flame and no smoke, then closed the door and returned to the poop, where he reported to the mate.

Going back to the lee side, he leaned over the stern taffrail and watched the wake, which stretched far astern in a straight line, like a white road leading over the horizon. Lars was a fine steersman, he thought. He listened to the sound of the water, watched the whirling eddies astern of the rudder, then turned and walked forward a few paces until his roving eye was caught by a movement near the starboard royal backstay. The moon was on that side, and the motion that attracted his attention was going on about five feet above the deck, a faint flickering of something that wavered into the shadow of the backstay and out again. It could not be a night moth, blown out to sea by the wind, as the ship was too far from land for any creature of the shore to be hovering about her. The thing near the backstay was slender and pale gray, so delicate that he could just see it.

The mate passed along the poop, halted at the backstay and looked at it, glanced up at the weather clew of the main royal, and went on to the head of the ladder, where he stood thoughtful and motionless. The boy passed to the weather side, which he was not supposed to do without orders; but he could move without the mate seeing or hearing him, and he wanted to know what that thing was. Putting up his hand, he caught it on his palm, and found it to be a fine strand of gray woolen yarn blowing in the breeze — tied there by the mate, he learned later, to show him the direction of the wind. The boy went softly back to the lee side. He struck six bells exactly on time, and glanced at Lars, who had changed his shirt before coming to the wheel.

'How's your toothache?' the boy whispered.

Lars gave his usual friendly wink. 'All gone,' he replied in a murmur so low that it barely reached the ears of the boy, who smiled and resumed his happy wandering about the poop. It had been an eventful watch, and there was more to happen. Along about seven bells the lookout sent a hail aft: —

'Light on the starboard beam, sir.'

The boy glanced swiftly to windward, where a single gleam shone clear above the horizon about a point before the beam. He watched it rise and saw the headlights appear, green on the left and red on the right, which showed that the steamer was heading straight for them. But the sailing ship had the right of way, and she was moving out of the steamer's course, in any case. Gradually the latter's port light faded from view and only the green was visible under the bright twinkle at her masthead, which indicated that she would pass astern of them. Other lights appeared as she drew swiftly nearer, dim gleams about her decks that seemed to the watching boy to make her more mysterious, a sounding shadow on the lonely vastness of the sea. She passed close astern, and he heard the rhythmic beat of her engines, dull throbbings that carried clearly over the water. Once he heard a high, angry voice, faint and far away, and a sound like a drum beaten with erratic strokes, the ash can clattering down the ventilator shaft to the stokehold. The ashes were being hoisted by half-naked men, strong and hideously profane, who toiled in front of her blazing furnaces to make the steam that drove her along. To the enchanted boy she was not so much a ship that passed in the night as another world, swinging briefly across his vision from darkness to darkness.

When her lights were low on the western horizon he turned away with a sigh and went down to the cabin to look at the clock. He saw it was just a quarter to twelve and struck one bell, listened for the answering stroke on the ship's bell, and went into the half deck on the starboard side to call the boy who relieved him at eight bells. That done, he entered the cabin from the main deck, and went into one of the rooms to call the second mate, who was a heavy sleeper and hard to wake. The boy shook him vigorously by both shoulders, imploring him to wake up, as it was nearly eight bells and the mate would be furious if he was not relieved on time. Failing to rouse him by this method, eliciting nothing but a few drowsy grunts, the boy dipped a sponge in a washbasin half full of cold water, squeezed it a little, and applied it briefly to the face of the sleeper, who awoke with a curse and sat up in the bunk, glaring at him. The boy tossed the sponge neatly into the basin, fled from the room, and got back to the poop in almost no time. But the angry oath of the second mate had taken something from the peaceful glamour of the night.

It was ten minutes to twelve, and, feeling slightly depressed, he went aft to the stern taffrail, leaned over, and looked at the foaming water, his startled interest suddenly aroused by an immense moving shadow at the edge of the wake. The dark bulk of a shark was plainly visible in the bright moonlight, its dorsal fin and part of its back showing clear of the water in the hollows and submerging under the crests. He could see the occasional glint of its cold evil eyes, and was almost certain it was staring at him. A faint shudder passed through him, and his feeling of depression deepened. The sea darkened as a small cloud hid the moon for a moment, and something menacing seemed to have crept into the night. He glanced at Lars, who was weary from loss of sleep and glad that his trick at the wheel was nearly over. The mate, tired of his slow promenade, leaned his elbows on the forward taffrail and gazed sombrely along the main deck. But he remembered to heave the log at five minutes before eight bells. A seaman of the watch came on the poop to hold the glass, the boy held the log reel, the mate eased the line over the stern while the sand ran out of the half-minute glass. The ship was going, according to his reading, at the rate of ten knots an hour.

The seaman hauled in the log line and the boy wound it on the reel, which he hung in the canvas slings suspended from the rail; then returned to the lee side and went to the head of the ladder. There was a peaceful stir about the decks forward as the men of the starboard watch came out of the fo'c'sle one at a time and sat on the fore hatch smoking their pipes, ready to muster aft at eight bells. The other boy came from the starboard side of the half deck and sat on the after hatch. The boy on the poop looked at the clock again and saw it was one minute to twelve, then went aft and glanced over the stern. The shark was still there.

The lookout on the fo'c'sle head halted his slow tramp from side to side and gazed uneasily ahead. Something had attracted his trained eye, but when he looked steadily ahead he could see nothing unusual. It showed again, and he moved quickly forward to the starboard cathead and scanned the sea, saw a dark patch like a shadow, and threw a swift sidewise glance at the moon, but saw no cloud near it that could cast a shadow there. It might be seaweed, he thought. His attitude grew tense, and he stared fixedly at the dark area on the surface, which was now within a cable's length of the prow. A dark flat mass rose barely into view, and at once there was a white flash of broken water. Breakers! But there were no tide rocks in this part of the sea. Then the frightful truth crashed into his brain. He leaped aft to the rail and sang out in a harsh, urgent voice that rose to a scream: —

'Hard astarboard! Derelict dead ahead!'

For a brief moment this voice of terror and dismay, shouting the deadliest peril of the seas, struck all hands into stark silence. But before the sound of the words had died away the mate awoke to action with a volcanic roar: —

'Hard astarboard!'

Lars at the wheel, alert and waiting the word of command, released his pent energy and spun the wheel with a twinkle of whirling spokes. The boy's head had jerked up at the hail from the lookout; he turned swiftly at the order from the mate, listened for a second to an exploding babel of voices forward and the drumming feet of men running aft, then sprang toward the wheel to lend Lars a hand.

The derelict was awash, her dark and weedy decks now above and now below the level of the sea. She lay fair across the course of the ship, which had no time to answer her helm and struck with appalling force, heaving her bows upward in a clamor of rending steel. The boy was thrown violently to the deck, striking his head against the binnacle standard. The mate was hurled over the poop ladder and fell headlong to the main deck, where he lay stunned. The man at the wheel was driven against the spokes and twisted across them, sprawled backward, and fell beside the boy, both of them concealed from view behind the cabin skylight.

The foremast, wrenched upward and backward against all its weight of canvas, snapped short above the deck and came down with a crash like the end of the world, the ends of parted backstays whistling through the air. Thrust downward by the force of the collision, the derelict sank clear of the keel and came up again under the waist, lifting the ship crazily, so that she fell on her beam ends and cracked off her weakened mainmast. The mizzenmast remained standing, but the peak halyards carried away and the gaff came down by the run, snapping off at the mast and falling near the spanker boom, bringing with it the spanker, which hung from the boom to the poop on the port side. The derelict submerged a second time and did not come up again, as she must have been smashed wide open and brought up the first time by the air imprisoned in her hold. The air escaped and she sank, leaving the ship with only her mizzenmast standing, her bows stove in and her back broken, a total wreck and sinking rapidly. She was now heading due east, having been swung round at right angles to her course, and lay motionless.

This sudden fury of blind destruction had lasted less than a minute. The white-faced captain rushed up the companion stairway and read in one comprehensive glance the whole tale of the catastrophe, saw that his ship was wrecked, and with a groan that was barely audible strode to the break of the poop and shouted for the mate. The second mate came running on to the poop and stood slightly behind the captain. The boy on the main deck picked himself up and pointed to the foot of the ladder, calling up that the mate was hurt.

'Get the boats over as quick as you can,' said the captain to the second mate, glancing at the sea creeping up the side of the ship. 'I don't believe she'll stay afloat for twenty minutes.' He turned and descended to the cabin. The second mate ran down the ladder to the main deck, calling all hands to take their stations and get the boats over. Some of the men had been hurt, but he paid no attention to these at first. Working in a fury of ordered haste, he got five of the eight lifeboats swung outboard and lowered into the water. But a davit tackle got fouled somehow, and while trying to straighten it out they let the fifth boat fall into the water, where it floated bottom up and useless, as they had no time to right it. Fortunately the four remaining boats were sufficient for the men they had to carry.

The captain came from the cabin with a black leather bag in his hand and stood watching the work, his face set and troubled. The second mate made his report about the boats and the injured men, of whom there were four, including the mate. One had been assigned to each boat. One man and a boy were missing.

The carpenter was sent in command of the first boat, the bos'n of the second, the second mate of the third. They were told to keep in sight of the captain's boat and to steer due east for the Cape Verde Islands if they got separated. The captain had the fourth boat and took the injured mate with him. Believing himself the last man on board, he took silent farewell of his vessel, looked gloomily about the broken decks, and marveled at the frightful destruction. But the men in the boat were impatient, although he tarried no longer than a few seconds, so he took his place in the stern sheets and gave the order to push off. The boat was shoved clear and pulled swiftly away from the sinking wreck, the sail was hoisted and they came up with the other boats, then dropped the sail and lay by to see the last of their ship.

The man lying behind the cabin skylight became conscious and raised his head, felt a stab of pain in the region of his heart, placed his hand there, and found a severe bruise made by one of the spokes of the wheel. He moved listlessly to a sitting posture, glanced at the boy, and saw him stir slightly, trying unconsciously to alter his position. Lars became suddenly aware of the dead stillness about the decks and rose to his feet abruptly. A single glance showed him the situation. They had abandoned the ship, which was sinking, and had failed to see the boy and himself behind the skylight. Casting a swift glance to starboard, he noted that the sea was empty in that direction, and his view to port was cut off by the fallen spanker. Going swiftly to the companion hatch, he briefly surveyed the shattered main deck, looked over the side at the capsized boat, and saw that the water was just coming level with the scuppers. She would go down any minute, and they two were alone on board.

The pressing need for haste sent him racing down the companion stairway and into the pantry, where he caught up an empty quart bottle, which he filled with drinking water from the cooler and slung round his neck with a piece of marline he had in his pocket, pressing the cork well in to keep out the sea water. Rushing from the pantry, he sped up the stairs to the poop, and felt the ship settling under his feet as he darted to the boy and picked him up. A moment later he was struggling in the water, and in the midst of supreme and exhausting effort wondered why he had not been dragged down in the vortex. But this inconsequent thought did not interfere with his proper action, and he reached the overturned boat bobbing about in the foamy water, dragged himself and his unconscious burden on to the rounded surface and rested there, safe enough for the present. The spanker had concealed his movements from the boats, which set sail the moment the ship went down and went dancing away toward the Cape Verdes.

Laying the boy carefully alongside the keel, he examined the water bottle and found it unbroken, pulled the cork and rinsed it off with a few drops of the precious fluid, raised the boy's head and gave him a drink, then took a mouthful himself and wished there had been time to drink all he wanted in the pantry before the ship sank. The boy's feet slipped downward, and Lars noticed a dorsal fin cutting the water not far away. He jerked the boy upward and inward as a dark, enormous shape came hurtling past with a snap of lethal jaws and an ugly gleam of bluish-gray belly. A slow panic, against which he fought with small success, forced Lars to close his eyes in the effort to shut from his mind the immense, indifferent sky and the waiting shark. Tragic stories of the sea passed through his mind, tales of horror and suffering that had chilled the blood and cast a shadow over the hearts of men. Trembling in a cold sweat, he opened his eyes, leaned over carefully, and moved the boy partly on top of the keel, which in the middle of the boat projected about two inches from the bottom, thus placing him in the position of greatest safety. Slight as the action was, it provided a moment of selfforgetfulness and loosened the grip of panic, which faded away and left him calm and somewhat ashamed.

III

The commotion on the sea subsided, and soon not even her shroud of foam remained of the ship that had been his home for two bright and careless years. He surveyed the water in the neighborhood of the boat, examined every floating object in the hope that something of use might be found. There were many articles, but their present value was nothing: a chicken coop, a pigpen, oars, some empty boxes, fragments of broken spars, a white-painted cork life belt, and one of the poop ladders. His thoughts were busy as he inspected this flotsam, but he could see no way to use any of it.

Relaxing his interest in that direction, he turned his eyes on the boy, searching the inert, faintly breathing body as if the sight of his helpless shipmate might awake an idea in his anxious mind. But nothing came to him, and his mood gradually subsided to passive patience. There was nothing to do but wait. They might be picked up by a passing ship, or thirst might kill them if the shark did not get them first. Lars came from an ancient line of seafarers, and he knew from racial as well as personal experience that the sea held many unexpected chances. The boat was right in the track of ships, and one might come along at any time. He drew comfort and some degree of serenity from this thought, and sat watching the sea's motion, noting the small crests of foam that sparkled in the moonlight, the purple shadows of the hollows, the little ripples running at varying angles from trough to crest on the windward side of the waves, the quaint small feathers and plumes of foam that spurted here and there from the tops and were scattered by the wind.

Once he saw the spout of a whale, and in spite of his averted gaze he was always aware of the shark's livid track just beneath the surface. So long as he kept awake he knew the shark would not get him, but if he went to sleep the motion of the boat would topple him and the boy over the side and the shark would get them both. If they escaped that fate they might be picked up by a passing ship during the coming day, but he did not think he could stay awake through another night. And the shark was not their only enemy, perhaps not their worst. There was the lack of water, and the torture of thirst on the high seas.

Added to the weariness due to his lack of sleep on the previous night was the effect of the blow over the heart received from the spoke of the wheel at the moment of collision. Craving sleep, but fearing and resisting it, he sat on the keel of the overturned boat, whose motion was gentle and soothing, while the balmy wind caressed him and the voice of the sea was a lullaby. His legs were stretched out on each side of the boy, whose feet were toward him, and Lars occasionally leaned forward to push the unconscious lad inboard when the motion of the boat shifted him. The seaman had laid him on his face, his head resting on his arms, which were crossed over the keel.

Sleep came suddenly upon Lars; his body sagged downward and forward; in a moment his precarious balance was lost and he fell overboard. The livid wake of the shark flashed toward the boat. But even as he fell Lars awoke, threw himself inboard with a convulsive effort and grasped the keel, felt his feet touch the water and jerked them up in time to save them, by a fraction of a second, from the clashing jaws alongside. The boat rocked with the impact of the powerful brute, and the man had no time to be aware of his racing heart, so intent was he on keeping the boy from rolling into the sea.

The motion of the boat became normal again, the heart of the sailor resumed its regular beat, and the drowsy sea continued its liquid song. Unaware of beauty or terror, the boy lay heedless along the keel while the shark patrolled in circles round about them. That narrow escape had made Lars thoughtful. He did not think he would go to sleep again, but he might, and if he did — what would become of the boy? The question was easily answered.

His hand moved aimlessly to the piece of marline that held the half-empty bottle of water round his neck, and as he touched it an idea flashed into his mind. Drawing his knife from the sheath, he turned his attention to the keel, which was shod with iron a sixteenth of an inch thick, and started probing with the blade between the iron and the wood. As he had expected, there were spaces here and there through which he could pass the blade of the knife. He would cut the marline into four pieces, push the ends under the iron with the blade of the knife, and tie the boy to the keel at the wrists, the belt, the knees, and the ankles. There was barely enough of the marline, but he would make it serve.

He forced the water bottle into the pocket of the boy's jumper, cut the marline and tied him securely, then sat back in his place, responsible for himself alone. All he had to do now was to stay awake and keep a close lookout for a passing ship, a task of the first importance, which he performed by rising to his feet at intervals and balancing himself while he scanned the horizon eagerly.

Between these anxious searchings Lars sat down and let his thoughts run free, dwelling mostly on the tragic possibilities before them. He would have liked a smoke, but this solace was denied him because his tobacco and matches were soaking wet. His thoughts went back to the days of his childhood, to his father and mother and the girl of whom he had dreamed in the long watches of the night. He caught himself falling asleep again, and shook his head vigorously, raised his eyes and looked at the sea, at the sky with its low-hung moon and scattered stars; and the beauty of the night stabbed at his heart. To leave all this, the happy wandering across the world — never again to tread the deck of a ship!

'God!' he whispered, dropping his head on his chest.

He set himself to fight against sleep, but in spite of an iron will his eyes closed wearily, and although he raised his head it sank forward again, his muscles relaxed, and his crossed hands fell away from their saving hold on the edges of the keel. His body swayed perilously as sleep deepened; still, by some instinct that labored while he slumbered, he did not lose his balance, and shortly before dawn he awoke with a start to find his toothache raging again. He sat up and gripped the keel, wondered how long he had slept, and saw the moon just sinking below the rim of the sea. A hint of dawn crept into the sky.

The boy stirred and opened his eyes, raised his head, and looked vacantly at Lars, who swore joyfully and leaned over him.

'How d'you feel now, Sonny?'

The boy looked about him with wonder in his eyes.

'Where are we, Lars?'

Lars told him all that had happened, then gave him a small drink out of the bottle.

'I got this bloomin' toothache again,' he complained.

The eastern sky brightened, and the

boy asked to change his position. His bones were aching where he lay across the keel, and he spoke of the pain in his head. Lars untied him carefully, and kept an arm around him when he had helped him to sit up. As sea and sky grew rosy with the dawn, Lars peered closely at the water all round the boat.

'That shark's gone,' he exclaimed. He rose suddenly to his feet and swept his eyes round the horizon. To the southward he saw the smoke of a steamer. His breathing stilled, and his heart almost stopped beating as he watched. The toothache vanished. Was she coming in their direction? In a minute he knew that she was, and, leaning down toward the boy, he cried in great excitement: —

'A ship, Sonny! A ship!'

Hurriedly pulling off his jumper, he waved it wildly above his head, hailing the approaching steamer at the utmost pitch of his voice: 'Steamer ahoy-y-y! Steamer ahoy-y-y-y!'

The steamer stopped and lowered a boat, which sped swiftly toward the castaways and took them aboard, where they told their story and were tended by the doctor. When they were alone again in one of the cabins, stretched in quiet safety on luxurious berths, the boy seemed restless and began to talk in a rambling voice. The mate, he said, had threatened to send him to the royal yard if he did not strike the bells on time, and now the royal yard lay under the sea uncounted fathoms deep, no more to swing in the wide, free sky. And the bells would never be struck again. He wondered about this, but after a while the pulse of pain in his wounded head abated, and he fell asleep.

WHAT GOOD ARE DOCTORS?

BY EDWA ROBERT

'What good are doctors?' you ask.

I cannot tell you in the proper terms, because I am not one of them. But because I am a human being, and because human beings have profited more from medical science than from any other one branch of man's learning, I regard it highly. Medicine is a science in the strictest sense of the word, which implies not only *knowing*, but also *learning*. As it is not the same kind of science as the multiplication tables, rigid and fixed for years, it must continue to discover, and must, in order to develop, experiment as it goes. While the results of these experiments have sometimes been bitter mistakes, on the whole mankind has profited so much from the doctors' knowledge that we have come to consider good health our natural right and to resent illness as a personal insult. We expect our doctors to be more than the limited human beings that we know ourselves to be. We expect them to ensure to us a life happy and void of pain, and if circumstances which neither we nor they can control produce ailments that irk and hurt us, we blame the medical profession first of all.

This attitude is very modern, and very narrow.

In proof of this statement, I beg you to turn your attention to another age, when doctors were not expected to make a heaven of earth and when people were not so pampered by the mechanical conveniences of our generation, and therefore bore within themselves the ability to ease the more difficult moment by means of fortitude and philosophy. I mean the age of Samuel Johnson, about one hundred and sixty years ago.

I call it the age of Samuel Johnson, — though it would, of course, be more appropriate to mention the American Revolution, — for I wish to designate it by the name of the man who dominated the intelligentsia of England, and who, with his circle of wealthy and clever admirers, got as much out of life as anyone could. Yet none of them expected perfect health, and none of them blamed the doctors when he did not get it.

And what kind of doctors were theirs?

They were men so ignorant, compared with our physicians, that, tracing the history of medicine from its beginning in the mummification art of Egypt to the latter half of the eighteenth century, one wonders why they were allowed to practise at all! Disease was the ordinary condition, not the extraordinary, as it is with us. Once it laid hold on a man, it rarely let go. These doctors could dope him, bleed him, and embalm him. They seldom cured sickness, and never prevented it.

Consider Samuel Johnson, who had scrofula. As a very young child he was taken, with dozens of others similarly afflicted, to be touched by the royal hand. Though he remained scrofulous until he died, it is not unworthy of note that the disease has since become most uncommon, and we can only assume that the kingly power, which unfortunately failed in Johnson's case (perhaps because it was a queen who exercised it), has reduced this hideous malady to a minimum. Much as the Great Lexicographer had to say on almost every subject under the sun, I can find no record of his bearing a grudge against Queen Anne for betraying his faith in her healing powers. Instead, he lived all his life without hope of recovery, at times partially blind, periodically practising his 'strange discipline — starving, mercury, opium.' Yet he helped to write one of the most authoritative books on medicine of his day and was considered to have a wide knowledge of that subject. He died of dropsy at seventy-five, and few men have accomplished more in an equal number of years.

Had his own poverty been the cause of Johnson's ailments, Hester Thrale, who finally inveigled him into gracing her literary group at Streatham Park, would have seen to their curing. But money could not buy health then any more than it can now; and in those years a patient got even less return for the investment of his fee. You may say that Mrs. Thrale took charge of Dr. Johnson too late to do him any good. I ask you to consider the life of Hester herself, who from the time of her marriage had everything wealth could command. It could command a good deal, but not health, nor the love of her husband, nor the lives of all her thirteen children. Thirteen! And no ether to lighten the labor, and no serums to combat the childhood diseases of eight of them, who were not strong enough to combat the infections alone.

So the children died, and Henry Thrale grew more bitter and self-indulgent, and solaced himself with the tremendous meals that made his beautiful home renowned throughout England, and which ultimately caused his death. He had a fortune, as money went in those days, and he wanted a son to leave it to. Finally there came a boy, who lived to be ten years old. One day, when racing with his sisters, he dropped dead at his mother's feet. There were no stethoscopes to indicate if a child had a weak heart, and so long as he had n't a fever, no one thought he might be ill.

Henry Thrale grew more bitter, but his wife was a clever and an interesting woman, with, as she said, 'too many strong points in her face for beauty,' and she had Dr. Johnson to talk to when her husband went to see the Sly Sophie Streetfield, who lived and died in the same house. Mrs. Thrale also had a Diary, for there were no sanitariums or psychoanalysis clinics in those days, and she relieved her feelings, as most other ladies of her time were wont to do, by keeping secret journals of her more dramatic moments, and inventing witty rhymes against her rivals. Her husband laughed at her endless scribblings, and twitted her on their seriousness, but gave her a thick book to keep them in, nicknamed the 'Thraliana.'

From it comes the account of her trip to Wales with Dr. Johnson, in an age when, if you wanted to go somewhere, you hired a carriage and drove there. They took Queeny, the eldest of the girls, with them. She was about thirteen.

August 12. — Queeny's cough is not now worth thinking on. She has a slight touch of the worms, but I don't much mind that.

August 16. — Queeny rose in such spirits that I fretted myself for fretting about her, but she is always in spirits in the morning and at night, and seems to flag in the middle of the day. So I think did poor Lucy! Oh! what a horrid thought! And she is feverish too, and hot in the hand. I wish I knew what ailed her. — I gave her some salts today to cool her. The aloes, I think, was too hot a physick.

September 2. — Queeny's worms bite again. I gave her a quarter of a Scott's pill, but it was not enough. Her head does not ache, however.

Stalwart Queeny, to survive the discomforts of such a journey! For, fever or no fever, the trip was never halted, and the ill child was jolted over rough Welsh roads and then given a Scott's pill. She deserves vast credit for withstanding that remedy. It is more than Oliver Goldsmith could accomplish, for 't is said that it was of a Scott's pill that he died. But Queeny was a model for our Better Baby Shows, from all accounts. Once her father, to test her ten-year-old ability to count, offered her a penny for every goat she could see in the pasture. Dr. Johnson kept the score, and was witness to the fact that whereas Mr. Thrale saw a dozen goats, Queeny saw one hundred and forty-nine, and cleaned her father out of pocket money. That was a surprise for Henry, but so was the discovery that he was nearsighted.

Dr. William Fellowes was the Thrale physician. He gave Hester much advice about the 'flatulance and spasms' to which she was, all her life, subject, but his advice apparently never helped her, for she continued to have them. He did, however, give her husband a lecture about his diet, of which Henry took as much as he chose and ignored the warning as to what would happen if he did not curb his appetite for food and yet more food. And he died as the doctor had predicted, from apoplexy, after a prodigious meal. It was only by bleeding till he fainted that his life had been saved once before, as Dr. Johnson had remarked. One could hardly expect the rigorous bleeding to work every time!

Hester was not long in contracting a marriage with an Italian musician. Indeed, she lived to celebrate her eightieth birthday, when she entertained with a concert, a ball, and a supper to six hundred people at the Kingston Assembly Rooms in Bath. Her health was drunk, and she led the dancing. Two years later, the still vigorous old lady fell and broke her leg. She died in ten days.

Mr. Pennington wrote of the accident: 'Probably you will suppose that the accident to the leg was the cause of this sudden catastrophe? Not at all — it was *perfectly cured*, and the manner in which it headed, contrary to all expectations, was considered a *Proof*, a fallacious one as it turned out — of the purity and strength of her constitution. Inflammation of the Intestines, over which Medicine had no power, was the cause of her death.'

Such is the fate of a fracture without an X-ray!

'I have now lost, just lost,' wrote Fanny Burney d'Arblay, 'my once most dear, intimate, and admired friend, Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi.'

Shortsightedness in friendship was not the only kind of shortsightedness that Madame d'Arblay suffered from. While it was only during her illness at Court that she reached the point of being unable to see unless her eyes were within a few inches of her book, — a condition which took Sir Joshua Reynolds from his painting, — still her limited vision was a constant source of discomfort and embarrassment. While a lady in waiting to Queen Caroline, she would often march upon the astonished George IV before she was aware of his royal presence. Then came the blushes, apologies for not seeing him, and the awkward, backward exit, with tangled skirts and a thumping heart; for she was a very shy person, and frightfully sensitive about her defective sight. That spectacles might have helped her was beyond her comprehension. On the contrary, the Court physician regarded her case as one needing diet, and of it she writes her sister: 'The weakness of my eyes, which will not bear the light, prevents me from tasting animal food all this time.'

But though her vision was not as broad as one could wish, either in fact or in friendship, Madame d'Arblay was capable of seeing scientifically far ahead of many people of her age. The scourge of smallpox was the horror of her generation, as indeed it had been for many generations before her and many after, some of them not so far removed from our own century. All too many of her friends had succumbed to it or, what was sometimes worse, had survived it, to live out their lives blind, unlovely, and too frequently unloved. It was a menace that hung over the thrones of kings and startled thinking people into a realization of the need for adequate protection. Hester Thrale had, she said, 'small pox and measles' to interrupt the studies of her girlhood. Apparently the two of them went hand in hand in the list of expected children's diseases.

Indeed, the sense of general alarm is felt in the Queen's discussion of *Camilla*, the third of Madame d'Arblay's novels, when Her Majesty says to Fanny: 'I have read but fifty pages as yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that little girl, for I am afraid she will get the small pox! — But I won't peep. I read quite fair.' The Queen was herself an ardent advocate of inoculation, and had her own children safeguarded against the disease, and the Court held its breath until each one was pronounced out of danger. But she was Queen, and had not to argue what she chose to do as lesser mortals must, as Fanny d'Arblay did with her sister concerning her own son.

'But consider, my dear Esther, the small pox —'

And the more timorous one replied: 'I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!'

Yet it was an intelligent fear that led the d'Arblays to subject their 'so sweet a bantling' to inoculation, and it was no slight ordeal, as you see from the letter describing it to Dr. Burney: —

> MY DEAREST PADRE,
>
> Relieved at length from a terror that almost from the birth of my little darling hung upon my mind, and with what confidence in your utmost kindness do I call for your participation in my joy that all alarm is over, and Mr. Ansel taken his leave!
>
> When Mr. Ansel came to perform the dreaded operation, he desired me to leave the child to him and the maid; but my agitation was not of that sort. I wished for the experiment upon the most mature deliberation; but while I trembled with the suspence of its effect, I could not endure to lose a moment from the beloved little object for and with whom I was running such a risk.
>
> He sat upon my lap, and Mr. Ansel gave him a bit of barley sugar to obtain his leave for pulling off one sleeve of his frock.
>
> [The four-year-old boy here held out his arm, and the doctor made a deep incision.]
>
> Mr. Ansel pressed out the blood with his lancet again and again, and wiped the instrument on the wound for two or three minutes, fearing from the excessive strictness of his whole life's regimen he might still escape the venom. When it was over, Mr. Ansel owned himself still apprehensive it might not take, and asked if I should object to his innoculating the other arm. I told him I committed the whole to his judgement as Mr. d'Arblay was away from home.

The letter continues: '— so the other day, Mr. Ansel begged leave to take some matter from his arm for future experiments,' whereat the small Alexander 'suffered him to make four successive cuts to take matter for four lancets.'

Hardly a pretty picture, but none the less, I believe, a very accurate one, for Dr. Johnson is our guarantor of Fanny's veracity, and we may be quite sure that whatever he said on earth he will adhere to in Heaven, Dr. Johnson being Dr. Johnson.

It was one hundred and thirty years ago that this scene occurred. Technique and human thought have changed greatly since then. Vaccination is now a simple little pricking of the skin, thanks to the mothers who helped the doctors in their 'future experiments.' We wear spectacles at the slightest provocation, and instead of being bled until we faint, we are given blood transfusions. We have anæsthetics and twilight sleep. We have antiseptics and plastic surgery and X-rays and serums. We have comfort undreamed of one hundred and sixty years ago!

The result is that our point of view has changed. If we wish to threaten a heroine, we depict a failure on Wall Street, not an attack of smallpox. After all the doctors have done with smallpox, the vaccinated public does not think it worth reading about. With the lessening of danger from it and similar diseases, our sense of security, vastly exalted, has in turn depreciated the doctors' achievements. We like the feeling that we are immune, and we expect the men who have made us immune to keep us so. And then we blame them when they can't. We neglect to look into the reasons for our immunity. We forget that it was not built by the medical profession working alone, but by the coöperation of our forbears with the doctors in the making of their 'future experiments' — the fruits of which we are enjoying to-day.

What good are doctors, without the coöperation of the patient?

'IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY'

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

'In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.' This is the advice on business depressions which was offered by the son of David, King in Jerusalem, and which may still be read, thanks to the Gideons, by any commercial traveler in any hotel room. It is unnecessary advice, however, as far as most of us are concerned, for it is only in the day of adversity that we ever do consider.

The son of David, it seems, was the first man to declare that business cycles are the result of natural law. What goes up, he said, must come down. 'The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. . . . The thing that hath been, is that which shall be . . . and there is no new thing under the sun.'

But can't we create something new? Can't we foresee a depression, and prevent it?

Not at all, says the son of David. God hath made prosperity side by side with adversity, 'to the end that man should not find out anything that shall be after him.' Fair warning to those who engage in the extra-hazardous occupation of business forecasting!

As for attempting to iron out the curves of the business cycle, 'Consider the work of God,' says the son of David: 'for who can make that straight, which he hath made crooked?' This was the Biblical warning, no doubt, which prompted a United States Senator to declare: 'I would rather postpone a panic until the time when God brings it than to have Hoover entrusted with this power and get the panic a year sooner. We had better let God run it, as in the past.'

This is the Economics of Original Sin. It has been expounded by Doctors of Despair ever since the time of David. It is, indeed, a Dismal Science. Shall we escape from it through study of the real causes of depressions? Or shall we, for another two thousand years, put all the blame on God?

To-day, as in every day of adversity, business is like a traffic jam, with the red light against it. Long lines of cars are held up; cars with powerful engines and plenty of fuel. The drivers, eager to go ahead, are craning their necks to see what the matter is. Presently one of the drivers, losing his patience, honks his horn. Impatience is contagious. All the drivers begin honking their horns. The din becomes terrific; but it has n't the slightest effect on traffic. The red light holds its own.

All winter the drivers of business have been eager to go ahead. They have had powerful machines and plenty of fuel. They have been craning their necks in every direction to find out what the trouble is. They have been holding one unemployment conference after another. Unemployment conferences are contagious. Everybody has made a lot of noise, Congress fully doing its part. Still business is stalled.

How can we turn on the green light? The whole world is perplexed by that question. Concerning the causes of these periodic traffic jams, there is much confusion of thought. Concerning the remedies, there is, therefore, a confusing conflict of advice. Clearly, it is useless to try to agree upon remedies until there is agreement as to causes.

Other perplexing problems, the solution of which depends on a knowledge of facts, have yielded to intensive study. We no longer look upon the plague of yellow fever as a Heaven-sent punishment for our sins. We do not try to scare it away with the beating of tom-toms. But with regard to the plague of business depressions we still have a chaos of thought and a honking of horns. If all the discussions of unemployment were laid end to end, they would not reach very far. Most of them would curl up and finish about where they started — namely, with the futile assertion that the way to cure unemployment is to put men to work. Even concerning the direction in which we should seek a solution there is no agreement; yet the very first step toward learning significant facts is the choice of the right line of attack.

Everybody knows that there is much unemployment even in times which we call prosperous; and the causes are many. About these permanent aspects of the problem we have nothing to say here. We ask only whether it is not possible to come to an agreement concerning the major cause of periodic slumps.

Already there seems to be agreement that the chief cause of the present slump must have to do with deficiencies of machines, materials, men, management, or money. But surely not of machines. Machines we have in superabundance, and new inventions so productive that we dare not use them. Materials, too, we have in superabundance: cotton, copper, coal, oil, leather, wheat, and the rest; too much of nearly everything. Too many men, as well, and men with the will to work. A little while ago, they actually were producing more wealth per capita than any men ever produced, anywhere in the world. And to-day they are even more willing to work. Management, too, is abler than ever before. To be sure, we blamed management in 1928 and 1929 for neglecting business in order to watch the stock market. But while it was neglecting business it employed more men, and paid more wages, and realized more profits, and created more wealth, than ever before in all our history. No, we cannot ascribe our troubles to poor business management. There is no evidence that managers, as a class, have suddenly become inefficient.

II

What, then, was the chief cause of the depression? General overproduction, we are told, and rightly told. But general overproduction is, of course, nothing but general underconsumption. And general underconsumption is mainly a failure to buy on the part of consumers who are perfectly willing to buy, but lack the *money*. One need not consult economists on this point; he need only draw on his own experience. Thus the root of the evil of hard times appears to be, not the love of money, but the lack of money; not deficiencies of machines, materials, men, or management, but deficiencies of money.

Approaching the whole subject from another angle, we note that for general underconsumption there can be only two remedies: one is to produce less; the other is to consume more. But to produce less is to declare that we cannot create as much wealth as we have proved that we are perfectly able and willing to create, and eager to consume. By producing less — by keeping production *down* to demand — we can stabilize poverty. But to stabilize prosperity we must tackle the problem the other way round; we must keep demand *up* to production. In other words, we must increase consumption.

In this connection it is well to remember that the fundamental aim of economic society is a higher standard of living; and a higher standard of living — on the economic side — is nothing but increased per capita consumption of wealth. When we say, as Paul H. Douglas says in *Real Wages*, that the standard of living of wage earners in manufacturing in the United States was one third higher in 1928 than it was before the war, we mean that the average wage earner consumed one third more. We mean that for every three oranges, coats, books, baseballs, watches, and other things which the average wage earner used up before the war, he used up four in 1928. We mean that and nothing else. So, also, when we say that the standard of living declined in 1930, we mean that the consumption of wealth declined.

Prosperity does not consist of inventions, laboratories, mills, bank deposits, gold reserves, farms, stores, railroads, or any other capital goods. These things benefit us only if they result in a higher standard of living; and they do that only so far as they result in higher consumption. In other words, distribution must keep pace with production, or some of the money savings which we put into capital goods are not real savings. Idle factories are real waste.

How to increase production, as everybody knows, is for us no problem at all. The problem is how to increase consumption; and that is almost entirely a problem of distribution. Now distribution takes place almost entirely by means of the exchange of money, under which term we include checks on bank deposits as well as other forms of the medium of exchange. This brings us back again to money as the core of the problem. If we could buy goods with our free time, the six-hour day and the five-day week might cure general underconsumption, and the three-day week would be a still surer specific; but leisure is not legal tender. If, with presidential prerogative, *we* could settle unwelcome bills with a pocket veto, that would do the trick. But we can't. Everybody knows that without money we can't buy; and that, with a given quantity of money, we can buy and pay for a given quantity of goods, at given prices, and no more.

This means, roughly, that the volume of goods which we can buy and pay for, at given prices, is determined by the quantity of money in circulation and the average number of times each dollar is used to pay for goods. This means, in turn, that whenever the quantity or the turnover of money is reduced, the volume of trade *must* be reduced, or the price level *must* fall; and when the price level falls fast, employment falls, too. That is one statement of the much discussed quantity theory of money which is true — absolutely. This is all common knowledge.

It does not tell us whether changes in prices are caused by changes in money, or the other way round. But for practical purposes we do not need to know. What we do need to know is how we can prevent a rapid fall in the commodity price level and the resultant crowding of the bread lines. The quantity theory of money gives us an essential part of the answer. This was what one of our great business leaders, now in high Federal office, meant recently when he said to the President: 'I don't know whether you believe in the quantity theory of money. I don't know whether

I do. But there is no hope for a revival of business unless we do.'

Already there is general agreement that changes in the quantity of money have something to do with changes in the price level, and that an extreme change in the price level is a dominant feature of every depression. Whatever may be the cause of these extreme changes, it is evident that, if they continue, we shall continue to suffer from periodic slumps in trade and employment. In other words, a stable currency — a dollar which changes only slowly in purchasing power — is one of the fundamentals of sustained prosperity.

Now it is common knowledge that a stable currency is impossible if the volume of *paper money* which is printed and the volume which is retired bear no fixed relation to changes in the volume of business. Everybody knows the danger of fiat paper money. Everybody knows what happened when such a deluge of paper money poured forth from the printing presses in Austria that the thrifty proprietor of Kronen Bier used money for beer-bottle labels, in order to reduce his printing bill. What happens, on the other hand, when the volume of paper money *contracts* faster than the goods volume of trade is equally well known. Since prices keep on falling, everybody is eager to retain his money, rather than to turn it into goods. Production is discouraged; employment falls off; trade thereby suffers a further decline; prices sink further; and so on.

Such fluctuations in prices, trade, and employment actually have taken place in the United States recently, but there have been no large changes in the volume of paper money. The large changes which have taken place have been in the volume and turnover of bank deposits subject to check— what we may call 'bank check currency'; and it is well known that above 90 per cent of our trade is transacted, not by paper money, but by bank check currency. Less than 10 per cent is transacted by paper money. It is possible that an agreement might be reached that one dollar of business, done with bank check currency, has the same effect on prices and employment as one dollar of business done with paper money. Such an agreement might lead to the further agreement that changes in the currency which is used in more than 90 per cent of our business may cause as great disturbance as changes in the currency which is used in less than 10 per cent of our business.

Unfortunately, increased use of bank check currency does not offset decreased supply: it is precisely when the volume shrinks that the turnover slackens. Each dollar of individual demand deposits was used about five times, on the average, in prosperous 1929, for every three times a dollar was used from 1919 to 1925; but now the velocity has slowed down to the old rate. This decrease in the *use* of bank currency appears to be roughly equivalent to a reduction of 40 per cent in the volume.

If the volume of *paper money* in circulation had been largely reduced in 1930, we should have no doubt as to what caused the depression. But an equivalent reduction in the use of bank credit passes almost unnoticed. It is not even mentioned in six lists of the causes of our present trouble, recently published, which are intended to be comprehensive.

Yet it now seems possible to lay down a basis of fact upon which agreement might be reached that the chief cause of business depressions is changes in the volume, and in the turnover, of bank check currency. If such an agreement were reached, the problem of sustaining prosperity would then become chiefly the problem of taking into account changes in the volume and use of bank check currency, beyond the requirements of sound business, and offsetting the influence of such changes.

III

Already there is general agreement that a large decrease in the volume and use of bank check currency — in other words, monetary deflation — necessarily decreases consumer income, and that one fundamental of sustained prosperity is sustained consumer income.

'Why do we have hard times?' wrote a lady reader to the editor of the *Brunswick Pilot*.

'Lady,' answered the editor, 'hard times is a period when people quit feeding the cow, and wonder why she gives less milk.'

There are learned treatises on business depressions which say less than that. It sometimes appears that scholars, by close and persistent study, finally contrive to see everything except what is perfectly plain. Nothing seems plainer to the plain people than the fact that they cannot keep on feeding dollars to business unless they have the dollars. And without the dollars, business cannot keep on producing wealth.

Business either gets enough dollars out of the nation's pay roll to keep from starving, or business does n't get the dollars at all. To quit paying wages is to quit feeding the cow. Scolding a hungry cow does n't fill the milk pail. Talking cheerfully to her does n't help much, either. Petting is n't any better. Caresses are no substitute for calories. There will be a larger flow of business when there is a larger flow of wages, not before. Urging people to 'buy now,' when they have n't any money, does about as much good as feeding the cow sawdust.

At present, both men and dollars are underemployed. The main difference is that the dollars are slackers. They refuse to take long-term jobs, even at prohibitive wages. They will not even volunteer for the duration of the depression.

Deflation has been under way for the greater part of two years. Little by little, we have reduced the cow's rations. Total Federal Reserve credit outstanding is the lowest since the summer of 1924. Business, while contending with such malnutrition, has never recovered, in any country. Business will not recover in this country until there is a substantial expansion of bank credit — an expansion beyond the expressed needs of business, on the present low level of business. If that is inflation, there is nothing the country needs right now so much as inflation. The need is advertised by every man who hangs an 'unemployed' placard around his neck and tries to sell apples. An increase of money in circulation which opens up blast furnaces, and sets idle machines in motion, and puts men back to work, and restores the confidence of the business world, is not necessarily a calamity. Calling it 'inflation' merely gives it a bad name. An increase of money is not harmful, no matter what you call it, as long as it brings about a rise in employment and production, without bringing about a rapid rise in the general level of prices.

Continued deflation, on the other hand, which reduces employment and production and brings about a rapid fall in the level of prices, generates a demand for further deflation. 'No revival of business is possible,' said a banker at the meeting this spring of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, 'because we have not yet had enough liquidation.' Presumably he meant enough bank failures and other business losses. This is an old story. In every depression, men insist that business cannot possibly turn upward without further liquidation; and they keep on saying so for at least two months after business actually has turned upward.

How much liquidation is enough? Last year there were 1345 bank failures and 26,355 business failures. Many of these failures did not cure troubles, but caused troubles. The more failures there are, the lower the price level. The lower the price level, the greater the burden of debts, and the smaller the value of tangible assets. This makes the banks more reluctant to lend money, causing still further contraction of bank credit currency and still further liquidation. If we should allow the price level to fall far enough, and fast enough, most firms would become insolvent; for their debts would remain the same in dollars, but they could not raise enough dollars on their assets to pay the debts.

When we force liquidation so far that we *think* business cannot get worse and must get better, we proceed to make preparations for improvement, and the improvement comes! It could come sooner if we thought it could. But the apostles of liquidation always insist that further liquidation is necessary. Then they take steps which make further liquidation necessary. Then they say, with much satisfaction, 'See, we told you so!'

For business as a whole, the basic trouble is extreme changes in the volume and use of bank credit, and consequent extreme changes in the value of the dollar. Over such changes, the United States has not yet exercised the control which is readily within its power.

Everybody knows that it is always within the power of the Federal Government to bring about the needed expansion and increased turnover of money by sufficiently aggressive open-market operations, or by borrowing money for war, construction, or relief. No other immediately effective plan having been presented by anybody, the enemies of deflation rallied in defense of the bonus-loan plan. It is a poor plan; but evidently many men thought it better than no plan at all. It is one way — though a poor one — of conscripting some of the slacker dollars. It is a more or less conscious demand that they line up in the front trenches and assault the forces of deflation.

At times, *private* business keeps up a sufficient flow of wages to sustain consumption and prevent deflation. At other times, it does not. Like the unprofitable servant with the one talent, it tries to play safe. It buries its talents in the earth — or in time deposits, which often amounts to the same thing, since time deposits do not take goods off the markets. During the first nine months of last year, merchants lost their markets and men lost their jobs mainly because there was not enough money in circulation. During the same nine months, seven hundred and twelve millions were added to time deposits. Throughout the past year, time deposits were in excess of thirteen billions. The only reason we had any business at all is because there were some five-talent men and ten-talent men who circulated money in such a way that it enabled willing consumers to consume. When we have enough of these good and faithful servants, we shall emerge from this day of adversity into a day of prosperity.

Whereupon, if history repeats itself, we shall follow the advice of the son of David. We shall rejoice with exceeding great joy, and refuse to consider what to do toward preventing another day of adversity until the day arrives.

RUSSIA'S CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

BY A. F. HINRICHS

I

A COINCIDENCE of world-wide depression and the emergence of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the world market has focused widespread interest on Russia. The Soviet Union has enjoyed a tremendous press, not by any means entirely unfriendly. The thought of American business men has shifted from the question, When will it fail? to the question, Can it succeed, or is it succeeding? Many of them are now interested to know what Russian success means to the rest of the world. The point on which American business interest centres is the Five-Year Plan.

It is not a new idea, even in the United States with our highly prized individualism, that the mass of the population lives as a collectivist society. The qualities of capacity, industry, and thrift that were the entire basis for the rise of our pioneer stock are inadequate to-day. With rough approximation they may still differentiate the fates of John Jones and Tom Smith; but men and women in the mass live and make moderate material progress, not because of what they are, but because of an appropriate organization of social resources.

This has become increasingly true over the last hundred and fifty years. Therefore, in a sense far more fundamental than ever before, we may speak of society's obligation to furnish a living to these collectivized individuals. This living is limited by resources, technological development, and the capacities of the population. There is no apparent reason why it should be accorded to those unwilling or, for individual reasons, unable to render service, except on a basis similar to existing charitable relief. Society is faced with the necessity of creating an environment within which individual capacity can exploit existing resources and technology efficiently in order to achieve a maximum of material well-being. Furthermore, merely a high average of well-being is inadequate. It must be coupled with a sense of security.

Immense progress has been made in technological development in the last century. Henry Adams wrote that the boy of 1850 was closer to the year 1 than to the year 1900. However, relatively little progress has been made in the adaptation of economic society to its changed material and technological environment. Some highly significant developments have occurred; but despite such changes as the growth of the corporate structure and of trade-unions, the development of such diverse legislation as workmen's compensation, railroad regulation, and judicial interpretations of combinations in restraint of trade, I cannot help feeling that the business man of 1800 would be infinitely more at home in his workaday environment to-day than would the engineer of that time. I know of no better evidence of this fact than that Ricardo and the other classical economists are still regarded as useful manuals, whereas a book written in 1820 on almost any mechanical subject, even with regard to scientific fundamentals, would have only historical interest.

It will be miraculous if this changed material environment does not revolutionize the entire social structure in order to restore the security that formerly lay within the grasp of individuals. There is abundant evidence of the gigantic strains under which the existing structure continues, which become most evident in periods of business depression. In cotton textiles, in agriculture, in coal mining, and in other industries, there is a chronic condition of depression, which indicates an inability to use to the greatest advantage our technological gains.

I think there are at least two obvious explanations of the difference in the rates of social and mechanical development. In the first place, the scientific basis of the latter was easier to establish from the factual base available in the nineteenth century. Perhaps even more important, the urge to make advances that was present in the physical sciences was lacking to improve the social organization. The individual business man could adopt new material discoveries on his own initiative. As an individual, he was often powerless to modify the social environment.

Above all, there was no unified leadership. Technical changes are made by dictatorial methods. Social innovation in countries that advanced rapidly in the nineteenth century depended upon a democratic process. Fundamental social change in the last century was never absolutely essential. The majority of leaders and followers alike recognized partial failures of the economic machine, but assumed that these were the high price necessary to maintain an average of well-being much above that possible in a society of non-interdependent producers.

To-day, for the first time in the history of business enterprise, thoughtful observers looking ahead to the forecastable future visualize the possible disappearance of individual security. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has not yet developed an economy that challenges that of any Western European country on the basis of realized accomplishment, but the outlook is for a progressive improvement in communist productive practice. This being the case, there does exist a continuing alternative to our form of economic organization. The question at issue was formerly in the realm of academic speculation: Can some alternative form of organization function? The question to-day is in the realm of practice: Does this alternative form of organization function, or promise to function in the forecastable future, as well as ours? The contrast in the import of the two questions is almost as great as that between a debate in 1870 on the possibilities of flying and one to-day on the relative merits of air force and floating navy. The communist practice of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics must be considered as a perfectly possible and real alternative to the system in vogue in the Western world, though it by no means follows that it is desirable from the point of view of any substantial part of the population. Its desirability, not its possibility, is the probable point at issue before the world in the next generation. The balance of evidence seems to me to point to the probable increase in the success of the Russian economic life.

Drastic changes have occurred either by revolutionary processes or by more or less rapid evolutionary development. The only thing for which there is no historical precedent is the continuation of a status quo under existing conditions of social tension. The most successful transformations have been effected when the dominant groups in a society have made their own the most immediately practicable parts of the opposition programme. Where they have done this, they have stayed in power. Where they have insisted on maintenance of the status quo, their temporary successes have only increased the violence of the ultimate change.

II

Under these conditions it seems to me that we shall be wise to study the workings of the economic system of Russia with neither particular sympathy nor hostility, — for it is entirely irrelevant whether or not we *like* what they are doing, — but with the utmost objective comprehension. The purpose of such study should be to find out: first, how the system works; secondly, what institutions and practices give it relative strength and what are sources of weakness; and thirdly, which of these sources of strength can be adapted to the evolutionary development of our society.

The first lesson that we must learn is the necessity of painstaking study — critical study in the highest sense of the word — of Russian economic society. It will be curious indeed if the experimental progress of a nation of 150,000,000 people develops no useful practice for the rest of the world. In the course of my study of particular practices — especially that of economic planning — I was impressed at the close integration of economic planning and of political communism. It by no means follows that a given practice, such as planning, cannot be adapted to the needs of a society preserving private property and a high degree of private initiative. All that I know with certainty from my preliminary study of the Russian economic system is that to unravel the interrelationships of institutions, to discover whether it is the taproot that is bedded in communism or merely fibrous laterals, requires a more intense study than has yet been made by an American economist.

The second point, so obvious to an American as hardly to warrant mention, is the wastefulness of revolutionary change. Materially, the destruction of property, and more especially the dissipation of technical and executive leadership, were a disaster of major proportions, affecting the mass of the population as well as the formerly favored classes. The spiritual losses involved in the suppression of substantial percentages of the population are a heavy charge against the birth of a new soul in the rising mass.

It is inadequate, however, to conclude that revolution is never worth while for the generation in power at its inception. Revolutions may become inevitable, as most authorities agree was the case in Russia at the beginning of the twentieth century, in France at the end of the eighteenth, and perhaps in the American Colonies in 1776. The lesson which England learned in our Revolutionary War has preserved a valuable though very different something, known as the British Commonwealth of Nations. The upheaval in France precipitated a series of more or less peaceful social and political reorganizations in other European countries. It is not too much to say that the most important task of our generation in the Western world may be to assure society against the accumulation of stresses and strains that may make other revolutions of Russian pattern inevitable.

There are three things in Russia which it seems to me would be highly desirable in American society, and not incompatible with a modification, rather than an overthrow, of our existing society. Economic planning is one of the most marked advantages which the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics enjoys. In addition, provision is made, partly through planning, for the security of the wage earner. Finally, the younger industrial wage earners attain a sense of social importance that is invaluable.

Some elements of strength in Russia may be more incompatible with private enterprise. I mention a few of them only to show that the Soviet Union possesses economic advantages other than planning alone, advantages which are well worth studying. Soviet economy creates the largest unified economic enterprise in the world. Aside from the great advantages mere size and resources may give it in the field of foreign trade, a virtual monopoly of imports and exports makes possible a far more thoroughly considered *policy* than has ever been developed by means of the tariff. The latter must become something much more than political juggling with cross-purposes if it is ever to be as effective as the direct control of trade. The losses incident to social forces rather than managerial inefficiency — for example, changes in world market prices — are borne in Russia by the system rather than by the enterprise. In this respect the Soviet Union sets its enterprises up on a basis analogous to that which we establish for the departments of an individual plant.

The security which the Soviet Union gives to the wage earner calls for no special discussion except as it is due to stability which may grow out of planning. In other respects it is not essentially Russian, since in some ways better and more comprehensive work is being done in Western European countries. The importance of provisions — not on a charitable basis — for health, maternity, care of infants and young children, old age and disablement, and against unemployment, is only partially recognized in this country. Communists capitalize what is being done for the wage earner in Russia and neglect to add that, on the whole, municipal housing is better in Vienna than in Moscow; that sickness insurance is extremely well developed in Germany; that clinics in many American cities, operated without the taint of charity, do better work than is possible to-day in Russia; that public schools in the United States are giving to the children of the workers an education which is still only a dream in Russia. These social provisions for the well-being of the individual are capable of tremendous expansion under a system of private enterprise. Some are desirable; others may not be. The important thing for us to remember is that they receive great stress in the Soviet Union, that the same result is not necessarily economically attainable through individual effort, and that a sense of security, an assured minimum of well-being, is a thing desired by workers quite as much as higher individual incomes.

In Russia the younger industrial workers are experiencing a thrill of *being* that is tremendously stimulating. I do not wish to give the impression that I disregard existing suppression and oppression in Russia. But the misery of the disfranchised finds at least a partial offset in the zest of many millions of workers. They know what is going on and why. They are well informed, or think they are, on matters of public and industrial policy. They know, furthermore, exactly what is expected of them as individuals. They are conscious of goals. I am not certain that this particular value can be captured, though I am inclined to believe that in some of the more democratically organized plants and industries of the country it is approximated.

I mention these two features of

Russian life primarily to set planning in proper perspective. The treatment of neither has been adequate, but it should suggest that we may have to learn to do other things which Russia attempts besides merely controlling economic life. Since my return from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics I have frequently heard discussions of planning American production which gave the impression that Russia had nothing more to offer the world. We shall have missed the entire point of the revolution if our thinking ends there. The purpose of the revolution was to make life more worth while for the masses. Planning helps to accomplish it there, and may well help under a system of private enterprise. It is only one means to the end. From our own doctrines of liberty and individual initiative we may make important contributions to this goal. In almost every country of the world there now is a more or less articulate demand from those whose destinies are determined by the social structure that it be moulded primarily to serve them.

III

I have said that in Russia economic planning is merely one device for increasing the well-being of the masses. In that statement is contained the first requirement of an economic plan — a definition of goal, a philosophy. Without a clear definition of objects one goal may be inadequate or militate against reaching another. This decision of objectives is a political one. It may be the result of democratic discussion or the decision of a dictatorial group.

However the decision is reached, this definition of objectives is prerequisite to the work of planning. The guiding principles of Russian planning appear to be three. First of all, there is to be maximum utilization of existing plant and population resources. Sec- ①
ondly, industrial self-sufficiency is to be ②
achieved in the shortest possible period of time. Thirdly, but only after the second objective has been realized, the ③
standard of living of the masses is to be brought to the highest level in the world. Disregarding the superlative nature of the last objective, the reader will see at once that two radically different plans would be devised, depending upon whether self-sufficiency or a maximum of immediate consumable income is the goal. In the first case, the planning body focuses its attention upon imports of capital equipment, upon new construction, upon the development of iron and steel and other industries whose products are machines. In the latter case, expansion takes place first in industries producing goods ready for consumption, in a diversification of agricultural products, and in imports of things to eat and wear. In the latter case, foreign trade is an advantageous, though a relatively unimportant, appendage of national economic life. In the former case, though the percentage of foreign trade as compared with domestic trade is small, the imports are essential to the success of the plan and the economic life of the country is determined by the necessity of producing an export surplus.

The place of the philosophy of the plan is significant in an American discussion of Russian planning because it is so frequently overlooked. I have heard many business leaders in this country discuss planning without any reference at all to objectives, as though there were some one plan that would naturally emerge from a given set of resources. Where they have introduced a concept of purpose, it has seemed to me diametrically opposed to that of Russia. In Russia the underlying motif, irrespective of particular goal, is a full use of man power and equipment within the limits imposed by resources, technical knowledge, trained leadership, and the capacity of the underlying population. In America the basis of a desire for planned development seems to be the limitation of the stream of products to a volume that can be absorbed by existing markets with profit to the producer. It does not follow that an economy of private property with private profits cannot serve the ideal of large income for the masses better than a communistic one. It is this question which is to be decided within the next two generations by the United States on the one hand and Russia on the other. So long as a private economy is to continue, profits will presumably play an important rôle. But limitation of output is no answer to the challenge that Russia may give. If we plan only for stability and neglect to plan for raising real per capita income, communists and their sympathizers the world over will be vindicated in their present contention that planning can only be introduced in a communist society, for planning only limitation of output would be interpreted as the last stage of an intellectually bankrupt capitalism.

I am quite certain that economic planning in the modern world must visualize the creation of wider and deeper domestic markets. Undeveloped foreign markets are becoming very scarce. The spread of modern technical methods and their quick development necessitate a rapidly rising standard of living. Higher wages and greater leisure are the only effective instruments that I can see to remove and destroy the flood of materials and services that our resources make possible. Limitation of output under these conditions should involve an even distribution of the leisure made possible by a technique that has temporarily outrun the consumptive capacity of the population. Such leisure would in itself broaden the general market. Complete unemployment of a small percentage of the population only narrows the market still further. As a matter of fact, until we have actually attained what we like to regard as an 'American standard of living,' — something not now enjoyed by most American workers, — we can hardly regard the market as satiated or the plant capacity as in excess of social needs. The most difficult problem of an American planning body will be to visualize practicable ways and means of placing larger spendable money incomes in the hands of wage earners. Unless that is done, I repeat, the Western world will not be meeting the challenge of Soviet Russia.

I fear that if the sole guiding principle is limitation of output to amounts allowing a profitable market there will be stagnation. I can contrast two types of stability by reference to current devices for plotting business cycles. What is aimed at in planning, among other things, is to iron out the wide swings of activity in basic industry. As we conventionally represent these swings, they are shown as movements about a horizontal line. Under ideal conditions this norm would be approximated. After such an achievement the graph, instead of representing the norm as a horizontal line to facilitate comparison of different swings, would be depicted as a true growth curve. In Russia, planning is concerned not only with fluctuations but with the development of the trend itself. I am not certain that the concept of limitation, applied in the easiest fashion, will not lead to damping the rate of growth that has characterized the United States; will not give us, in other words, an approximation of the heretofore fictitious horizontal norm.

The second point apparent in connection with Soviet planning is the importance of the coöperation of individual managers and even workers. The Five-Year Plan has become part of both the warp and the woof of the thought of individual Russians. A plan cannot be drawn without coöperation. In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics it is initiated in the individual plants and in its final form is referred back to them for approval. Its successful execution depends entirely upon enthusiastic support and a popular will to succeed. In Russia the plan is at once an acceptable recommendation and a mandate.

In borrowing the concept of a plan, not the least important point to bear in mind is that it must gain strength from its own merits. This is particularly fortunate for America, for, with our constitutional limitations and our habits of thought, planning work in the first instance will be primarily advisory. When, as, and if it enjoys general acceptability, and the limitations of purely advisory recommendations become apparent, the work may be implemented with legal and extralegal sanctions. But the first stage, that of 'selling' a plan to the individuals involved, is a process to which the American stage is particularly well adapted.

One may well ask: Why plan? The answer comes out of American practice. We do plan. Probably in no country in the world, with the possible exception of Germany, and certainly at no other time, has planning been as extensively developed for the control of individual enterprises. It is by no means universal; but there are outstanding examples of both short-run and long-run planning in such diverse fields as telephone communication and paper-goods novelties. Control standards of performance are certainly the basis of the efficient management of individual departments. Our economic system is anything but planless.

The thing that bedevils planning is the existence of unknown, unpredictable, or uncontrollable factors. This is quite as true in Russia as elsewhere. I find it almost impossible to visualize the additional strain to which the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was subjected by the depression of the world markets in which she had to sell raw materials to pay for imports that were an integral part of her planned development. Coal production in the Donetz Basin last summer fell substantially short of the quota because proper consideration had not been given to the industrial worker's habit of returning to his village at harvest. From even so brief a visit as I made, I can cite other instances of the limitation of planning by factors external to the plan.

If this is true in Russia, it is even more disastrously true in the United States. Here virtually the entire economic mechanism except the single enterprise lies outside the field of the plan. There is comparatively little planning involved in the intervention of the motor truck in the field of transportation. Whether it is economically sound or not is a debatable point. But if it is sound, it should certainly be a rationally controlled development. In many instances the untoward development breaks without the sort of warning which motor transport is giving and renders useless recently accumulated capital and experience.

The outstanding example that shocks us all is the senseless rush of capital to avail itself of a profit that cannot be more than temporary in view of the amount of capital that is added. In industry after industry we find capital equipment in excess of rational needs. In some cases this is due to the disappearance of a phenomenal demand, as has been the case with the woolen and worsted industry since the war. In other cases there is a speeding up of obsolescence in the development of an industry in a new area, as in the case of cotton textiles. But the automobile industry with plant capacity in excess of any rationally predictable demand, stimulated perhaps by the short-lived disappearance of Ford production, stands as a horrid example of avoidable waste. Even the automobile industry would have been better off had this capital been invested in new forms, or, if none appeared profitable, been distributed in the form of spendable income to the owners or workers, or both.

In an economic society so closely interwoven as ours, these starts and stops, excessive output balanced with shut-downs, are disastrous. One can account for a substantial fraction of the present depression — roughly, perhaps one quarter or one third — in terms of the automobile industry's uncoördinated gyrations. The deficit in dealer stocks, particularly in foreign markets, and the deferred demand that accumulated under Ford's withdrawal from production led to plant expansion by other producers and a level of activity in the first quarter of 1929 that was so out of line with continuing possibilities that I do not know of a statistical service in the country that missed calling the turn. Our experience with such forecasters this last year would indicate that the course of events for automobiles must have been fairly obvious.

Unfortunately, automobile assembly lines cannot be crowded without gearing iron and steel, machine tools, rubber, glass, copper, and even textiles to an unusual pitch. A recession in the one is followed by a recession in the others. Still more unfortunately, the steel manufacturer is helpless. He may know that the level of activity cannot last. He may save himself and his stockholders from serious loss by planning correctly for a drop in volumes in the next half year. But, with all the foresight of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, he could not regularize his production. He can only strengthen his defenses and wait for the zero hour. Irregularity, occasionally utilized over-capacity in automobiles,— and I use this example only as typical of a number of others, — require in greater or less degree excess capacity in dozens of other industries.

Planning for an entire industry is beset with difficulties. Planning for the national economic life is a herculean task. It is by no means impossible, as Russia is demonstrating. For one thing, the task is simplified by a process of elimination. When we think of our economic life, we think of the thousands upon thousands of commodities in their multiform sizes and qualities. The work of the Bureau of Simplified Practice in the Department of Commerce has shown, however, that much of this multiplicity is superficial. In industry after industry with hundreds or thousands of inventory items, it has been shown that volumes concentrate upon a handful. By no stretch of the imagination would an economic plan for the United States ever concern itself with the question of the sizes of common brick required, though the item of aggregate common-brick requirements on a regional basis might well be included. The central planning body relegates all such variations to the industry and concerns itself almost exclusively with the species or the genus, and Russian practice has concerned itself only with the more important species. There are a host of minor commodities which concern the economic life of the country very little. The list of fundamentally important foodstuffs, textiles, furnishings, building materials, power and transport requirements, is not so extensive as to be incomprehensible; a moderately accurate picture of society's needs can be constructed.

IV

The leaders of business in the United States are charged with a tremendous social responsibility. They have been evolved from a race of forbears whose concern could be quite largely with the balance sheet. No man on earth was concerned with the mistakes of Jeremiah Jones, the general-store manager, except his few creditors, his clerk, his family and friends. To-day a single department store in New York is determining the fate of one of the largest textile mills in Rhode Island, and with it the life of a mill community. The largest of the chain-store systems buys and sells approximately as much in dollar volume as the total import and export trade of the United States with the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations excepting Canada. The blacksmith or the carriage maker of even fifty years ago was one of many hundreds, dependent upon the local countryside, in whom the countryside had a vital personal interest and almost no lasting economic concern. To-day the two largest automobile manufacturers are together using about half as much steel as was produced in the United States thirty years ago. These business enterprises and their conduct are no longer matters of private concern. The business executive is still charged with the responsibility of maintaining a favorable income statement and balance sheet; but there has been added to this an obligation to society.

Consciously or unconsciously, the leaders of American industry are acting as a State Planning Commission; their plans for the year or the month are the economic plan of the United States. Their decisions determine what and how much are to be produced, what the spendable income of a substantial part of the community shall be, in no small measure what the volume of new savings shall be, and in even larger part what use shall be made of savings. These are precisely the points considered by a planning commission. Their decisions are the preliminary stages of Russian planning, the tentative drafts drawn up by plant managers and trust executives. But in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics there is a reconciliation of discrepancies by the State Bank and the State Planning Commission. These discrepancies are fundamental factors in business fluctuations.

The question that remains for us to decide is whether even the United States is rich enough to afford the wastes of a process of unconscious coördination working itself out brutally in the market place. Science has advanced. Technique has been developed. Skills undreamed of fifty years ago have been learned. An intricate web of economic interrelationships has been developed that transmits with terrific force disturbances in any segment of the web. The executive's responsibility has developed until one may well argue that a mistaken decision on his part is a far more serious injury to society than the cold-blooded murder of a few of his more obnoxious relatives. Under these conditions it seems probable that human intelligence is going to be called upon to bend itself to the task of consciously coördinating its efforts. We cannot declare a moratorium on mechanical development; we have created a monster endowed with the power of reproduction. The salvation of our society lies in bringing our institutional environment into harmony with its technological setting.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Mauve

For a little while in the late spring, the front of the small brown frame house in which the Old Gentleman Opposite lives is clothed with the glory of blooming wistaria. One sunny day not long ago I saw him sitting out of doors in his tiny front yard, luxuriating in the color and fragrance of the drooping clusters. He was holding his soft hat on his knee, and his hair, which is not too closely cut, stirred in the light breeze.

('Really,' I thought, 'he is beginning to get quite gray. I shall be sorry when the roan effect disappears.')

'Is n't your wistaria a beautiful color?' I said aloud.

'"Lumenque juventæ purpureum,"' he quoted with relish.

'I suppose you'd call it mauve?'

He smiled and frowned. 'I should,' said he, 'if the word were not soiled with all ignoble use. You remember Whistler said, "Mauve is just pink trying to be purple." That was just Whistler trying to be witty. Of course, he did not have to try very hard. You have read *The Mauve Decade?*'

'What a brilliant, provocative book it is!' said I.

'Unquestionably,' he responded, 'and quite miraculously packed with condensed history. But I have a bit of a grudge against it. By basing his title on that very saying of Whistler's, the author has launched, among hasty reviewers, a current cheap sneer at the literary product of the nineties. And that is especially vexing to me in the case of the poetry of that period.'

'Do you think that effect was intended?' I asked.

'Possibly not — but wait a minute.' He dived in at his front door. As his study on the ground floor is lined with bookshelves, I rightly concluded that he was hunting for the book in question.

'Now here,' said he, emerging and rapidly turning the leaves of the book in his hand, 'is just one sentence in a late chapter which neatly applies the engaging title.'

He read aloud the passage: '"The aspiring decade that tried so hard to be purple, imperially grand, and ended in a compromised, ridiculous tint." . . . It is true,' he admitted, 'that the greater part of the book seems given to a different thesis, the thesis that, in the period treated of, amiable editors and militant matrons required all representations of the world to be impeccably pink, and firmly ignored the existence of a certain ugly and putrescent purple, not to mention a sanguinary scarlet. By the way, it won't surprise you that I sympathize entirely with those amiable editors, in view of the present-day developments in the matter and diction of fiction. But all that is another story, irrelevant to Whistler's witticism.'

'Whistler,' I repeated musingly. 'A very modern art dealer told me the other day that if he arranged an exhibit of Whistlers nobody would come to it.'

'"Nought may endure but Mutability,"' said the Old Gentleman. 'But to return to my grievance: the popularity of this clever book has, accidentally or not, fixed upon the entire poetic expression of ten years the undeserved reproach of a pretentious feebleness, striving for unattained effects. Have n't you noticed the headings of current patronizing reviews — "A Mauve Survival," "The Recrudescence of Mauve," and so on?'

I saw his mounting indignation, and endeavored to divert his thought. 'In spite of Whistler and all his butterflies,' said I, 'the color mauve is a delight. I saw some pleasant remarks upon it lately in that charming book by Mary Webb containing "The Spirit of Joy." Her list of lovely mauve flowers is like a flower passage from an Elizabethan pastoral, or something in Bacon's "Essay on Gardens."'

'Some day,' said he, stubbornly clinging to his grievance, 'I shall make a very choice little anthology, and call it "Mauve Garden"; and the object of the collection shall be to show that the poets of the derided decade were *not* striving for false effects of imperial grandeur. They were not *trying* —'

'Though you find that the casual reviewers *are*,' I interpolated. He took no notice of the petty torpedo I had placed on the track of his mind; and I felt ashamed. 'By all means, carry out your idea,' said I. 'It will be a delightful task to gather your mauve flowers. Now, for instance?'

'Why, of course,' said he, 'one thinks immediately of the poems in *A Branch of May* and *A Handful of Lavender*. Even the satirist here' — he tapped his book — 'has a respectful reference to "the quiet lady in Baltimore, with her definite sincerities."'

'Long may her cherry branches wave, as they do in *White April!*'

'There were a number of others, not with us now,' he went on, 'true poets who looked into their hearts and wrote, without a straining effort — though as far as the modern reviewers are concerned, their names seem to have been writ in water. They were not artificial experimenters; they spoke in their own natural voices, though without the intonation now fashionable.' He was silent a minute, then resumed with a reminiscent smile. 'A few years ago, a contemporary and friend of mine collected his verses — all of the old type, written before 1900. A reviewer, presumably young, remarked that it was almost weird to open a book of verse which showed no trace whatever of the recent important influences; he mentioned realism, imagism, the vogue of *vers libre*, and, I believe, *Spectrism*. (I hope you recall Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan, the make-believes of that delectable hoax in 1916?) You see, the critics now require that one's poetry should not be "derivative" from the past; they prefer that it should be derivative from the future.

'Oh, I shall easily enough fill up my garden plots! I could name you offhand a dozen poets of the nineties,'— he proceeded to do so, — 'accomplished craftsmen in their day, sincere and noble souls —'

'Ah, that's the trouble, no doubt, from the standpoint of to-day,' said I. 'It's really bad form now to let one's noble soul loose in one's poetry; it is sure to get shot at, like the angel in Wells's *Wonderful Visit!* But is n't it rather absurd, anyhow, now that Time has been authoritatively annihilated, to insist that the product of a given period in time was all of the same color? What color word could you properly apply to the present decade?'

'If I had to decide that question,' he answered, 'I should experience the embarrassment of the legendary chameleon which tried to adapt itself to a Highland plaid.'

'I should like to see your anthology when it is ready,' said I. 'But what about a publisher?'

He sighed. 'We are such dependent creatures!' said he. 'Faith, I'll have it printed myself, and bound in mauve and silver — and you and I and Narcissa will read it.'

PROJECTED PROEM TO 'MAUVE GARDEN'

Friends, who so long your sight have fed,
  Avid, on flowers of franker hue,
Calendulas of orange-red,
  Gay tulips, cornflowers boldly blue,
Perchance you now have lost the power
To pleasure in a paler flower.

Behind this locked exclusive gate
  My seasonable sweets arise;
The lavender sweet peas await
  Elect appreciative eyes;
Hyacinths grace the young year's prime,
Faint asters, the autumnal time.

Here blooms the violet heartsease,
  Choice, in her corner fenced with box;
Here, Canterbury bells for bees;
  There, Shakespeare's silvery lady-smocks;
Tall foxgloves, nodding by the wall,
And heliotrope, best scent of all.

And, when the sunset's floating rose
  Has paled to mauve, on paths oft paced,
From flower to flower kind Memory goes,
  Like Collins' Evening, votaress chaste.
— You too might walk with her, with me:
But she alone could give the key.

THE JOY OF THE OPEN ROAD

STOP a minute, Edith. Pull out to the side and back up to the house where the sign is. No, not the 'Tourists Eats' sign; you are n't hungry again, are you? It's the one behind that — there, 'Antiques.' Now don't sag at the shoulders in that disagreeable way. I've only stopped three times this afternoon, and when we're up at the lake and you want to ask some of the girls in to luncheon you'll be awfully glad if I have eight Bennington plates to set the table with. I have seven now, with the two I got yesterday, and if I can find just one more we have it. You'd like to run in for a minute, would n't you, Georgia?

Don't say a word about Bennington after we get there. I'm going to ask if she has any milk glass. They always raise the price of the first thing you ask for if they think that's what you really want, and anyway it's a good plan to ask for something you think they have n't got, so you can get out easily if they have n't anything you want to buy. Not that you can always tell. Lucia's whole collection of bleeding-heart glass is made up of pieces she hoped they did n't have.

Oh, good afternoon. Yes, I'd like just to look around a little. You have n't any milk glass, have you? You know, that whitish-looking stuff. I'm trying to get a plate shaped like a fish, for olives. Oh yes, they used to make them. Well, if you have n't any I expect we'd better go. Come, Edith. Oh, by the way, what are those brown plates over there? I don't suppose they amount to anything, but they're sort of funny-looking. Bennington, did you say? What an extraordinary name! I never heard of that before, did you, Georgia? What's that jug thing of the same color? A what? Oh, but I don't think you could use it for flowers on the table if it's a cuspidor. Still, there are lots of people who would n't have any more idea than I did of what it was, and it is a nice shape for flowers. When I first used those china setting hens for soup I did n't like the idea a bit, — you see, we used to *keep* chickens when I was younger, — but now that everybody's doing it I've really quite got over the notion. How much are those brown plates? Four dollars *apiece?* Mercy, I could n't think of getting those. No, no.

What's that white goblet over there? Oh. No, I thought it just might be a piece of blackberry glass. I did n't want it myself, but they're selling in Chicago for eighteen dollars apiece. It's ridiculous, but ever since that Senator's wife began to collect them that's what they are. She does n't seem to care what she pays. Yes, it's the same one. They used to be given away with groceries, you know. Last month when I was motoring through Pennsylvania I asked a man if he had some and he said he'd just shipped his last West. I think it's dreadful the way people run up prices like that. And half the time people do it when they have n't the slightest intention of buying. At that same place I saw a nice piece of Stiegel (Nellie would have loved it), and when I asked how much it was he said two hundred and fifty dollars. When he saw me gasp he said, 'And guess who it was told me it was worth that!' He went to his desk and handed me an envelope, and there in the corner was 'Henry Ford.' Now I don't mind Ford's buying antiques; I think it's awfully nice for a business man to have an outside interest (I only wish Harry cared for them a little more); and I'm crazy to see Ford's new Detroit Museum; but if he is n't going to buy something I don't see why he has to go and put it out of sight for the rest of us. I'd hate to tell you how much I spend every year on antiques as it is. Of course I get some of it back because I do dispose of things every now and then when they don't seem to fit in any more. You know that man who has that new shop over on the North Side that I pointed out to you the other day? He asked me if I belonged to the dealers' association, just because I dropped in to see if he would have any use for those pulled-in rugs I got East and that Windsor chair that used to be on the porch and the little lowboy from the dining room. Imagine! I said I certainly was n't a dealer and walked right out. But if you don't mind, when we get back, I wish you'd go in and price the silhouette that's hanging on the right-hand side of his window. I was looking at it just when he said that to me, and I'm pretty sure it's an old one. Of course it is n't anything you'd want yourself, but you could get it and I'd pay you and he'd never know I'd been back.

Did you say those what-you-call-'em Bennington plates were four dollars apiece? What would they be if I took all three of them? Twelve dollars! Could n't you make it any less? Well, if you could n't, I guess you'd better wrap them up for me and I'll go along. Edith seems to be sitting on the front step all lopped over. It's funny the way that child seems to be so easily tired sometimes and so strong others. She can play golf all afternoon and never seem to feel it, but these drives just wear her out. I suppose it's having to keep her mind on the traffic all the time.

Here's the money. Thank you. Come, Georgia. Edith, you can take this out to the car for me. Why, put it anywhere, only be careful it does n't bump against that lamp chimney or my pair of brown bottles — they're the ones that are wrapped in a funny paper, remember. I think it would go on top of my suitcase, and that fireback I bought this morning will keep it from slipping.

You know, Georgia, I want to talk to you about an idea I've had. What would you think of our running an antique shop together up at the resort? You know you felt just as strongly as I did about the prices that that woman charged who had one three years ago — it was awful; and nobody's tried it since. Of course I think one ought to get a fair return on one's money — I thought it would be about right if we'd double what we pay for things; then we could rent that cute little cottage cater-corner from the post office and still have a little money to pay the girls to go down if there were afternoons when we did n't feel like it. What do you think? We can talk about it going along in the car, for perhaps we'd better not stop again this afternoon — it's getting on and we ought to get to Crossing City before dark on account of that bad place in the road. At least we'll *plan* not to stop, but if we see a place with lots of china I might want just to take a peek. You see, with these new plates I have ten, and it would be awfully nice to complete the dozen, would n't it?

THE BABAW CLUB

IN the propaganda material I am putting out as secretary of the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club — I call it the Babaw Club for short — reference is made to the Great Glacial Epoch, when ice pushed down and covered most of the world thousands of feet deep, ending all life and making everything awfully stupid. On page 2 there is an excellent picture showing the glaciers making things uncomfortable for even such tough old creatures as the mammoth and the sabre-tooth tiger. The picture shows these animals and some people that look like Adam and his family fleeing before the onrushing glacier. One of the family is falling down and you feel very sorry for him. You think the glacier will get him.

On pages 4 and 5 of the pamphlet is a chart or graph more or less resembling a side hill leading up to the top of Fujiyama or Pike's Peak. This represents the increasing output of printed books in the United States from 1776 to 1930 inclusive, with a dotted line showing the estimated further increase from 1931 to 1999. With this, on page 3, are statistics compiled by the Obliging Statistics Corporation, proving that if the present rate of increase in book production continues until 1999 the entire surface of the United States will be covered 10,000 feet deep with books, only the tops of the highest mountains not being covered. This is called the Great Book Glaciation Period, and on page 7 is a picture of what looks like William Lyon Phelps and a women's club fleeing before the onrushing book flood. One of the ladies is falling down. The thought of her fate gives one quite a pang.

On page 16 (the last page) is a blank with a dotted line on which you can indicate your desire to join the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club by sending five dollars. This pays the secretary's salary.

Of course, no one in the office of the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club believes in the book glacier. That is merely propaganda and has been made strong for an evident purpose, but in organizing the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club I have been motivated by the best of emotions. I asked myself, 'Why am I buying an automobile and no books? Why am I buying radio sets, fresh roasted peanuts, socks, oysters in season, and coal, but no books?' The answer was that my shelves were full of books, my tables were piled with books, and books were stacked on the floor and peeked out from under the sofa. I could buy no more books because I had no more room.

'Fellow,' I said to myself seriously, 'this is bad. If this state of things continues, you will soon be out of the current of culture and become illiterate and dumb, and that will be a nice state of things, won't it?' I took time to consider what answer to make, and then I said, 'Yes.'

The briefest further thought showed me that with all the bookshelves in the United States jammed to capacity with books no one would be buying books. The whole course of culture would be dammed, advance would be dammed, progress of thought would be dammed, the world's thinkers would be dammed, you would be dammed, and I should be dammed. It was a serious outlook.

The remedy, I saw immediately, was to burn books.

On the shelves of every man's library are books he does not care a cent for and does not want, but he leaves them there because he lacks the courage to get rid of them. It was here, I saw, that the mob spirit must be invoked. The solution of the problem was to organize a Burn-a-Book Club, every member pledged to burn a book at a certain specified time. In union there would be courage.

My first thought was to organize a Burn-a-Book-a-Day Club, but I saw that this might repel many who had but 364 books who would otherwise sign up for a year. They would say, 'How can I promise to burn 365 books (366 in leap year) when I have only 364 books?' — forgetting that they would probably buy a book or two as their shelves were relieved, and almost certainly be given a book at Christmas. On the other hand, if I made it a Burn-a-Book-a-Month Club, the vacant shelf places would no more than take care of the sendings of a Book-a-Month Club. Other books would be, as we psychologists say, sunk.

Burning a book a week seemed to me the best possible periodicity to adopt and I adopted it, setting Sunday night as the time for burning. On Sunday night the whole family should be gathered around the fireplace and, having spent the day with the Sunday newspaper, would be glad to burn any sort of reading matter. Having decided this, I made out and signed a membership card in the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club and set about choosing the first offering to the flames.

Immediately there was not a book in my house that I was willing to burn.

'I don't know what to burn,' I said to my wife, and she drew my head down and whispered in my ear. The book she mentioned was one I had hidden behind the bookshelves lest our children find and read it.

'Burn that one,' she said. 'It ought to be burned.'

'No,' I said firmly, 'I am going to keep that book. Some day it will bring us a lot of money from some collector of erotica. Already it is worth five times what I paid for it.'

'Very well, then,' said my wife, 'do your own choosing.'

The children, quite naturally, refused to allow the burning of any of their books, whether *Little Black Sambo*, *The Boobly Twins at School*, or *Ethel at Overmore*, although now they are reading Anatole France and Ernest Hemingway. My wife refused to let me burn *Birds of New England* or *How to Know the Mushrooms*. I could not part with any of my collection of Americana or my several hundred autographed and association books. Whenever I picked up a novel someone said, 'No, Father, I may want to read that again.'

Finally I burned a copy of *Quo Vadis* that I had borrowed from George Barclay. It was one of a half-morocco set, but the morocco had become brittle and in my hands the back had come off the book, so I had never returned it. My advice to our club members is to burn first all the books they have borrowed. This gives no pang and gradually accustoms one to burning books.

I have now burned all my borrowed books, and this morning I have begun on an admirable source of supply that will keep the book fires burning in our home for many a week. This morning the flames licked up Heath's *Primary Arithmetic* and next Sunday they will curl around *An Introductory Latin Book Intended as an Elementary Drill-Book on the Inflections and Principles of the Language and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Reader and Latin Composition*, by Albert Harkness, New York, 1889.

To the flames anything is a book.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XIV

MRS. COURT raised no difficulties over Sarah's engagement. In fact, she seemed to be delighted with the idea of having Leigh for a nephew. She told Augusta that she believed she herself had brought about the match by her tact and understanding of the young people. Augusta was offended because of her plans for Finch and Sarah. She had an inward conviction that Mrs. Court was making the best of a bad job. If she had to lose an unpaid companion, she would get what credit she could out of the affair and trust that Sarah, in her future affluence, would not forget her kind old aunt.

At once Mrs. Court took a motherly tone with Leigh, was anxious about his paleness. She was having a course of cod-liver oil and begged him to join her in it. Leigh, always nervous in regard to his health, was persuaded. After each meal Ellen carried a small tray to Mrs. Court, on which were a bottle of the oil and a tablespoon. The rest of the party watched fascinated while she measured out the nauseous dose, turned away as she opened wide her thin-lipped mouth and gulped it, turned back again, with sickly smiles, to see her lick the spoon.

'It's all in getting used to it,' she declared. 'Once you are used to it, it grows on you.'

The moment Leigh consented to try it she ordered two tablespoons to be brought. She poured out his dose herself and trotted round to his side, balancing it on the spoon. He opened his mouth. She thrust it in. His expression of heroic suffering delighted Sarah. She threw one of her malicious looks at Finch.

Inside of a few days Mrs. Court could perceive an improvement in him. 'Is n't he getting a pretty boy?' she cried. 'I call him my poppet! My pretty poppet.'

It was arranged that Mrs. Court and Augusta should take Sarah to London to buy clothes for the wedding. Arthur was to accompany them.

When Nicholas and Finch found themselves alone at Lyming for a space they were pleased rather than otherwise. Nicholas had been finding it increasingly difficult to get on with Augusta. He was tired of Mrs. Court, her passion for bridge and playing accompaniments, her habit of taking cod-liver oil in public. He was tired of hearing her extol the virtues of Thomas Court and condemn the habits of Dennis, for he had disliked one and liked the other. Besides, he wanted an opportunity of seeing something of Eden and Minny. He resented the fact that because of Mrs. Court he could not have Eden come to see him at the Hall.

Nicholas suggested that they ask 'the lodge keeper and his lady,' as he called Eden and Minny, to spend the Sunday evening with them. The maids, excepting Ellen, would be out, and Ellen knew how to hold her tongue. 'Even if Augusta finds out that they've been here, I don't believe she'll mind much. Though she does wear a Queen Alexandra fringe, she dates from before Victorian days.' And, looking hard at Finch from under his shaggy brows, he added, 'I want to see Eden. I want to see Minny. I like the young folk about me.' Finch thought, 'Good Lord, he's at it again! It's a good thing Uncle Ernie is n't here.

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[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column.—EDITOR

It upsets him so to hear Uncle Nick being like Gran.' He agreed that it would be jolly to have a little party.

The two from the lodge arrived looking tidier than Finch had yet seen them. Minny, poor girl, had got a new frock of summer silk, purchased through the advertisement of a London shop's July sale. Eden had himself trimmed her thick hair. And, surely enough, there were the dabs of rouge on her ears!

'I've turned barber!' Eden exclaimed. 'How do you like Minny's hair?'

'I like her ears,' said Nicholas, and pinched one.

Minny caught his hand. 'May I call you Uncle Nick?'

'My dear! What else should you call me?'

There was hilarity at supper. Eden swore that it was the first good meal he had had in months. Minny cooked so badly, he said, that he had to do most of it himself. But it was impossible to offend Minny. Like the yielding fulfillment of hot July itself, she opened her mouth, and laughter and breath as sweet as clover issued from it. Nicholas was generous with Augusta's best wine.

After supper Nicholas and Eden talked, and Finch and Minny listened. Then there was music, and the talkers listened.

On the way back to the lodge Minny said, holding tightly to Eden's arm, 'Oh, darling, would n't it be thrilling if we owned a place like that!'

'We never shall, my child,' he answered. 'You and your poet must sing on other people's doorsteps.'

When the others came back from town all was haste and preparation for an early wedding. Leigh was nervously intolerant of delay. The pangs of his love could not brook the loss of summer weeks with Sarah as his bride. His mother and sister were in British Columbia. His mother had had an illness and it would be some time before she could make a long journey. He would have liked to be married in a registry office, but neither Augusta nor Mrs. Court would hear of any such thing. The wedding might be simple, the guests few, but it must be properly done. Augusta thought it augured well for their happiness that Renny and Alayne had been married from her house the year before. Only people from the neighboring houses and a few friends of Leigh's from London would be present.

Since Sarah's coldness had melted into love under Arthur's passion, Finch wondered at his friend's feverish unrest. He looked tired after the week in London. Suddenly one day he confided to Finch: —

'I often feel as though she were slipping away from me. I've never been quite so near her again as that first day by the stile. I feel half frightened. . . . And irritated. . . . Then I'm angry at myself. She's so absolutely sweet and adorable. Yet she puzzles me. I think when I've had her in the flesh it will be different. We've disagreed about the honeymoon. I wanted to go to Norway, but no — she wants to go to the sea. Some place quite near here. She hates society. She scarcely spoke to my friends in London when I brought them to see her.'

'Has she ever told you about her childhood?' asked Finch.

'Nothing except that she was orphaned at thirteen, and that Mrs. Court adopted her then — educated her, took her traveling. My feeling is that Sarah has no spark of gratitude toward her for what she's done. I think she's an old dear.'

Finch hesitated as to whether or not he should tell Arthur of the manner of Dennis Court's death. A longing to keep something of Sarah secret to himself prevented him. If she had wanted Arthur to know of her strange childhood, she would have told him. In any case, Finch's conversations with her in the garden were his own to forget or to meditate on as he chose. He was glad that she had told Arthur nothing.

'I agree with Sarah,' he said. 'I can't think of anything better than a honeymoon on the seacoast here. Renny and Alayne had a cottage in Cornwall for a month and they were awfully keen about it.'

'I like the idea of a cottage. I must speak to Sarah about it.'

They hired a motor, for the keeping of one was an extravagance Augusta did not allow herself, and went into Cornwall. They sought out agents and had one disappointment after another. All desirable places had been let months ago. It was within a few days of the wedding, and Leigh was in despair, when an agent in Polmouth told him of a house belonging to a well-off, retired Cornish farmer. It was a fine house, he said, vastly superior to the places that were usually to let. The two youths rattled off in their hired car to inspect it.

It stood on the outskirts of the town, in its own garden, a square, ugly house, with white sun blinds and curtains gleaming frostily behind each polished pane. Not a fallen leaf lay in the spruce garden, not an atom of dust within. They were shown into the dining room, where, seated on the mahogany chairs upholstered in crimson plush, they were critically interviewed by the lean husband. With a hard, quizzical gleam in his small eyes, he sat entrenched behind the dining table, tapping on it with his spectacles while the rent was discussed. The plump wife, with a yearning beam in her large eyes, sat silent, with submissively folded hands. Finch soon discovered that her chance of visiting her married daughter in Scotland depended on the letting of the house. Something in the Cornishman roused a feeling of antagonism in Leigh. Finch was astonished to hear him haggle over the rent. There were periods of terrible silence while they sat at grips, the old man tapping with his spectacles, Leigh looking stony. By the time all was settled and the rent had been reduced by twenty-two and six a week, Finch and the wife were in a state of abject depression.

Leigh and the Cornishman were suddenly beaming, pleased with each other. Finch thought, 'I begin to see why Arthur's people all made money.' Yet, Arthur was so extravagant. Finch and the wife smiled at each other and drew sighs of relief.

In the car Leigh threw himself back with a gesture of dismay.

'To think,' he ejaculated, 'that I should be taking my lovely Sarah to such a mausoleum! It seems too bad to be true! Did you see the dreadful whiteness of the bedrooms? Why did you let me do it?'

'I don't think it will be so bad,' comforted Finch. 'Look at that, and you'll see how little the house matters.' He pointed to the sea, stretching to the blue horizon in an incalculable multitude of advancing foam-fringed waves. 'You should worry,' he grinned, 'about lace curtains and texts on the walls!'

Arthur looked out; his face brightened. 'Is n't it glorious! Oh, if only you were going to be with us to enjoy it, too!' His eager eyes turned to Finch with a compelling look. 'There is no reason on earth why you should n't.' He smote Finch on the leg. 'You must! You must! Think of those fine white bedrooms! Don't refuse me this, Finch! You've no idea how much I want you.'

'Well,' said Finch, 'it's the rummest suggestion I ever heard. To want to take your best man on your honeymoon! Why, Sarah'd never stand for it. It would be awfully upsetting for her. A honeymoon is about enough for a girl to take on, let alone a groomsman thrown in!'

'Rot! Sarah would love to have you. She likes you tremendously — she's told me so. And it's not only that we'd like to have you — there's something more. . . . I can't quite explain. . . . Finch, darling, I want your support. You may think that my love for Sarah has come between you and me. You're wrong. I think more of you than ever. And I want to have you near me in these weeks. I want the woman I love and the man I love beside me. I want the two different loves merged into one beautiful whole. I want our love to be as clear as the brightness of a three-pointed star. Do you understand?' He held one of Finch's hands tightly in his.

'But — had n't we better begin it a little later?' asked Finch. His very flesh and bones seemed to melt into some ethereal substance at Arthur's words, Arthur's touch, but he was assailed by doubt at the thought of sharing the honeymoon.

'No, we can't!' Arthur returned, fiercely. 'It's begun already. Now is the time to hold it to us. Cherish it. Make it part of us, don't you see?'

Finch felt rather bewildered, but he agreed. 'You won't want me right at the first, will you?'

'Of course we shall!' Arthur pulled his hat petulantly over his eyes. He relapsed into brooding silence.

The day of the wedding was a day of soft rain. Everything felt warm and damp to the touch. The pensive air held the sound of the wedding chimes as though reluctant to let it go. The chimes beat, quivered, pulsed through the patter of the rain, and died at last in the mist of the moor. Arthur was delighted at the thought of giving money to bell ringers at his wedding.

Mrs. Court annoyed Augusta excessively by beating a tattoo with her heels throughout the service. Augusta shed a dignified tear or two, since there was no one else to do it. She had also done this for Renny and Alayne.

That part of the church not occupied by guests was filled by curious villagers and country people. They agreed that the groom was a pretty young man and that the bride was proud and cold. They thought that the best man was a kind-looking young man, but sad. An aged Court, almost stone deaf and with an appetite even greater than Finch's, came over from Ireland to give Sarah away. He evidently mistook her for some other great-niece, for he continually addressed her as Bridget.

At first Augusta and Mrs. Court had thought the idea of taking a third person on the honeymoon a far too unconventional one. Arthur persuaded them, however, that on the contrary it was really one of archpropriety. Sarah herself was acquiescent. The thought of a house near the coast pleased her, for her aunt's house was inland and she longed for the sea.

XV

They were taking their first picnic to the shore. After three days of wind and rain the sun shone warmly and a period of tranquil summer weather was foretold. The wings of the gulls shone between sea and sky of equal blueness. All the life of Polmouth that had retreated, damp and discouraged, to the shelter of its slaty roofs now leaped out rejoicing. The links were dotted with figures of golfers with upraised bare forearms. On the downs the black-faced sheep exposed the dampness of their wool to the sun. On the porches of the boarding houses appeared rows of drying bathing suits.

'What a pity,' said Leigh, 'that we have no bathing suits! We must buy some in the town.'

After that they went bathing almost every day, the limbs of Arthur and Finch turning a ruddy brown, and Sarah's a pale coffee color. She bought a black bathing cap that fitted closely about her face, which looked like a strange pale flower appearing from its dark sheath. They had almost to carry her down the steep steps cut in the rock. She relaxed in their arms like a young child, seeming to give no thought to the difficulty of the descent. The cave was assigned to her for a chamber, while they undressed in a sand-strewn crevice of the cliff. Then she must be guided among the small sharp rocks jutting from the sand. Finch cast a shy look at her legs, wondering that she was not able to make better use of them. They were thin but shapely. When she was safely on the sands that gleamed like wet brown satin she glided at her accustomed pace to the surf.

When it was too cold to bathe they built a fire of driftwood in a sheltered coign of the cliff and boiled a kettle for tea. It was at these times only that Sarah attempted to give any assistance. She would stand sheltering the fire from the wind with her shawl until it began to crackle and the flames licked about the kettle. They would sit smoking, while Leigh talked happily, watching the sun sink into the sea, cloud flakes, like a flock of butterflies, drifting above it.

As the sultry days passed, their gayety was tempered by pensiveness which grew into a faint melancholy, making them sit silent in each other's company, feeling troubled, they knew not why.

Toward the end of the month they were caught in a sudden squall. It was Sunday, and there were many people abroad. In order to escape these they walked to a point more distant than any they had reached before. They sat on the brow of a cliff enjoying the new view of headland beyond rocky headland stretching northward. Vast cloud formations were reared like cities gilded and glorified by the sun's splendor, then were disintegrated, dissolved before their eyes, leaving the sky a tranquil arch of unbroken blue.

The squall, the driving rain, were on them before they had time to do more than collect their belongings and run to the shelter of a hedge. They huddled together while wind and rain beat on them. Near by a flock of sheep took refuge.

When the worst was over they set out on the walk back, wet, but rather exhilarated by the experience. The twilight was silvered by rain. Dense clumps of furze loomed black as pools before them. The boys ran down the long slopes of the downs with Sarah between them. She ran, as she walked, with a peculiar gliding motion that left her upper part immobile. Finch had the fancy that she was on wheels, and that he and Arthur were drawing her. His nerves were intensely alive.

As they were passing through a gap in a high hedge, they made out the figures of two people who had found refuge there. They did not seem to be in a hurry to leave the shelter. The woman lay with her head toward the hedge, and the man, raised on his elbow, beside her. They were oblivious of the three who were passing. Finch saw the bulk of the man's shoulders and the movement of his arm as he caressed the woman. They were shadows thrown against a wall of rain. The woman half sat up. The man's head, bent above her, was as motionless as the head of a gargoyle on a church tower. She sank back.

'Heavens, what a night!' exclaimed Leigh, when they had passed through the gap. 'What a night, and what a place for love!'

'I can think of worse nights — and worse places,' said Sarah. 'Have you my shawl safe, Arthur?'

'I have it, and it 's as safe as anything is.'

He spoke crisply, feeling suddenly irritated by her, irritated by Finch, by the rain that was trickling down his neck.

Finch thought of the two by the hedge. They must be soaked through, but they would be unaware of the discomfort. They were lying there wounded, shot through by the fire of love. They were natural — that 's what they were. People were n't intended to go into houses, to hide themselves away from the rain and the blown spray of the sea. He gloried in it wetting his cheeks, plastering his hair on his forehead. For the first time in his life he gloried in his maleness, feeling it strong and untamed and bitter within him. He gloried in the feel of Sarah's fingers caught in his, clinging to him for support and guidance, in the jolt of their bodies together as they passed over a rough bit of ground. He felt a creeping antipathy for Arthur. It crept through him like a slow fire through grass, sending a choking feeling like smoke through his being. He would like to order Arthur to go on alone, to leave Sarah and himself together. . . . He would kiss the raindrops from her face. He would know what it was like to be kissed by her. . . . Heavy hatred for Arthur surged through him. He was afraid of himself — afraid of what the storm and the sight of those two in the hedge had done to his mind. . . . He remembered Arthur's saying, 'You are both Courts. You have the same ancestors behind you.' That must be the explanation of something wild in them both. . . . If only he might talk to Sarah alone!

Not watching where he was going, he stepped into the opening of a burrow, hidden in grass, and fell headlong, almost dragging the others with him. When he gathered himself up he found that his ankle was strained. He could walk no farther. He sat down on a low crumbling wall and nursed his ankle. The rain was ceasing and the faces of Sarah and Arthur were pale disks in the glimmering moonlight.

'You must stay here while I go and fetch a car,' Arthur said, in a flat voice. He felt no sympathy for Finch's suffering, only irritation. The three had been isolated too long in each other's company. 'Sarah will wait with you.' He was glad to leave Sarah behind, to put down the heavy basket on the wall beside her. He set off gloomily toward the blurred lights of the town below.

They listened to the soft suck of his retreating steps. Sarah took her shawl from the basket and wrapped it round her. Her nearness, the consciousness that they were shut in by the walls of the night, made Finch forget the ache in his ankle. This was a pain that obliterated all others.

She said, 'This is as it used to be — in the garden.'

'It's not at all as it was there.'

'Why is n't it?'

'Because now I'm mad about you.'

'And you were n't then?'

'I don't know. Perhaps I was. But I did n't realize it. Now it 's too late.'

'I've loved you all along. From the first day you played my accompaniments.'

'Sarah!' His voice broke. He tried to see her face. 'You loved me, and married Arthur!'

'You did not ask me.'

'You did n't give me time.'

'You never made a sign. You say yourself that this is different — that you don't know what your feelings were then.'

'But you! You knew yours!'

'What could I do?'

'Could n't you have made a sign? Don't women let men know? Never once — never once did you give me any intimation that you cared for me!'

'I met you almost every night in the garden. You knew I was deceiving my aunt.'

'But a word — a look! You were as cold as ice! I don't believe you love me! You just want to torture me.' He buried his face in his hands.

'I love you more than you love me.'

He gave a bitter laugh. 'What do you know of love? Marrying one man — loving another!'

'What do *you* know? It's new to you. It's partly the night — the storm — those lovers we saw. You're excited.'

'You're as cold as ice. As cruel. And what a shame for Arthur — if what you say is true!'

'He need not know.'

'He will know. He's too sensitive not to find you out. Even now — he's not happy.'

'Did he tell you so?'

'No, but I feel it.'

'He will be happy again when we are away from you.'

'Yet it was Arthur who insisted on my coming! And you let me come — loving me?'

'You said just now that you do not believe I love you.'

'I was wrong! You do love me, Sarah! Oh, my darling, beautiful Sarah! Tell me you love me!'

She put her arms about him. In the darkness they kissed. A mighty primeval urge rose to them from the earth. The triumphant beating of their hearts almost stifled them. A great wave thundered on the beach and filled the night with its murmuring.

Finch tore himself from Sarah's arms. 'We must not!' he gasped. 'Arthur — my best friend — never again! . . . We must forget all this — never let him guess — that I — that you — '

Sarah folded her arms under her shawl. She gave her small, mysterious smile.

XVI

Mrs. Court surveyed them critically. 'Arthur is the only one,' she said, 'who looks the better for the stay by the sea. But probably it was that dosing of cod-liver oil I gave him that put flesh on him. Finch's cheeks look more hollow than ever. As for Mouse, she looks exactly the same. Let her bask in the sun or live in a hole, she's always the same — Mouse and Mole!'

The young people stood looking down at her, the youths rather shamefaced before her scrutiny, her niece as aloof as ever.

'The house depressed Sarah,' said Arthur. 'If you had seen the house, you would not have wondered that she could not play in it. But it did n't affect Finch. His music is its own roof and walls. He used to play to us in the evenings while we sat by the fire.' He told them then how they had changed the aspect of the house in the first hour of arrival and how they had forgotten the original position of things when they set about restoring it at the last.

'You can picture Finch and me,' he laughed, 'running distractedly about with antimacassars in our hands trying them first in one place, then another, discovering that they looked natural nowhere. There was a doormat with "Watch and Pray" on it and we tried it in seventeen doorways before we found the right one.'

'And which was the right one?' demanded Augusta.

'Ah, Lady Buckley, don't ask me. Let me tell you about the aspidistras! There was a large one in a glazed pot in each of the principal rooms. Finch agreed to take them all into his bedroom. I don't know what he did to them, but they grew so that when we carried them out they would scarcely pass through the door. His room looked like a jungle.'

'In my house,' observed Mrs. Court, 'I

have three aspidistras, nine begonias, and fifteen cactuses.'

'Cacti!' boomed Augusta.

'I call 'em cactuses. Funguses, cactuses. I never did like la-di-da pronunciations.'

'What is the plural,' asked Ernest, 'of candelabrum? I mean the sensible, unaffected plural.'

'Brums,' answered Mrs. Court curtly, but she eyed him with suspicion.

Soon she carried off Sarah and Arthur to another room where she could question them without interruption.

'Well,' said Nicholas, when the door had closed behind them, 'I can't imagine what young Leigh saw in that girl.'

'She is certainly a very strange person,' agreed Ernest. 'She says almost nothing, yet one feels she thinks too much. She seems to be amiable, but one wonders what is behind it all. One feels baffled.'

Finch asked, 'Have you heard from home while I have been away?'

'Yes,' answered Nicholas, 'and not good news. Meggie has not been well. It will be necessary for her to have an operation, the doctor says.'

Finch was aghast. 'An operation! But wh-what's the matter? I had n't heard of anything wrong with Meggie.'

'Well, I don't think it's anything very serious. Something that has been troubling her since Patience was born. But it will be worrying for them.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Ernest. 'Poor Meggie!'

Poor Meggie? Finch's heart contracted with fear for her. And there his uncles and aunt had sat discussing this and that as calmly as though all were well at home! How callous, how self-absorbed they were! And they had no secret trouble such as he had.

He had had no peace of mind since the scene on the downs. He had suffered shame, wild desire which there was no hope of assuaging, and an unreasoning, bitter anger against both Sarah and Arthur. He had sat by the hour brooding on what had passed between himself and Sarah. In tacit understanding they had avoided each other, but one look into that face, mysterious as a closed flower, was enough to set his nerves on fire.

And now there was this worry over Meggie! No love could make him unheedful of Meggie, so tender, so unselfish, so kind. Did Eden, he wondered, know of it? He did not ask the others whether they had told Eden, but set out at once toward the lodge, moving slowly with the aid of a stick.

As he limped down the drive he noticed how things were beginning to take on the appearance of late summer. The climbing roses that half hid the lodge had attained their full growth of the season.

He found Minny swaying indolently in a hammock hung between two apple trees. The lichen-covered trees were so old and bent that they tottered under the weight of Minny's fresh, exuberant form. She looked up at Finch smiling, mirth in her oddly colored slanting eyes.

'Did you enjoy yourselves? Was it a nice honeymoon?'

Finch answered seriously.

'Yes, I enjoyed it very much. The sea bathing was glorious.'

'You did n't find yourself *de trop?*'

Finch gave a little laugh and began gently to swing the hammock. 'You'd better ask them that.'

'Even Eden,' said Minny, 'thought you were an unconventional lot.'

'I suppose we are, but Arthur and I are such pals. He's a curious fellow. Very sensitive and easily upset.'

Minny burst out laughing, then pressed her hand to her mouth, glancing fearfully at the lodge, where Eden was writing.

'Minny,' asked Finch, rocking her a little harder, 'what do you think of my cousin? Do you like her?'

'Very much. I think she's the most striking girl I've ever seen. But I don't think they're suited to each other. I don't think she'll make him happy.'

Finch turned away his face. He watched a flock of rooks wheeling above the park.

Minny continued, 'You and she would have been much better suited in my opinion. I know I should n't say that, but I'm hopelessly candid.' She looked curiously into his face, but for once it revealed nothing.

'I strained my ankle,' he said, tapping his boot with his stick, as though forcibly to attract her mind from the dangerous subject of Sarah.

'Oh, what a pity!'

'It's nothing. What is worrying me is some bad news about my sister. She's not well. She's got to have an operation.'

'I have heard of that already. You must n't worry. I'm sure she will be quite all right. She complained when I was with her, but I don't think it was anything serious.'

She was made for the comforting of men, Finch thought. Her very tone gave him reassurance. The relaxed curves of her body gave him a feeling of tranquillity.

'How kind you are, Minny!' His hand dropped to hers. She clung to it, swinging herself by it, smiling up at him.

When, after a few days, Arthur persuaded Sarah to go on a motor trip and they left for London to buy a car, Finch said good-bye to her almost apathetically. He had no desire to experience again the passionate emotions she had aroused in him. Between him and Leigh an inexplicable coolness had arisen, in which each felt that the other was the withholder of confidence.

Two days after their departure Mrs. Court returned to Ireland. She already had in her mind another niece to take Sarah's place.

XVII

Nicholas and Ernest decided to return to Jalna while the fair weather held. They went to London, intending to spend ten days there before sailing, but the ten days became a month and they ended by making the voyage in heavy gales toward the end of October. By the time all their expenses had been paid, Finch found that his present of a trip to them had been an expensive one. But he did not regret it. He scarcely felt interested in the fact.

Nicholas remarked to Ernest, 'The boy seems very down in the mouth. I think he should go up to London with us. He's really wasting his time in the country when he ought to be seeing life.'

'He's a strange, moody boy,' Ernest had replied.

'He ought to come up to London with us. He needs a change. He's a bundle of nerves like his poor flibbertigibbet mother.' The shadow on Ernest's face, caused by his anxiety over Finch, deepened to gloom at what he could only consider Nick's mimicry of their mother.

But when they approached Finch on the subject of accompanying them he said that he wanted to remain in Devon. While Augusta was flattered by his desire to remain, the thought of being entirely rid of visitors was not unpleasing to her. She was afraid, too, that if Finch stayed behind she would see more and more of Eden and Minny. It was becoming the problem of her life how to get them to remove from the lodge. But she could not definitely ask Eden to go, since he had no money to go on. Really, she thought, what with two difficult elderly brothers in the house, and a fidgety friend like Mrs. Court, and a moody boy, she needed a rest.

Well, what was Finch going to do? Was he going to London later? Was he going to Paris or Rome? It was usual for young men to sow a few wild oats in these places, the elderly men suggested.

Yes, he would see those places later. Just now what he wanted was to be let alone. Soon after this Nicholas and Ernest left for the return journey.

Finch took long walks about the countryside. The ankle he had strained at the sea was still weak and he learned to ease it by the carrying of a stick. Soon the figure of the tall thin boy with the stick was familiar to all the neighborhood.

He came to hate the thought of Sarah. When the subject came up between him and Augusta he now disparaged her. 'She's a queer sort of girl,' he said once. 'I'm afraid poor Arthur has made a big mistake. I think he's going to find himself up against it. I should hate to be in his shoes.'

'I shall be very sorry if the match turns out badly,' said Augusta. 'He's such a nice boy. And I'm fond of Sarah, too. You know, dear, when you first came I thought you and Sarah were going to be fond of each other, but I see how mistaken I was. You never would have got on with her.'

'Get on with that girl! Never! I'm attracted by an entirely different sort. I like a girl that can be a pal to a fellow.'

This expression, as a matter of truth, was repugnant to him. The thought of a woman he loved being a *pal* to him was distasteful. He only used the word because it implied something so different from what Sarah was or ever could be.

Another time he said, 'You should have seen her walking on the downs, Aunt! There was no more freedom in her movements than in the movements of a Chinese woman. I don't know what's the matter with her, but she seems to be too tightly put together.' And almost at the next moment a pang of cruel desire for her went through him.

Leigh wrote to him dilating on the beauties of the Lake Country; then, a month later, France, where they were going to spend the winter. Finch read the letters greedily, noting how much Arthur wrote of what he was seeing and how little of what he was feeling. He fancied that Arthur wrote cautiously. He did not answer either letter. Leigh and Sarah both wrote several times to Augusta. Finch listened judicially, smoking his pipe, while Augusta read Arthur's letters aloud. But when she began to read Sarah's letter to him he exclaimed:—

'Please don't trouble to read her letters to me! I know just the sort of boring thing she'd write.'

'It's not at all boring,' said Augusta, as she reached the end. 'It's very bright.' She folded the letter and put it in her writing bureau.

When she had gone upstairs after lunch to lie down, Finch went to the bureau and took out the letter. He turned it over several times in his hands, then he opened it and read it. It was unexpectedly simple and girlish. He read and reread it, his eyes dwelling on the words 'Please remember me affectionately to Finch.' He went to the piano and played almost noiselessly, so as not to disturb his aunt, some of the pieces he had played with Sarah.

He saw her with the utmost clarity standing beside the piano with her violin under her chin. He could hear the piercingly sweet notes of it as in imagination he accompanied her. He could see her sweet secret mouth, the pinched elegance of her nostrils. He held his breath for fear her face would contort in the expression of agony which it sometimes assumed for him. But, as long as he played, it remained steadfastly serene and as though lighted by some inner radiance.

In the late autumn he heard of the stock-market crash in New York. He read the newspaper headings concerning it with very little emotion. Augusta was distressed when he told her that he had lost thirty thousand dollars. She blamed his brothers and hers for having allowed him to invest so much in a foreign country. Eden, too, was aghast. He told Finch that since it was his intention to throw away his money, he might as well throw some of it in *his* direction. Finch did not remind Eden that when he had first spoken of the investment Eden had applauded his initiative.

The mortgage on Vaughanlands which Finch had taken over was fifteen thousand dollars. The interest, payable twice yearly, was now due, and a letter in Maurice's handwriting arrived. He wrote:—

> I thought perhaps you would not mind waiting a bit for the money. Things have gone rather badly with me this year. And now this operation of Meggie's is giving me a lot of worry. I have had a large bill to pay to the doctor already, and the specialist who is going to operate will of course charge a big price. You can be certain that I care nothing about the cost if only he can bring her through it safely. They say the danger is not great, but one can never tell how those things will go. Meggie is as courageous as possible. She sends her best love. She would have written you long ago, but she has been ailing all summer. Patty is growing prettier all the time. The other day Meggie asked her, 'Where is Uncle Finch?' And Patty answered, 'In Heaven!' Well, I suppose Devon is almost heaven. You are lucky. I expect to be in hell for the next few days, at any rate. Meggie goes into the hospital to-morrow.
>
> Will you give my kind regards to your aunt. Meg and Patty both send love and kisses.
>
> Yours,
> MAURICE

Finch folded the letter with shaking hands. His Meggie, his darling sister Meggie, in such danger! Perhaps he would never see her again. . . . He remembered the time when he had been ill at Vaughanlands and she had sat by him and fed him as though he were a baby. He remembered the feel of her tender feminine hands on his hair, the ineffable sweetness of her smile.

Oh, she was so loving, so unselfish! If only all the brothers had been like her, how happy they might have been!

He reflected, as his mind calmed a little, that if she had not come through the operation he should have had a cable by now. Perhaps, some day soon, he would get a letter to say she was doing nicely. In the meantime better not say anything to Aunt Augusta to worry her. Though she knew the operation was pending, she did n't know of its imminence.

XVIII

Rain was steadily falling on the old house. It was a cold rain for the end of May and it fell, not in drops, but in a slanting sleet that beat against the panes and ran down them in rivulets to form puddles on the sills. The fact that the panes could not be seen through was a matter of no significance, for the eyelids of all in the house were closed in sleep. The changes worked on the flower beds, trees, and lawn by the rain, cold as it was, would not be observed until the morning sun revealed flowers from yesterday's buds, buds from yesterday's sheaths, leaves shaken out to full size, and grass in a thousand springing spears.

The rain entered the house at two points, the attic and the basement. Through rotted shingles it dripped into Finch's vacant room. Soon after Finch had gone abroad, Rags had placed a basin on the floor during a heavy rain, to catch the drip. He had not been in the room since, so he had not observed that the basin was full. Now the drops falling from the ceiling struck the water with a clear musical note, sending tiny ripples to the brim that overflowed silently on to the worn carpet. The daylight would show this room with a bereft air. Its furniture, most of which needed repairing, had been the ramparts of Finch's world. In the cupboard hung his worn clothes, still showing the impress of his body.

The rain came into the basement through a crack beneath a window, outside which it collected from the soaking ground above. From the window ledge it dropped with a smart rapping sound to the brick floor beneath. This sound, entering Rags's consciousness, caused him to dream that he was back in the trenches and that the Germans were bombarding the British position. His sleep became more and more troubled. His snores turned to gaspings, and Mrs. Wragge, awakened by his distress, put out her hand to quiet him. The result was the opposite of what she intended. The instant the large heavy hand was placed on his head he imagined that a fat German had captured him and he uttered a yell of fright.

Old Benny, the bobtailed sheep dog, who slept on a mat in the hall above, heard in his sleep the echo of the yell. He had been dreaming of a strange creature, half tramp and half sheep, that had been prowling about the shrubbery. He had been stalking it through illimitable spaces of time without its having perceived him. Suddenly it turned, peered at him with the face of a man, uttering at the same time the metallic bleat of a sheep. His hackle rose and with a sonorous growl he leaped and caught it by the throat.

Upstairs Nip slept in Nicholas's armchair. He refused to sleep anywhere but in his master's bedroom, and always had one ear cocked for the sound of the deep voice he loved. Now he was in his first sleep of the night and the sound of Ben's growl came up to him. It came as the voice of his master saying, 'Nip, Nip! Catch a spider, Nip!' He stood on the seat of the chair, quivering. He gave tremulous whines, part pleasure and part fear. His eyes were fixed on the door, though the darkness hid it from him.

Wakefield, snuggled against Renny's side, was the only one of the family who heard Nip's whining. He opened his eyes, saw that it was black night, heard the little quavering sound again, and shivered all over.

'Renny,' he whispered, tugging at his brother's sleeve. 'What's that noise?'

Renny grunted sleepily. 'Nothing. Go to sleep.'

'But I heard something strange. Like someone crying.'

'Mooey. Having a bad dream.'

Wakefield sat upright listening. Nip, at that moment, jumped from the chair to the floor and scratched at the door. 'There! Listen to that! There's something very queer going on.'

Renny, to satisfy Wake, got up and went

into the passage. He listened, but heard nothing. Nip had gone back to bed. Then the growl came again, from below. Renny remembered a loutish stableboy he had dismissed that day for kicking a horse. He had pitched him bodily out of the gate and the fellow had gone off shaking his fist. It might be as well to see that everything was all right downstairs. He lighted a candle and made the round of the principal rooms. All was quiet, Benny curled up again on his mat wagging his stub of a tail to show that he was quite capable of handling the situation.

The light from Renny's candle fell across Piers's face as he passed the latter's door. Piers's eyelids slowly raised and he looked sleepily about, wondering what had waked him. He was deliciously comfortable. An earthly tenderness was diffused through all his being. Pheasant's breathing came quick and soft beside him like that of a sleeping fawn. He drew her to him, his lips touching her bare shoulder.

It might be considered, then, that the falling rain which opened new flowers in the garden that night was also responsible for the conception of a new Whiteoak.

XIX

It had been many a long year since the family at Jalna numbered as few as six. It had taken those who remained some time to get used to the empty places at table. The vacancy left by the heavy figure of Nicholas was especially hard to get used to. Renny did not like it at all. It was like losing his grandmother over again to have her sons, whom he had always had at his side, go off like this. Alayne suggested that they take the leaves from the table so that they might draw closer together about it, but the idea was abhorrent to him. So he and she continued to sit facing each other across the long stretch of tablecloth on which stood the ponderous silver that made even breakfast seem a weighty meal. On one side of the table sat Pheasant and Piers, on the other Wakefield, looking very small and self-important.

'I'll tell you what we'll do,' ejaculated Renny one morning. 'We'll have Mooey take his meals with us. He's plenty old enough. Have a place set for him at dinner, Alayne. He can sit beside Wake.'

The thought of a child of barely three sharing the family meals was distasteful to Alayne. She pictured a crumby face and a baby voice reiterating demands for helpings of the grown-up food. She tried to keep her voice even and her expression unruffled, but both failed her. Her voice had a little rasp of irritation in it and a pucker appeared on her forehead as she answered, 'Don't you think Mooey is too small? I'm sure Pheasant does.'

Pheasant's first thought had been, 'Oh, how sweet to have the little darling at the table!' But when she found that Alayne did not want him she turned doubtfully to Piers and asked, 'What do you think? Is he too small?'

Piers, with a swift glance at Alayne's face, answered, 'Wake sat up at table when he was smaller.'

Renny broke into laughter at the recollection. 'Of course he did! I can just see him. All eyes. And Gran used to dip bits of biscuit in her wine and feed him.'

Alayne could imagine the scene. The old woman, even then past ninety, popping wet morsels into the mouth of the baby boy. She said sharply, 'Perhaps that is the reason why Wakefield's digestion is not stronger to-day.'

'Nonsense,' retorted Renny. 'Gran often said that she saved his life! He'd no appetite. It was only she who could tempt him.'

'I remember! I remember!' cried Wakefield. 'I'd be sitting between Meggie and my grandmother and I'd have no appetite at all. Meggie would be holding a spoon in front of me and I'd turn my face away and say, "No, no." And then Gran would lean over me and she'd look simply enormous with her cap and a shawl, and she'd say, "Open your mouth, Bantling." And I'd open it wide and she'd put the most *delicious* little blob of biscuit into it and the wine would run down my chin on to my bib!'

Rags had been an interested listener to the conversation. He was cognizant of every slightest change of inflection or expression. He now said, in his nasal voice: —

'I hope you'll pardon me speaking,

madam. But I 'ad just arrived at Jalna at that time. And it was always my opinion that the little boy might 'ave pined away an' died if 'e 'ad n't got the attentions 'e did from 'is grandmother. Coming right after the sights I'd seen in the War, madam, I thought it was the prettiest picture I'd ever seen.'

Alayne regarded him with icy disapproval. But Renny grinned up at him showing every tooth, resembling his grandmother to a degree very irritating to Alayne, though in this he was blameless.

Piers said, 'Well, of course there would be one advantage in having the kid take his meals with us. As it is, the kitchenmaid has to look after him just when she's needed in the kitchen, or he has to be down there during mealtime.'

'And always the dynger of getting scalded!' put in Rags.

Alayne looked into the marmalade jar. 'Please take this to the kitchen and have it filled,' she said sternly. 'It's been put on the table almost empty, and you can see what the edge is like.'

Rags gave her an astonished look as he took the jar, as though he would say, 'Well, who comes 'ere ordering me abaht!'

Since her return to Jalna as mistress, Alayne had been diffident about giving orders to Rags. It was easy enough to give orders to the cook or the kitchenmaid. They were respectful and friendly. But she felt a cold antagonism in Rags, a resentment, and a desire to thwart her at every turn. He was aware, she felt sure, of her dislike of his intruding into the conversation of the family, and consequently he intruded the more often. He was aware that she was sensitive to drafts, and it seemed to her that there was one in every room. In old Adeline's time she had felt stifled often for lack of air, but it seemed not to matter to the Whiteoaks whether the air they breathed was vitiated or a veritable whirlwind. Sometimes the presence of the little cockney in the house was almost more than she could bear.

When he had gone she said, 'I think Bessie can easily be spared at mealtime to look after Mooey. She gets the vegetables ready for cook, brings in the fuel, and after Pheasant goes to him Bessie is ready to wash up. I can't see that she is needed in the kitchen at mealtime.'

'That's quite beside the point,' said Renny. 'It's the servants' business to get their work done whether or no. I was talking about the look of the table. Too damned lonely.'

Wakefield, responsive to Renny's mood, exclaimed, 'I think the table looks awfully lonely!'

'Well,' said Alayne, 'I think you're the most sentimental people I've ever known. For my part I think we could be very cosy if only you would take the leaves out, as I suggested, Renny, and make the table smaller.' She had longed to speak sharply to Wakefield, but had managed to restrain herself.

Piers said, 'Where is the marmalade? It was here a moment ago.'

'I gave the jar to Wragge to have it filled,' said Alayne. Piers could not have failed to see her do it. He was doing his part to irritate her, evidently.

Piers looked at his wrist watch. 'Well, I must be off. I can't wait for it.'

'Oh, don't go without your marmalade, Piers!' said Pheasant, holding him by the sleeve. 'You're so fond of it. Do ring the bell, Wake, and hurry Rags along!'

Wakefield ran to the bell cord and pulled it violently. It was seldom used now and had become frayed and unable to bear strain. At the second tug it broke in his hand.

'Now, there,' exclaimed Renny, 'what are you trying to do?'

'There was no need to be so rough,' said Pheasant. 'Alayne, I do wish you had not sent the marmalade pot away before Piers had some. There was plenty in it for him.'

'Go to the top of the stairs and shout to Rags,' said Piers.

Wakefield, waving the end of bell cord, ran to the stairs crying, 'Rags! Hurry up!' Before he returned to the table, he ran twice around it, waving the cord.

'Sit down!' growled the master of Jalna, and he gave an apologetic grin towards Alayne's end of the table. His eyes avoided hers.

Rags came panting into the room.

'*Where* is the marmalade?' demanded Pheasant.

Rags looked injured.

'W'y, I was just fetching it, 'm, when first came the ring of the bell and right on top of that a shout. It gave me such a turn that I dropped it. I thought there must be something urgent, 'm.'

'It *is* urgent. Did you break the jar?'

'Well, 'm, I 'ope not. I know I was a bit long, but Mrs. W'iteoak,' he made a bow, half cringing, half impudent, to Alayne, 'she complained of the way the jar was washed, so I 'ad to find Mrs. Wragge to get 'er to wash it — the maid being upstairs minding the little boy, 'm — and I was just fetching it when the ring and the shout came.'

'Please bring some more, and hurry. Mr. Piers is waiting.'

Alayne sat silent, sipping her tea, trying to control her irritation, to conceal her hatred of the little cockney. She said to herself, 'It is nothing. I must not be easily upset. This is my life.' . . . A mental picture was presented to her of breakfast at her father's table. The little embroidered mats on the round polished table, the slender silver vase holding perhaps three roses, the fragile china, the grapefruit, loosened from its rind, sweetened and decorated with maraschino cherries by her mother the night before, the delicious coffee. Her father reading an editorial from the *New York Times* in his slow, precise New England voice. Her mother exquisitely neat, with her special digestive bread and her dish of stewed figs before her. Before Alayne was aware of it her eyes filled with tears.

Her thoughts were broken by the sound of Mooey's voice at the door. Rags was standing in the hall with the little boy on his sloping shoulder.

'Oh, what a nish brekkus!' Mooey was saying. 'Hello, Mummy! I've got a nish 'orsie to wide!'

Pheasant cried, 'Hello, darling!' Then: 'Why did you bring him down, Rags?' But she was obviously pleased.

Rags answered, ''E was cryin' 'is little eyes out, 'm, being left alone by Bessie for a bit while she went to answer the door, I being in the kitchen at the time, along o' the marmalade jar.'

'He deserves a licking for crying for that,' observed Piers, eating marmalade as though it were a delicacy he had never tasted before.

'Don't be such a harsh parent, Father,' said Pheasant.

'Don't Father me!'

Pheasant continued, 'But it is rather inconvenient taking Bessie from the kitchen to mind him when he'd be quite all right here, is n't it?' She cast a propitiatory glance at Alayne.

Wakefield exclaimed, through a mouthful of toast, 'Come to your old uncle, Mooey!'

'I want to go to Unca Renny,' said Mooey, holding out his arms.

Rags sidled into the room with the child. Renny took him on his knee.

It was a small thing, thought Alayne, but it showed their attitude toward her. They had all known that she did not want the child brought to the table, but his presence was to be inflicted on her nevertheless. The presence of such a young child was an infliction, she persisted in her mind. There would be still less possibility of sensible conversation now. Not that the conversation at Jalna was ever intellectually stimulating to her. But now she foresaw that the cleverness or naughtiness of a baby would be its centre. Renny was already looking pleased, feeding the child from his plate, Rags beaming down at them.

Alayne rose from the table. 'I think you will have to excuse me,' she said. 'I must see cook at once about the dinner.'

Renny half rose, still holding the child. He caught her dress as she passed and drew her to him. She went rigidly like an offended little girl. The moment he touched her, dignity seemed to fall from her. Her intellectual clarity made her aware of this, and, while she despised herself for her weakness, her resentment toward him increased. He held up his face to be kissed, his lips pouted, the darkness of his eyes deepened. She was in no mood to kiss him, still less in the presence of the family. She shook her head, compressing her lips.

His eyebrows went up. He formed with his lips, 'What's the matter with you?'

'Kiss him! Kiss him!' cried Mooey, tugging at her.

Alayne kissed Mooey instead. He had left a sticky mark on her sleeve where he clutched her.

'Don't mind us!' cried Pheasant gayly.

'I've never seen you two kiss and I'd love to.'

'Our form improves as the day wears on,' returned Renny.

Alayne was offended and she did not trouble to hide it. Yet as she descended the stairs to the basement she had the feeling of having been priggish.

Mrs. Wragge usually came upstairs for her orders. She greatly preferred to do this, for, as she put it to her husband, 'I don't want none of the ladies nosin' about in my kitchen. Miss Meggie, she stayed out of it. Mrs. Piers, she stays out of it. Now let Mrs. Renny stop out of it!'

Consequently Alayne received a very glum greeting when she appeared in the kitchen.

Holding her head high, she preceded the cook into the larder and began to investigate conditions there with a rather quaking spirit.

First of all was the smell. She did not like the smell at all.

'I don't see what it can be, 'm,' declared Mrs. Wragge, sniffing. 'There ain't nothing 'ere to smell. Bessie scrubs it out on 'er 'ands and knees every day of 'er life.'

'What is in this crock?' asked Alayne, lifting its lid. It was half full of biscuits and small cakes tossed in together. She picked up a biscuit. It was as limp as a bit of flannel. 'Don't you know,' she said severely, 'that biscuits should not be put in with cakes? After this, keep them quite separate.'

She saw butter on three different dishes, all uncovered. She saw a large bowl which had held preserves and now was empty but unwashed, with a lining of green mould, across which a spider scuttled. She saw a cheese half finished, while a fresh one was cut into. She saw milk and cream at every stage from that morning's to wrinkled sourness. Lifting a heavy silver dish cover, she discovered a roast of meat that was unquestionably the cause of the smell. For all these things she reproved Mrs. Wragge. When she discovered an old Staffordshire bowl filled with left-over beetroot, her reproof was inflamed to denunciation of such practices.

She went to the kitchen and drew Mrs. Wragge's attention to the blackened condition of the saucepans. She drew her attention also to the fact that the glazing on every one of the platters in the big platter rack was cracked from overheating.

Bessie was in the scullery plucking fowls. Their feathers whitened the floor like snow; they were even in her thick black hair and sticking to her plump neck. She was a pretty girl with a turned-up nose and full red lips. She got to her feet when Alayne appeared, looking rather frightened. She held a fowl by one leg, its ghastly beak touching the floor. Its fellows, already plucked, lay on the table beside her.

'Don't you think, Bessie,' said Alayne pleasantly, 'that it would be better if you were to have a box to put the plumage in?'

Bessie did not know what plumage was and she looked still more frightened.

Alayne remained a little longer, trying to talk cheerfully and arranging with Mrs. Wragge to have a tour of inspection of the basement once every week. Next time, she thought, it would be much easier. Then she would penetrate into the mysterious bricked passage that led to the wine cellar. She longed to see the place in perfect order. It would help to fill in the time to keep it so, for time often hung heavy on her hands. On the way to the stairs she passed a disheveled bedroom and had a glimpse of Rags making the bed, a cigarette in his mouth.

She felt tired, but not ill pleased with herself, as she went to her bedroom. She would show these servants that she was not a figurehead. She would show Piers and Pheasant that she was as much mistress of Jalna as Renny was master. She would show Renny. . . .

She was astonished to find Mooey in her room. He was standing in front of her dressing table and he had a tin of talcum powder in his hand. She saw that he was sprinkling all her toilet articles with the powder, that he had already whitened his hair, and that the rug and chairs showed what could be done with a single tin of talcum.

She was tired and irritated or she would not have been so sharp with him. 'Oh, you naughty boy!' she said, giving him a shake. 'Don't ever dare come into my room again!'

He looked up at her, tears springing to his eyes. He made his mouth square and uttered a howl of woe. She hustled him to the door and pushed him into the passage. As she turned back she saw that old Benny was lying in the middle of her new mauve silk bedspread. He was curled up tightly, one hazel eye rolled toward her, with an air that intimated that it would take more than her disapproval to budge him from this new-found nest.

It was perhaps the first time in Alayne's life that she had experienced the violence of primitive rage. She knew that Benny had fleas, for she often saw him scratching himself. And after last night's rain his paws were certain to be muddy. She snatched up a slipper and struck him sharply with the heel of it, first on the head, then on the stern. The effect of retribution on Mooey was as nothing compared to its effect on Ben. He screamed as though all the bad dreams he had ever had were come true. He jumped from the bed, leaving a dark moist imprint of himself, but instead of running out of the room he took refuge under the bed. From there, on hands and knees, Alayne was obliged to dislodge him with the slipper. By now she was almost beside herself. She followed him to the door and threw the slipper after him. He bounded down the passage yelping hysterically.

Mooey was still wailing. Pheasant appeared at the door of her room with the child in her arms.

'Why, Alayne! Mooey says you hit him! Whatever had he done?'

'He threw powder all over my room,' answered Alayne hotly. 'Really, Pheasant, he must not be allowed to go in there by himself. He's too mischievous.'

'Was that all?' said Pheasant coldly.

Renny came up the stairs with Benny mourning at his heels. 'What have you been doing to poor old Ben? I've never heard him make such a row.' When he saw Alayne's face he burst into loud laughter. She had got the talcum on her hands, then on her nose and chin. Her hair, for once, was ruffled.

Quite unconscious of her appearance, she regarded him with an air of hauteur.

'You may think it is amusing, but I don't. That dog has ruined my silk bedspread, and that child has made my room look no better than Bessie's scullery.'

Pheasant said, patting her son on the back, while he stared at Alayne wet-eyed, as though she were an ogress, 'I think that cats and a canary would suit you better than dogs and a baby, Alayne.' She returned to her room, still comforting Mooey.

'I like dogs and children as well as anybody, but I like them to behave themselves and to know their place.'

'Let's see what the damage is,' said Renny, leading the way into her room. He glanced at the floor, the dressing table, and the bed. 'That will all brush off,' he said soothingly.

'It may off the rug,' she returned, 'but the bedspread is *ruined!*'

'Can't you send it to the cleaners?'

'Of course I can! And have it come home all slimsy as my dress did. The cleaners here are n't nearly so good as I'm used to.'

He could not take her seriously, looking as she did. His face broke into a smile as he said, 'Only look at yourself in the glass and you'll forget all your troubles.'

She looked, and was angrier than ever.

Old Benny thought, 'With my master here I think I'm pretty safe in getting on the bed again.' Accordingly he hopped with airy lightness on to the silk spread, avoiding the spot he had soiled before. His legs were strung with little beads of dried mud. He began to lick the place on his stern where the heel of the slipper had hit him.

Alayne had barely turned from the survey of her face when she saw him. It was one of those things that seem too bad to be true. Snatching up the other slipper, she flew at him, striking him again and again. Renny caught her wrist.

'I won't have him beaten like that,' he said sharply.

'Keep him out of my room, then! He's a perfect brute!'

'Come along, Ben! This is no place for us.'

'You talk like a fool!' said Alayne.

He stopped in the doorway to look back at her. 'I think,' he said, 'that you are the worst-tempered woman I've ever known.'

(*To be continued*)

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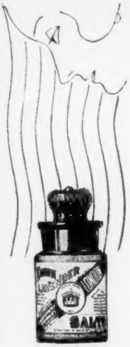

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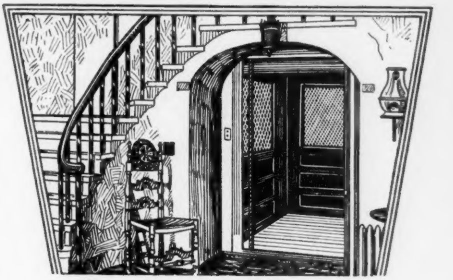

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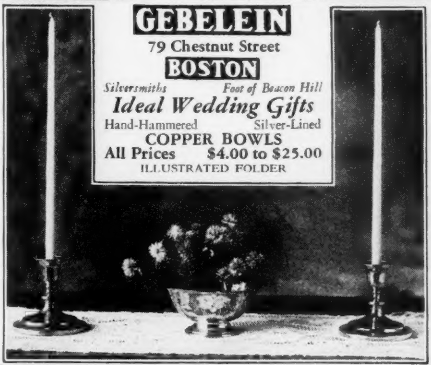

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

A Southerner by birth, Walter Millis graduated from Yale in 1920, a time when there was a literary yeast in the New Haven bread, as has since become evident in the work of Stephen Benet, John Farrar, Thornton Wilder, Philip Barry, Phelps Putnam, and Charles R. Walker. Serving his apprenticeship in journalism, Mr. Millis followed the usual course of gravitation to New York; a reporter on the *Baltimore News*, he was later called to the New York *Sun* and thence to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. Apart from his newsprint he has found time to write a novel, *Sand Castle*, a number of short stories, and *The Martial Spirit*.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

Walter Millis

The Martial Spirit

[Houghton Mifflin, $4.00]

Mr. Millis must have had a gorgeous time writing this book. It is the most amusing one I have read in a long time, and dates very distinctly from our present decade. An attack on the Spanish War written before the World War would have assumed a high moral seriousness; written in the first decade after that later struggle, it would have assumed an amoral bitterness; written in 1931, it is broad farce. Irony is too delicate an instrument for these slapdash days, and we Americans have never been very adept in its use. Mr. Millis attempts it, but continually slips from the ironical to the farcical, and as farce his book is an unqualified success. He wields a slapstick rather than a rapier, but he wields it with an approach to Chaplinesque art.

Probably no other episode in our entire history so compellingly offers itself to such treatment, and the author has rendered a valuable service in so treating it, though he is unlikely to receive the thanks of Congress. It would be unfair to pick out any of the particular incidents to give examples of Mr. Millis's treatment of his theme. We shall leave the reader's full amusement unblemished by quotations, but we may point to the injured dignity of Senator Lodge when trying to bring the war on, the Barnum-like performances of the war correspondents, the successful failure of Hobson, the manœuvres of generals and naval commanders to win points against each other rather than victories against the enemy, the rocking-chair period and the embarkation at Tampa, the rise of Roosevelt, as high spots in the several acts. A few days before I read the book I happened to be talking with a newspaper correspondent who had taken part in the 'Gussie expedition,' and his account was even funnier than Mr. Millis's.

Mr. Millis was fourteen when civilization abruptly shifted in 1914. He is a journalist. These facts have determined to some extent his handling of his topic. On meditating over this 'study of our war with Spain' one comes to feel that his chief aim has been to produce a certain effect determined upon in advance. In one of its aspects, the Spanish War was funny, uproariously funny. There is no doubt of that. It is this aspect that Millis has chosen to stress. It had its other aspects, among them that of national tragedy. These he has chosen almost wholly to neglect. He does, indeed, note occasionally the voices raised in protest, but of the very real and deep protest on the part of many against the whole business of the war, and, especially, the subsequent annexations, he gives hardly any indication whatever. Of this and of the corroding moral effects of military and political victory, the reader of *The Martial Spirit* will learn but little. If I mention certain lacks in Mr. Millis's book it is to guard the casual, and in this day too often presumably unhistorical, reader against taking *The Martial Spirit* as portraying the spirit of America as a whole at what the author properly terms a turning point in our national history and outlook.

What Mr. Millis attempted to do he has done extraordinarily well. His book is a fine piece of work in demonstrating how a war and change of destiny may be brought about. In many ways this 'splendid little war,' as John Hay called it, is as perfect a laboratory test of how a people can be led and thwarted by politicians and newspapers as any that has ever occurred. Many of the greater ones have been so complex as to obscure the issues. In the Spanish War most of these complexities were absent. In its few short months, greed, journalism at its worst, political ambition and chicanery, military ambition and inefficiency, propaganda, moral collapse in the face of business opportunity, all stalked undraped save by the soiled folds of the flag.

It is to be hoped that the book will secure a wide public. It is no unimportant measure, perhaps, of the advance of America in the past thirty years to contrast *The Martial Spirit* with Senator Lodge's atrocious *War with Spain*. Different nations win to wisdom by different roads. The Greeks chose tragedy; the Americans seem to prefer humor.

James Truslow Adams

Fiction for the Summer

Festival

by Struthers Burt

author of "The Delectable Mountains," etc.

A stimulating novel of the emotional problems of modern life as faced by a father and his married daughter. "A fine and mature study."—*The Nation.*
Fourth large printing $2.50

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings

by Panteleimon Romanof

"Romanof's novel is possibly the most important that has recently come out of Russia. Certainly none is more interesting."
—*Saturday Review of Literature.*
Second printing $2.50

This Our Exile

by David Burnham

"He gives a really striking picture of life among those complicated, talented, curious, and neurotic people who are the intelligent rich of America."
—*The Outlook.*
Second printing $2.50

American Earth

by Erskine Caldwell

"Here is a writer to be reckoned with . . . powerful in impact, pregnant with importance, thoroughly readable."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $2.50

Many Thousands Gone

by John Peale Bishop

Five related episodes of the Civil War. The title story won the Scribner's Magazine Long Story Contest. "The tales have a quicksilver brilliance which fastens upon your mind."
—*New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

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Sun Up

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The Grass Roof

by Younghill Kang

Rebecca West says this autobiography of a young Korean is "as astonishing as 'Kim' was at its first reading." To read it is to meet a virtually unknown people portrayed with poetry, humor, and penetration.
Second printing $3.00

Awarded the 1930 Pulitzer Prize for History

The Coming of the War: 1914

by Bernadotte E. Schmitt

"A masterly abstract of diplomatic and military events which has not only reduced mountains of documents to readable compass, but has transmuted unintelligible diplomatic language to readable English." — *Chicago Evening Post.* *Two volumes, boxed,* $10.00

"A life of the tragic Empress which leaves all others behind."
—*Saturday Review* (London).

The Life of the Empress Eugénie

by Robert E. Sencourt

"The book is one that we would linger over, would return to, time and again, not only for its historical excellence, but for the psychograph it presents of a beautiful and able woman with widely varying backgrounds."—*Boston Evening Transcript.* *Illustrated.* $5.00

These Russians

by William C. White

This is the new Russia portrayed in terms of men and women—the driving force behind the economic plans. John Dewey in the *New Republic* called it "a vivid picture of the impact of the Communist theory and practice upon the lives of individuals." *Third printing.* $3.00

Light-horse Harry Lee

by Thomas Boyd

author of "Mad Anthony Wayne," etc.

"The life of Colonel Henry Lee, of Virginia, presents a tangle of romance and tragedy and offers the popular historian a splendid opportunity. Thomas Boyd has made the most of it."
—*New York Herald Tribune.*
With frontispiece $3.50

Burton

Arabian Nights Adventurer

by Fairfax Downey

author of "The Grande Turke," etc.

"A life of action, the bare account of which reads like the invention of a highly imaginative romancer. Fairfax Downey has told the story with admirable directness and restraint. The result is a truly glorious book."
—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*
Illustrated $3.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

Business is out of kilter and what's to be done? Some turn out their rulers, some go in for nationalization of resource and industry, some, like ourselves, would rather hang on to the familiar ropes while they try to bring the craft back into less troubled water.

Doctors of Business

It may be the weather. At any rate, here are three excellently qualified gentlemen telling us just what and how much — it is very much — is wrong with England and America, and for some reason or other I am not properly depressed. It is not that, as an economist, I find a good deal to dissent from in their arguments. It is a purely personal failure. I apologize to them and to the reader.

There is perhaps some excuse for me in the case of **Stuart Chase.** ***The Nemesis of American Business*** (Macmillan, $2.00) is a brilliantly written book. Despite its being mainly a portrayal of the innumerable results of business enterprise that neither Mr. Chase nor any other sensible person can endure, this is entertaining, not lugubrious, reading. They all are here — ghost writers and super-salesmen, back slappers and yes-men, all the humbugs and wastes and stupidities of unregulated enterprise for which Mr. Chase has such a keen eye; but in the sheer vigor of the presentation is a spirit of hope and faith and energy that is positively stimulating. Mr. Chase's indictment is always specific, as one expects of an accountant; it finds expression through a gift for happy phrasing, — 'a money and credit situation which does not throw off purchasing power as fast as factories can throw off vendable commodities'; 'vast transportation systems pumping us back and forth from places where we would rather not live to places where we would rather not work,' — and his remedial schemes have a breadth that is sometimes suggestive of H. G. Wells.

Business Adrift, by **Wallace B. Donham** (Whittlesey House, $2.50), is in style and temper almost the complete antithesis of Mr. Chase's book. A preface by Professor Whitehead, 'On Foresight,' is calculated to put one in a suitably subdued frame of mind for what is to come (I am unable to discover that it serves any other useful purpose); and the Dean of the Harvard Business School then dons his prophetic mantle with a solemnity that has appalling effects on his style. Dean Donham's 'tentative theory of foresight' consists in a series of elaborate statements which he persistently calls 'methods,' but which prove on close inspection to be merely maxims, and not very profound ones at that. We are then introduced to certain general problems confronting the business world, — the farm surplus of both produce and population, the manufacturing surplus and technological unemployment, the slowing-up of new consumption, the competition for foreign markets, and so forth, — in each of which the data are presented with a surprising lack of precision, and the analysis carried much less far than the number of words devoted to it would suggest. Occasionally the author becomes lucid, and is then even more patently inadequate. For example: 'Of course even if we had a general plan, no one would have power to enforce it, but this is not an insuperable obstacle.' Perhaps not; but the dictum needs a good deal more support than Dean Donham has managed to find for it. Again: 'We should keep our safeguarding tariffs as low as they can be and still protect adequately our own social groups.' Which groups? And what does 'protect adequately' mean? That is the gist of the dilemma, but the Dean fails to inform us. Or again: 'State unemployment insurance plans threaten the very foundations of our democracy, for they build up great groups of men feeding on government bounty while their will to work disappears.' Since when have 'insurance' and 'government bounty' been synonymous terms? And is it scientific fact that state-created work — Dean Donham's alternative — is so much more satisfactory?

The plan for American business to which all this leads up is, however, an interesting attempt to show that the oncoming situation can be adequately met without changing any of the main positions of business fundamentalism. The protective policy is to be maintained, the home market developed, and production limited in the main to its needs. High wages and shorter hours will stimulate demand to a point at which surplus man power will be reabsorbed — despite increasing population, and despite the inevitable decline in the export trade, which must be accepted. Dean Donham's sole conception of world trade is one of bitter competition, from which, for the sake of Europe and stability, this country had better withdraw. This conception of world economics, it must be admitted, is apparently that of most American delegates to world conferences; but it may none the less be open to more question than Dean Donham has given it. His theory of foresight does not, however, — he says so explicitly, — extend to the possibility of intelligent world-wide coöperation.

And so to ***England's Crisis,*** by **André Siegfried** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). Graphs, maps, figures, charts; not a page nor a paragraph wasted; and yet, like everything M. Siegfried writes, a readable and frequently amusing book. (At least, as an Englishman, I find much of M. Siegfried's criticism amusing — he is so thoroughly Gallic when he takes us seriously!) His ominous diagnosis deserves specific and detailed consideration that would be out of place here; but some notion of it may be inferred from the author's main positions. 'The doctrine that every state should be economically self-supporting,' he says, rather dogmatically, 'is now generally accepted.' Accordingly he regards the abandonment of the free-trade tradition as inevitable. In so far as England is not economically self-

DENIS MACKAIL ARRIVES

His gay novels have long since conquered England, and now America surrenders to their charm. "Mr. Mackail's books should silence all those who insist that an Englishman cannot see a joke, or tell one."
—New York Herald Tribune.

The SQUARE CIRCLE

a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is Mackail's first American best-seller. Heywood Broun calls it, "A remarkable and enchanting tale of many kinds of people well worth knowing," and the Saturday Review says, "His humor is solidly and freshly his own, never derivative or imitative. Mr. Mackail is suave, intelligent, and well-bred." $2.50

If you like any of the Mackail books you'll like them all.

THE FLOWER SHOW
GREENERY STREET
HOW AMUSING
THE YOUNG LIVINGSTONES
ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD

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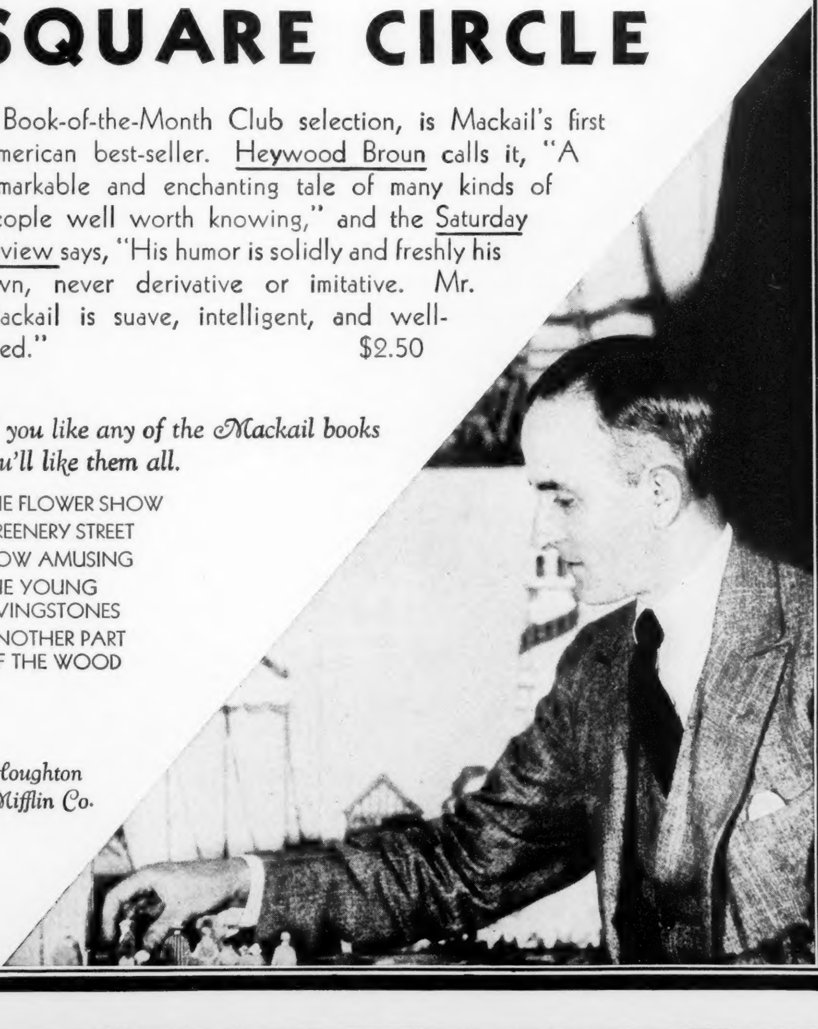

The BOOKSHELF

supporting and cannot be, she can survive only by reducing her standard of living and abandoning every obstacle of whatever sort that stands in the way of that alluring prospect. The possibility of radical change in the system of production and distribution M. Siegfried does not seriously contemplate. His point of view lies entirely within the system of political ideas by which England has hitherto survived. Those who accept that point of view will find it difficult to escape M. Siegfried's pessimistic conclusions. But even those who reject it — those who regard a fundamental reorganization of the economic and political system as both possible and necessary — must admire M. Siegfried's delicate and incisive analysis; even if, by reason of the faith that is in them, they have an antidote to its depressing quality.

After all, it may not be the weather. M. Siegfried has another explanation. 'As their optimism,' he says of the English, 'is a mixture of patriotism and lethargy, it can hardly be undermined.' But he writes on his final page: 'When England changes, we say she is dying; and it is never true.'

William Orton

My Story, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

[Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50]

Somebody once said of Roosevelt that his was not an extraordinary mind, but simply an ordinary mind used in an extraordinary way. The comment recurs to the reader of *My Story*, Mary Roberts Rinehart's autobiography. Here is no 'genius.' The Mary Roberts of the early '90s was like thousands of other girls of her day; her environment and education were commonplace. How did she make herself what she is?

Countless girls, with a little education, a little professional experience, carry through into the period of marriage and maternity the ambition to write — only to give it up, because they cannot manage to combine family responsibilities and authorship successfully. Mrs. Rinehart managed, not — probably — because she had a different kind of ability, but because she mobilized on her problem the whole force of her will, her immense vitality, and her skill in capitalizing experience. What she has done (we seem to hear her say) any woman could do, if she tried hard enough. Hers is an admirably modest autobiography, her single evident point of pride being that an immense professional activity has never been allowed to interfere with a continuously happy and constructive family life. She has little patience with the woman who sacrifices her family to her career. 'I would both work and hold my home together. If anything suffered, it would be work.' This was said years ago, just after *The Circular Staircase* had been accepted, justifying an ice-cream-and-cake party for the little boys. And the resolve persisted, even through the time when Mr. Curtis offered her the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and she refused, for the sake of the Pittsburgh home.

How full the years between have been is hardly to be grasped even by a count of the forty books and plays to her credit; *My Story* reveals the extraordinarily varied activities underlying them. Her adventures in putting on a play and following it on the road; her experiences at the front during the World War, and her interviews with the Queen of the Belgians, Queen Mary, and various military leaders; the time she sneaked across to Calais on a boat she was forbidden to take; her life in Washington during and after the war; the camping holidays with husband and sons in the West; adventures in Egypt and Bagdad — all are as varied and chromatic as a kaleidoscope.

At one point Mrs. Rinehart mentions her sons' discovery, through their literature courses at college, 'that Mother was no light of the world, but only a good professional writer.' But this is only a small part of the truth. *My Story* is the revelation of a real personality, of a will to see life steadily and see it whole, of purpose intent to accomplish, sweetened by a spontaneous and loving interest in people and lightened by irrepressible humor.

Teresa S. Fitzpatrick

Family novels — novels, that is, of character rather than adventure — are what most interest the mature reader of fiction. Scott, Dumas, Stevenson, should come before twenty; *Tom Jones*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, the Forsytes, *War and Peace*, Proust, mean most to those who have had more experience in living. Do I hear any argument?

Families in Fiction

Perhaps it is no accident that the English novel began to flower at somewhat the same time that the solid middle-class institution of the family appeared in somewhat the guise that we still know. Nothing less than the flexibility and spaciousness of the novel can do justice to that strange welter of emotions and irritations that goes by the name of family life. An epic may lift itself sonorously above the daily routine; a lyric may catch a moment memorable in its pure lucidity; but in a novel, as in a house, there usually must be packed the whole paraphernalia of living — some of it dull and ridiculous, much of it satisfyingly pleasant, a bit of it sublime. No one will be surprised to hear that four leading novels of this spring draw their motive power from family life.

Of these four **Lady Eleanor Smith's** ***Flamenco*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50) is earliest in time and temper. It starts in the Spain of 1920 with the flight of Lobo, the *caló* who has murdered his kinsman; follows a gypsy trail over the Pyrenees and through France, where the child Camila is born, and on to the festival at Stes.

Important New Books for Your Summer Reading

SCHLIEMANN:
The Story of A Gold-Seeker
By EMIL LUDWIG

The life of a great archaeologist, famous for his discovery of the site of Troy. "Distinguished biographical writing."—*New York Times.*
8 illustrations. $3.50

BULWER: A PANORAMA
I
Edward and Rosina: 1803-1836
By MICHAEL SADLEIR

The picturesque story of an important period in the life of Bulwer—first section of a brilliant group-picture of English literary and social life during the early nineteenth century.
8 illustrations. $4.00

THE WINDMILL ON THE DUNE
By MARY E. WALLER

The author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" has written an absorbingly human love story of two coasts, Cape Cod and Brittany. $2.50

FIDDLERS' GREEN
By ALBERT R. WETJEN

A hearty, hilarious yarn woven out of old legends of the sea. A tale of the sailors' paradise, where mermaids, grog and rousing chanteys hold sway.
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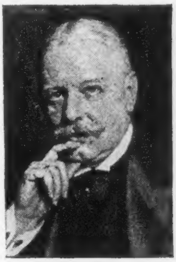
Unquestionably One of the Most Important Books of our Generation!

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW



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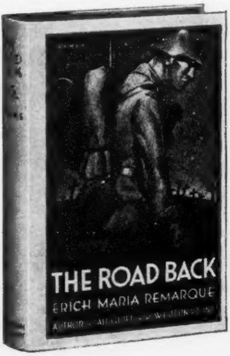
So completely frank are Von Bülow's Memoirs, and so startling his revelations of European diplomacy from behind the scenes, that he forbade their publication until after his death.

He gives unmatched pictures of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, Tsar Nicholas II, Von Tirpitz, Franz Joseph, and a host of lesser lights of world-interest. He settles the origins of "our place in the sun", "the mailed fist", "huns", etc. His ruthless exposure of his contemporaries has aroused a storm of indignation as well as praise throughout Europe.

"The most important of all biographies that have appeared in Germany since the War."—***The Manchester Guardian.***

"One reads this book with the excitement and pleasure of an exquisite novel."—***Emil Ludwig in Das Tage Buch, Berlin.***

751 pages. With 16 illustrations. $5.00



"A Finer Book than 'All Quiet'."—*New York Times*

THE ROAD BACK
By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

This new novel of post-war adjustment by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" is heading best-seller lists everywhere. Have you read it? It will be discussed wherever you go this Summer.

"One must wish that it may be read by every literate man and woman in the world."—***New York Times.***

"The book that everyone ought to read."—***Harry Hansen in The New York World-Telegram.*** ***$2.50***

Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** **Publishers**

The BOOKSHELF

Maries, to which gypsies came from the four corners of the world. But there, too, Lobo found only enmity, and with his wife, the blind uncle, and the three children, he pressed on to England. In Dartmoor, for seven sovereigns, they sold the little Camila to an outcast gentleman who had been forced to flee London with his family because he cheated at cards. The gypsy child grew up in a strange household where the children ran wild on the moors and where master and mistress quarreled ceaselessly. Camila's primitive strength was more than a match for them. She tried in vain — then was too wise to try further — to still within herself the wild *flamenco* music to which she was born.

Flamenco is a gorgeously colorful tale, at times almost preposterous, yet sweeping one along by its straightforwardness, its frank romanticism. Would a Georgian lady, living in a dilapidated house on the edge of the moors, dress herself in jewels and satins, paint her little daughter's cheeks, and shriek abuse at all who came near her? Harriet is a lurid creature, yet strangely credible. So also are Richard, her husband; the two sons; Celia, who revolted against her family's irregularity to marry convention, and Camila — the only one of them who achieved a power to see and direct herself. The families of Lobo, the Wolf, and Richard, the card cheat, are far from the modern mode, yet they fit many of those patterns that we acknowledge under more commonplace manners.

The other three family scenes are of our times. ***The Square Circle***, by **Denis Mackail** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is the London story of Tiverton Square and the people who went in and out and across it to and from their respectable houses. Never does the book wander farther than the alley behind the Square, where a reformed stable harbored cocktail parties, even as in New York's Greenwich Village. Like a microcosm, the Square had its rich man, its shady financier, its woman-with-a-past, its great lady, its frustrated young lovers, prosaically married couples, gossiping spinster, babies, urchins, lanky half-growns, and slightly fading daughters. Mr. Mackail catches this galaxy deftly, shows their little concerns (at times with a touch of condescension), and passes on to one or another incident of this little walled world with its central locked scrap of lawns and shrubbery. The young lovers see their rainbow gradually fade away in the matter-of-fact sun of Tiverton Square. The family — here meaning the safe and stable conventions of the clan — triumphs, even though a few walls away safety and stability are proving irksome at another fireside. Ironically, the family whose members most thoroughly enjoy the Square is the one whom the neighbors consider *risqué! The Square Circle* is pleasantly substantial fare, admitting our boundaries, and accepting them with good humor and good manners.

Susan Glaspell's ***Ambrose Holt and Family*** (Stokes, $2.50) might well have been called 'Ambrose Holt v. Family.' For Ambrose, who was a handsome and successful American business man, yet fancied himself as a poet, set himself against wife and mother all because of his injured pride. Against the priggishness and childishness of Ambrose the two women, in themselves so very different, stand out in a shining capacity for realism. I suspect that women will like this story better than men; it pricks too neat a rapier at some weak points in the male armor. Personally could not feel that much had been settled when Ambrose came home again. As an understanding picture of an American town and of people in it who have sufficient vigor to be part of it and yet be themselves it will have appreciative readers.

A foreword by John Galsworthy heralds ***From Day to Day*** (Viking, $2.50), the first novel by **Ferdynand Goetel** to be made available to English readers. The book has been widely praised for its innovation in form It is written as a diary, in which the diarist incorporate a novel he is writing, juxtaposing the conflict of hi present life with the war-time recollections that form the subject of his novel. As Mr. Galsworthy points out this is no mean technical feat, and the point at which novel and diary fuse in the dénouement of the book i both subtle and powerful. Yet it would be a pity if the praise of technique were to overshadow the quality o the book itself, so moving and so simple that this clerk' study in present-day Poland will become part and parcel of the lives of readers many thousands of mile away. The story of the farm on the steppes of Turkestan where the Polish war prisoner toiled, of the home and wife to whom he returned, the bureaucracy i which he worked, the women he loved, is colorful in tha it leads us to scenes and places of which we know little Yet it is not with the joy of the tourist that one leaves the book, but with a sense of having been at home with people of one's own kind. Surely one of the strongest novels of this spring, *From Day to Day* plumbs a very real depth.

MARY ROSS

IN April of this year we published the first of our quarterly selections o 'Readable Books.' It should be remembered that the *Atlantic* list on the following page does not necessarily include all the best sellers; rather, it gives a thumb-nail sketch of those books for which we feel respect — books which in many cases have been reported by the trade as being notably in demand. Our next selection, the Christmas list will appear in October.

Edward Weeks

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Simeon Strunsky, journalist and author of thirty years' experience, is now a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. Δ Nationally known as an advertising executive and writer on business subjects, **Earnest Elmo Calkins** also made himself the good-humored champion of deafness in a noisy world when, in 1924, he published his autobiography, '*Louder Please!*' Δ Some fourteen years ago **Gordon Lathrop**, then a newspaper man, contracted rheumatic fever and lost the sight of one eye; seven years later his remaining eye also failed him. Through the help of the radio he has succeeded in making eyes of his ears; working on the *Des Moines Register*, he conducted one of the first radio feature columns to appear in an American newspaper. He now lives in Los Angeles, doing free-lance writing for radio trade papers. Perhaps a biographical footnote should be added about his amazing dog, Millie. Mr. Lathrop writes of her: 'She believes in the good of everybody and everything except cats. She is my committee of one on public relations. Friendly to all the world, she is faithful to her job when in harness and understands that her first loyalty is to me.' **Jacob A. Flexner**, oldest brother of one of the most distinguished families in the United States, is the dean of Louisville physicians. **Leslie Hotson**, literary detective extraordinary, discovered the murderer of Christopher Marlowe and uncovered the long-lost Shelley letters, which were published in the *Atlantic* a year ago. **Helen Dore Boylston** is a former contributor whose diary of experiences as a war nurse in France appeared in the *Atlantic* back in 1925.

Stanley Casson is a don at New College, Oxford. His studies in archæology have given him a wide knowledge of the Near East. Δ Although a student of art, **Josephine Johnson** occasionally indulges a passion for the writing of verse. **George W. Gray** is a free-lance student of the wonders of applied science. Δ Living at Papeete, Tahiti, **James Norman Hall** devotes all his spare moments to the neglected art of which he writes in this issue. **Robert N. Corwin** is a professor of German and Chairman of the Board of Admission at Yale. **Theodore Morrison** is a young poet of great promise whose recently published volume, *The Serpent in the Cloud*, has received favorable notice. Formerly a member of the *Atlantic* staff, he has lately accepted an offer to teach English at the Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College. Δ Like many another seaman, **Captain William Outerson** has knocked about the world in many capacities, — sailor, janitor, reporter, prospector for gold in Alaska, — with an appropriate finale in Hollywood, where he now resides. Δ As the mother of four small children, **Edwa Robert** is no mere academic apologist for the medical profession; she knows about it all — SHE KNOWS! **William Trufant Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** are the Siamese twins of modern economics, joining theory to practice. Mr. Foster is Director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. Mr. Catchings is a manufacturer whose list of chairmanships and directorates reads like a complete roster of American business. **A. F. Hinrichs** is the Director of Research in the Brown (University) Bureau of Business Research.

Mazo de la Roche is the author of *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, to which *Finch's Fortune* is a sequel. A brief synopsis of previous installments follows: —

Finch Whiteoak, who has just reached twenty-one and inherited a fortune of $100,000 from his grandmother, has left Jalna, his home in Ontario, for a visit to his Aunt Augusta in Devonshire. With him have come his two elderly uncles, Nicholas and Ernest Whiteoak. Finch finds that a distant cousin from Ireland, Sarah Court, a few years his senior, and her guardian, Mrs. Court, are also staying with his aunt; and he is surprised to learn that his brother Eden is in the neighborhood, living in a cottage of Augusta's with his mistress, Minny Ware. Eden is a poet by profession, and very delicate, and his aunt, though highly embarrassed by his presence, does not want to turn him out. Finch and Sarah are both musical and become much interested in one another, but before they have overcome their mutual shyness Arthur Leigh, a Canadian friend of Finch's, arrives on the scene. He quickly falls in love with Sarah, proposes, and is accepted.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Whiteoaks carry on their lives at Jalna — Renny, the head of the clan, and his half brothers, Piers and young Wakefield. Renny has lately married Alayne, the divorced wife of his half brother Eden. Piers is married to Pheasant, and has a little son, Mooey. Renny's sister, Meg, is married to a neighboring farmer, Maurice Vaughan.

The Chinese fable printed on page 9 was told at a recent luncheon party in New York City where Mr. Gordon Lathrop was the guest of honor. Immediately he bore witness to the truth of this old story by saying that if he had to choose between blindness and deafness he would choose blindness, which he knew, rather than deafness, which was a stranger to him. Someone thereupon suggested that Mr. Lathrop ought to be invited to compare notes with that well-known champion of the deaf, Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins, each to argue the advantages of his own affliction. The two papers published in this issue are the fruit of this suggestion.

If these articles, read together, tend to reveal something of the true courage and nobility of human nature at its best; if they indicate that men of philosophic minds can rise superior to either deafness or blindness — what admiration and sympathy shall we bestow upon those who, suffering both afflictions at once, can still find joy in life and the lightness of heart to make their presence a comfort to others! That such rare souls exist is attested by a letter which Mr. Calkins has lately received and passed along to us. We are glad to be able to quote from it: —

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MY DEAR MR. CALKINS, —

Please forgive me for pestering you with this letter, but I just have to write it. About ten seconds ago I finished reading your intensely interesting autobiography, '*Louder Please!*' Some kind little woman of the Red Cross put it in Braille. Do you know what Braille is? It is one of the embossed types for the blind. Your book is in four volumes, and I have read them through this evening and this morning (it is now ten minutes of two, A.M.). After that, need I tell you how much I have enjoyed and appreciated the story of your life?

There are things in your early experiences which remind me so much of my own. I had extraordinary sight until the age of nine, when cataracts formed on both eyes, and I saw fairly well until fourteen, when two fatal operations left me with light perception and the power to distinguish colors, even shades of color and the outline of objects, though I could not tell what the objects were. This precious mite of vision I lost five years ago through my own carelessness. I foolishly stooped over to inspect a new rug without taking my bearings, and violently struck my eye on the bathroom sink. After six weeks of suffering, the light failed, and when I knew what I had done, I had the eye removed to put an end to the pain. It was not until then that I knew — really knew — what it is to be blind.

I had extraordinary hearing until the age of twelve and could enjoy general conversation until the age of fifteen. Since then it has grown weaker, very slowly. I have not been able to hear at all for two years and three months. As in your case, this has been a matter of inheritance and environment.

I have always been immensely fond of reading and of writing. They would have been my joy of joys had I retained my sight and hearing. Like you, I have always been self-entertaining. Ever since I was three years old I have made up stories, which in those early days I called 'talking to the wall.' It seems that I have been talking to the wall ever since. Without this gift of entertaining myself, I don't know what I'd have done in the early months of my trouble.

I want to tell you something of my precious little nephew, Robert, aged seven. He and I have always been the very best pals in all this world. I have never been able to hear him talk, but ever since he was eighteen months old we have understood each other as few beings can understand each other, even when possessed of all their faculties. He is a child of brilliant imagination, and has always made up his own signs, never using anyone else's. He has always found a way to make me understand. He will stay with me all day long and never tire. He loves the stories I make up for him, and the plays and games. Some day I am going to write a book of stories for little children, in the hope of entertaining them as I do Robin.

Children are my happiness and my interest and my delight. I have about ten million interests, more or less. I am interested in everything. I always say that my curiosity bump is the size of the earth. I am also easily bored, which is one of the many reasons why I have found it necessary to make my own life.

After all, handicaps are better than handcuffs, are n't they?

Yours very sincerely,
ADA M. YOUMANS

Education in Utopia.

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY
BALLSTON SPA, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I write to commend very highly 'American Education' by Albert Jay Nock in your May number. I hope that it will provoke much discussion. I have often thought how fine it would be if some bold, untrammeled spirits would set up, as it were in miniature, a grade school, high school, and college wherein no attention at all was paid to cash, wherein pupils who lagged behind were simply dropped, wherein *education* was diligently and seriously pursued. Here is a fruitful field in which the over-wealthy can expend their ill-gotten gains!

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. HILL

Pleasant books.

LISBON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the May Contributors' Club, in an essay called 'On the Decline of the Pleasant Book,' the Old Gentleman Opposite says, 'I can name you a dozen out of hand.' Would it be possible to get that dozen, and as many more as he can name? We have a constant demand at our library for the 'pleasant book,' and I should like to feel sure that we have them all on our shelves.

Yours gratefully,
LIDA CHACE WEBB

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Old Gentleman laughed very heartily when I showed him Mrs. Webb's letter which you sent me. He reminded me that it was I, not he, who had offered to name a dozen pleasant books out of hand; and he again challenged me to do it. The accompanying list was the result. It represents my immediate reaction.

The Enchanted April, by the Countess Russell (Already mentioned in the *Atlantic* article.)

In the Mountains, published anonymously by Doubleday, Page in 1920 (I feel certain that this is also by the Countess Russell.)

Expiation, by the Countess Russell (The Old Gentleman hesitated to endorse this, as conflicting with his regulations; but I have overruled him.)

The Back Seat, by G. B. Stern

Thunderstorm, by G. B. Stern (Already mentioned in the *Atlantic* article.)

After Noon, by Susan Ertz

Now East, Now West, by Susan Ertz

Daisy and Daphne, by Rose Macaulay

The Malletts, by E. H. Young

Miss Mole, by E. H. Young

The Selbys, by Anne Green

House Party, by E. M. Delafield

The Way Things Are, by E. M. Delafield

The Happy Mountain, by Maristan Chapman

Homeplace, by Maristan Chapman

Sphinx, by Florence Converse

The Plutocrat, by Booth Tarkington

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield (I admit that *The Deepening Stream* runs deeper than the definition permits, since it has to cross the sad fields of war-time France; but I found it full of pleasure. *Years of Grace*, too, has a rich and solid quality that makes me want to include it.)

THE LADY OPPOSITE THE OLD GENTLEMAN

The brighter side of an experiment in Communism.

NEWLLANO, LOUISIANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A lot of us people down here in Llano Colony were very much interested in Robert Whitcomb's article, not only because it gave a splendid summary of the unemployment situation throughout the country, but because he did not deal fairly with the Llano Colony. In his itinerary of over ten thousand miles, during which he suffered miserable hardships for nearly ten months, it really seems that Llano stood out as a great white light, for it was the only place where he was taken in and treated as a brother. We gave him the best we had, and in these days of strain and stress the mere fact that Llano Coöperative Colony was able to furnish food, clothing, and shelter to a stranger who came without a dollar should mean something, even to the unthinking.

Whitcomb says that the colonists are an unhappy lot. If they appeared so, perhaps it was because so many people — birds of passage like himself — have come here seeking temporary berths and eating the colonists out of house and home. On the whole, the genuine colonist is a happy person, for he knows that he is secure against want, unemployment, doctors' bills, funeral expenses, and the various other costs that harass one when he is fighting the game single-handed.

Your widely read magazine has fallen into the hands of many people who have written in asking about the status of the colony at the present time and inquiring if things are really as gloomy down here as Whitcomb's article would lead one to believe. It would be only just for you to let the world know that Llano is still here, advancing and doing a real job, and that its future is brighter than at any time during the past seventeen years.

Fraternally yours,
ROBERT K. WILLIAMS, M.D.

The darker side.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just seen a copy of the *Llano Colonist* in which are printed three letters written to you protesting against an article by Mr. Robert Whitcomb. He must have hit the nail squarely on the head, for the old adage says that the dog that howls the loudest is the one whose tail has been tramped upon. I put in two years at that colony and dropped $1000 into its treasury, and all I have to say of Mr. Whitcomb's article is that he was too charitable. Llano Colony is the worst-managed project I have ever seen. I left the place almost ten years ago, but have kept posted on the doings of it from then till now; to give it the very best name one can is to say that it is a poor experiment. I heartily congratulate Mr. Whitcomb on his article.

Sincerely yours,
M. L. DEVINE

Two letters of appreciation.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have so thoroughly enjoyed your May number that I just had to write and tell you so. 'The New Pilgrim's Progress' is well written and true to its ideal; since I have had some of the same experiences as Mr. Whitcomb, I enjoyed his description of the hardships of a man out of work.

Charles D. Stewart's 'History of the King Bee' is the best I ever read, and I have read a lot about bees. It was so entertaining and so full of new information that I read the article aloud to a circle of friends, and they all enjoyed it.

I happened to be here at the time of the Cherokee Run, and of course I was delighted to follow what Mr. Humphrey had to say about it. It brought back vividly to my mind the activity of that time and the rush for the new lands, just as he has described them.

The whole magazine is full of good things, and I thought you would not dislike it if I should tell you so.

CLARENCE A. BURTON

CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a native son of the mountain folk of Arkansas, I want to voice my keen appreciation of 'Drought,' by Eleanor Risley, in your May issue. No Arkansan can read this description of a poor but proud people and not sense a thrill of patriotism. Just as the Red Cross and other charitable organizations have succored the impoverished bodies of the drought victims of Arkansas, so has Eleanor Risley, with equal opportuneness and adequacy, ministered to their despairing minds and saddened hearts.

OSCAR M. CORBELL

That forgotten war.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Evidently Margaret Wilson, who writes in the April number on the War of 1812, feels acutely on the subject of the burning of Washington; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that she takes it hard that so many Englishmen know nothing about it. If your contributor had made her inquiries in Canada, where almost all of the land actions of the War of 1812 took place, she would have had much better luck.

In Sir C. P. Lucas's *Canadian War of 1812* there is a quiet account of the unnecessary brutality of General McClure in burning, not only the public buildings, but the whole town of Newark, Upper Canada, in the course of a winter night. In the same text Mrs. Wilson may read this in regard to York, the capital of Upper Canada (now Toronto), and just as important in a governmental sense as Washington: 'Whatever was the cause, the invaders burnt the Parliament buildings with the library and records, and carried off the plate from the church and the books from the town library.' So far as I can discover, the British troops at Washington confined their attention very properly to public buildings only. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day specifically stated that what was done at Washington was a justified reprisal of war for what had been done at York.

Suppose I should ask people in the United States when I go down there this summer: 'By the way, what is your opinion of the burning of York, Ontario, by the American troops in 1812?' I wonder whether I should meet any more intelligent response than Mrs. Wilson seems to have met in her particular quest in England. Personally, I think both episodes had better be forgotten. If Mrs. Wilson will forget Washington, I will agree to forget York.

W. H. ALEXANDER

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Wilson's amusing comments on the British ability completely to ignore the War of 1812 recall vividly my first visit to Chelsea Hospital many years ago. Chelsea Hospital is an Old Soldiers' Home, the one where the inmates wear the bright red coats with long tails and brass buttons which so frequently add color to the pageantry of London streets. On a dado around the Great Hall of the Hospital are carved the names of England's proudest battles. Noting the many campaigns, with their dates, I walked over to the corner where 1776–1780 should have been. Nothing! Those years were just skipped. Apparently a period of profound peace hovered over England at that time!

Our medal-covered guide smiled at me. 'You must be an American,' he said. 'Americans always walk right over to that corner.'

They would, I thought. It is humiliating to find that something which bulks so large in one's consciousness is but a trifle to the party of the second part.

A friend of mine, who went to school in England, informs me that in her history class they were told that the English had never lost a war.

'How about the American Revolution?' my friend inquired timidly.

'Oh,' replied the teacher airily, 'the American colonists were English.'

MABEL CRAFT DEERING

From the mother of an 'unintellectual boy.'

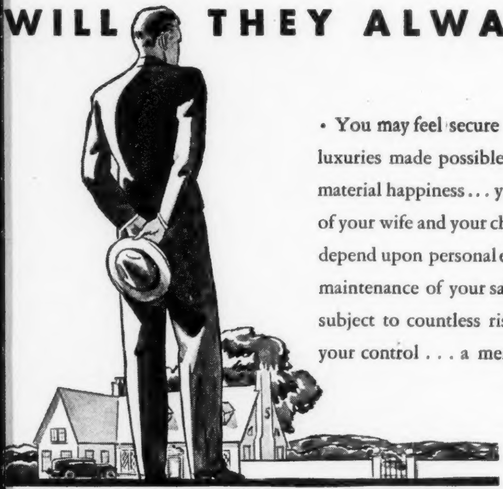
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wish you would not publish such articles as Mr. Frederick Winsor's in the April issue — they make me so enraged, perhaps because of my own two boys. He would undoubtedly call one 'unintellectual,' whatever that means. Are our best schools to be made into training places for high-mark boys?

HOME . . . COMFORTS . . . HAPPINESS . . .

WILL THEY ALWAYS BE YOURS?



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Why should not my boy go to college and have courses in the classics, even if he has not the Phi Beta Kappa mind? Why should he be ignorant all his life of the great traditions of the race simply because his greatest fascination in life is to do something with his hands? As the guardian of his early years, I will not permit him to go uninformed of the great cultural facts in life and art which may some day make his resources in leisure moments richer, and which will insensibly give him a background even for his work with his hands. Most of our young people of high-school age start in unspoiled and responsive. Why should not the schoolmaster take the average, 'unintellectual' boy and put his mind to the problem of interesting the boy in the more adult lasting values of life?

Mr. Winsor says the 'money changers' are to be put out of his pure temple; as an educator of youth is he not interested where they go? Why not move the temple, with its idealism, on to the street? Let the schoolmasters do better for the children that come to them, let them make their facts live for the minds that now seem dull to them. They shall not keep my 'unintellectual' boy from their doors! When will they ever learn that the so-called 'unintellectual' boys are their proper field, being the majority, and must be depended upon to pass on the torch of life?

Sincerely,

Fanny Fiske Eaton

No cross-purposes here.

United States Department of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

Dear Atlantic, —

As chief of the United States Forest Service and Vice Chairman of the Wood Utilization Committee, I have been interested in Mr. Lawrence Sullivan's statement in the April issue of the *Atlantic* wherein he cites these two organizations as examples of Federal agencies working at cross-purposes. Mr. Sullivan's statement appears to be due to a misconception of the meaning of forestry and an incomplete understanding of the activities of the two agencies cited.

Forests are crops that grow from the soil, and, therefore, replaceable resources. The United States has sufficient forest land not adapted to, or needed for, other purposes to grow a supply of forest products ample for the country's needs. Available data indicate that timber is being consumed and destroyed much faster than it is being replaced by new growth. If a serious national shortage is to be avoided, vigorous steps must be taken to protect and care for forest lands in order that regrowth will be available for cutting as old stands are exhausted. The need is not to decrease well-directed forest consumption, but to stimulate forest production.

One of the most effective ways of doing this is to secure the utmost economic return through the efficient utilization of forest products. The Forest Products Laboratory of the United States Forest Service, at Madison, Wisconsin, is especially concerned with determining the best paying methods of properly harvesting the timber crop and, with technical research, promoting better utilization of the products of the forests. The National Committee on Wood Utilization is concerned with the commercial aspects of these better utilization methods, educating the public with the advice, 'When you use wood, use it intelligently.' The National Committee coöperates with the Forest Products Laboratory in popularizing its technical findings. There exists no duplication of effort. On the contrary, the close coöperation of these two organizations has proved most beneficial to the conservation of forest resources.

Sincerely yours,

R. Y. Stuart, *Forester*

Lo, the poor Indian!

Denver, Colorado

Dear Atlantic, —

Apropos of Mr. Lawrence Sullivan's articles, I am reminded of a story which was told to me by the chief clerk on an Indian reservation many years ago.

An Indian on the Navajo Reservation at Ignacio, Colorado, broke his leg. It was a difficult fracture and the post physician needed another doctor to assist him. He could have obtained such service from a number of doctors in Durango, forty miles distant, but he felt that he could not take the responsibility of engaging help without permission from Washington. So the Indian Agent telegraphed to his department chief for authorization. No reply came, so the next day he wired again — with the same result. The post doctor finally concluded that if Washington was indifferent to the poor Indian, he would be, too.

Many months later the post physician received a letter, written in a feminine hand (it was before typewriters had become popular in Washington), advising him to engage another doctor from Durango to set the broken limb of the Indian, who by that time had joined his forefathers in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

August Fast

Those cautious legal emotions.

London, England

Dear Atlantic, —

Your April number was full of extraordinarily interesting material. But that lawyer man, F. Lyman Windolph, in his article on 'Country Justice,' says simply that a life sentence for a boy of fourteen he thinks rather severe! Why does n't he curse, if he is human? It would become him more.

Sincerely,

Margaret Wilson Turner

SPOKEN WITHOUT FEAR OF SUCCESSFUL CONTRADICTION

Sometimes, in our enthusiasm for Fels-Naptha, we feel an urge to proclaim its virtues in fortissimo tones. But somehow, we always decide against it, and find ourselves repeating this simple refrain: *Fels-Naptha gives extra help in washing clothes.*

That, certainly, is no exaggeration. If you feel it is, just order a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer, and have your laundress try it. She'll soon find that Fels-Naptha does the washing quickly—and that it does it easily, without hard rubbing. And you will notice a subtle difference in your clothes. An airy fragrance—a crisper appearance.

There's a very good reason for this *extra* help. Fels-Naptha is not "just soap," but unusually good soap and *plenty* of naptha combined in one big, generous bar. Working busily together, these two cleaners loosen the dirt from clothes and wash it away.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to hands. It contains real glycerine. And Fels-Naptha is not fussy. It is the same earnest, willing worker no matter how it is used—in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or cool water.

There's our story, spoken without fear of successful contradiction. We rather hope you *do* try to contradict it. For, to do that, you will have to try Fels-Naptha. And Fels-Naptha, we know, will dispel your doubts as surely as it takes the dirt quickly from clothes.

Special Offer—We'll be glad to send a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many users prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With this chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as needed. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. G.A.-7-31

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Please print your name and address completely

Our homicidal automobiles.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read Mr. Kirby's article on 'The Right to Drive' in your April number with interest and appreciation. I came to the conclusion long ago that the automobile is the greatest curse of the present age, in spite of the fact that I own three of the contrivances and have driven for sixteen years without costing any insurance company a penny. With an annual toll of 30,000 dead and 750,000 wounded, the automobile makes the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg pale into insignificance. With 20 per cent of the drivers causing 80 per cent of the accidents, the day will surely come when the public will demand that licenses be granted only to those who are physically, mentally, and morally fit to drive, and that those who fail to live up to their trust shall have their licenses revoked.

HAROLD G. HOLCOMBE

The old salt again.

DUTCH FLAT, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You've heard tell of Pitcairn? You know the old tale of the *Bounty* and her mutineers, of course. Well, I've been at Pitcairn a number of times. That island is a sea jewel. On some dark starry night we'd heave to a mile or two from shore. We'd be just able to make out the loom of the land. Lying to leeward of it, we'd drink in its fragrance, borne to us upon the warm southeast trade wind. And soon we'd hear the cluck-cluck of the long whaleboat oars as the natives drew nigh.

A rummy thing happened to one of those Pitcairn people one time. I often think of it these days when I see folks go hurrying by in their cars, all in a rush to get somewhere suddenly and then rush back again.

Those Pitcairn people are a home-loving lot. Pitcairn, no more than a mile or two long by half as broad, suits them well. They want nothing but Pitcairn. But there was once a Pitcairn man who took a notion that he'd like to see something of the great world — a man with a touch of restlessness in him.

In those days a missionary schooner used to call at Pitcairn about once in a twelvemonth — a sailing schooner. This restless islander put it up to the mission people that he wanted to see the world a bit. Sydney was their headquarters, and they agreed to take him thither and, in due course, to bring him home again. So off for Sydney sailed the Pitcairn man, and before the island was well dipped under the sea rim he began to grow homesick! Homesickness gnawed his heart, and before he came to Sydney he was all broken up with his longing for home.

The mission people could n't take the man back right away, for they had their regular route to follow. But they did the best they could for him. There was a square-rigger leaving Sydney for San Francisco, and they prevailed upon her skipper to take the islander thither. Once in Frisco he would be able to get some sailing master whose ship was bound round the Horn to give him a southward passage. It was customary for south-bound ships to heave to off Pitcairn for a taste of fresh fruit.

So the Pitcairn man sailed for Frisco, working his way, and came there in a matter of two months or so. And in Frisco he was lucky. For my ship chanced to be there, and my ship's skipper was an old friend of the Pitcairn people. In my ship the islander, working his way and living with the foremast sailors, took passage home to Pitcairn. We made a slow run and the eagerness of the homesick man was a thing to see; for homesickness is an ailment that never bothers any deep-water sailor.

My ship was a fast sailer, good for close to sixteen miles an hour with everything set and a good breeze from a point before the beam. But on that passage she never had a chance to show her paces. The skipper scowled while light breezes fanned her along. And when we were within a few days' sail of Pitcairn his face grew darker yet, for the wind, which in those latitudes is usually favoring, hauled ahead; and with the yards jammed hard on the backstays she tacked to and fro, trying to claw up to the island.

With tramp steamers crowding every port, there was nothing sentimental about shipowners in those days. To hold his job, a sailing skipper must hurry his vessel along. On the second day of head wind the skipper gave up trying to make Pitcairn and stood the ship away for Cape Horn. From the day we towed out of the Golden Gate it was close to five months ere we came into the Mersey. The Pitcairn man's face was a sight to see!

On the evening of the day we docked in Liverpool a big barque pulled out, bound round the Cape of Good Hope to Sydney, and in her, thanks to the kindly offices of our skipper, went the Pitcairn man. From Liverpool to Sydney would be a matter of some seventy, eighty, ninety, or perhaps better than a hundred days. I don't know how long it took the big barque to make Sydney.

Having come at last to Sydney, the islander found passage in a square-rigger bound up to Frisco. It was, in those days, the best and quickest thing that a fellow in his circumstances could do. That would be another sixty or seventy days at sea for him. In Frisco the islander managed once more to get a passage in a ship bound round the Horn. And that ship set him down upon his island shore at last. I reckon he is there to-day.

Pardon me for taking so much of your time.

With best wishes,

BILL ADAMS

P.S. A mail plane is just passing high above my roof. I suppose it is making better than a hundred miles an hour, perhaps!

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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

SECURITY VALUES, 1921 AND 1931

by GEORGE E. PUTNAM

WHEN the financial community is in a quandary as to the probable trend in investment values, it instinctively turns to the record of the past in the hope of finding some comparable set of circumstances which may serve as a basis for intelligent guidance.

At the present time, and throughout the depression period of the past year, investors have shown a disposition to appraise the investment outlook in the light of the known developments following the 1921 depression. Nearly every seasoned investor remembers how depreciated his securities became in 1921 and how marked was the recovery in security values during the succeeding years. The memory of that depression and of the record-breaking recovery which followed has undoubtedly tended to sustain the values of the old-line investment stocks during the past twenty months.

From an investment point of view, the years 1921 and 1931 present interesting analogies and contrasts. In 1921 the prices of both commodities and stocks were on a deflated level. The business depression of that year, coming on the heels of the most precipitate price decline the world had ever known, created a plethora of credit and greatly reduced interest rates. A contributing factor to the decline in money rates was the persistent inflow of gold. During the course of that year our net gold imports amounted to more than $650,000,000.

The current depression has witnessed a repetition of the same general conditions. The fall in stock and commodity prices since 1929 has once more produced a redundancy of credit — to which gold imports have also contributed. During the first quarter of 1931 the wave of gold importation, which had been gathering force over a period of three years, raised our total gold holdings to a new all-time peak.

To the holders of first-class bonds and preferred stocks, the significance of the present oversupply of credit is exactly what it was ten years ago. The rise in bond prices from 1921 to 1928 was the direct result of low interest rates and redundant credit — a condition commonly referred to as 'cheap money.' Inasmuch as the outlook for the continuance of cheap money is no less promising now than it was in 1921, there is reason to believe that good bonds, although high in price, will be worth still more during the years immediately ahead.

The prices of common stocks — and of the inferior types of bonds as well — are also affected by cheap money, but the influence of the money factor on the value of such securities is more indirect than direct. The fundamental factor in stock prices is corporate earnings and the outlook for earnings. To the extent that cheap money helps to stimulate business and to increase corporate earnings, it indirectly brings about a rise in stock prices.

CHEAP money was an important factor in the growth of corporate earnings and in the rise of stock prices after 1921. There was at that time a wide field for the employment of capital, and there was an urge to employ it. For one thing, we were face to face with an acute shortage of buildings. No sooner was the worst of the 1921 depression out of the way than building construction began to go forward at a rapid pace. Here was a field for the utilization of a vast amount of credit. By creating a good market for real-estate mortgage bonds, cheap money gave a tremendous fillip to building operations and general business activity.

In addition to the internal demand for capital for building purposes there was an urgent demand for capital in European countries for the rebuilding of their industries, the stabilization of their currencies, and the restoration of devastated areas. Attracted by the low interest rates in our investment markets, foreign countries and foreign industries naturally looked to us to supply a substantial part of their new capital requirements, and we responded by making loans to them on a vast scale. The net result of our foreign lending was that we gained an enormous export trade, because the greater part of the money derived

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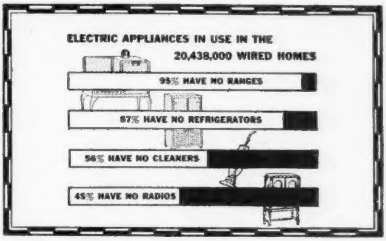

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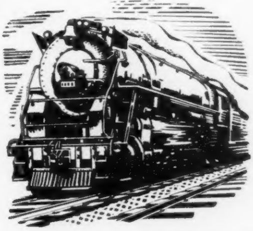

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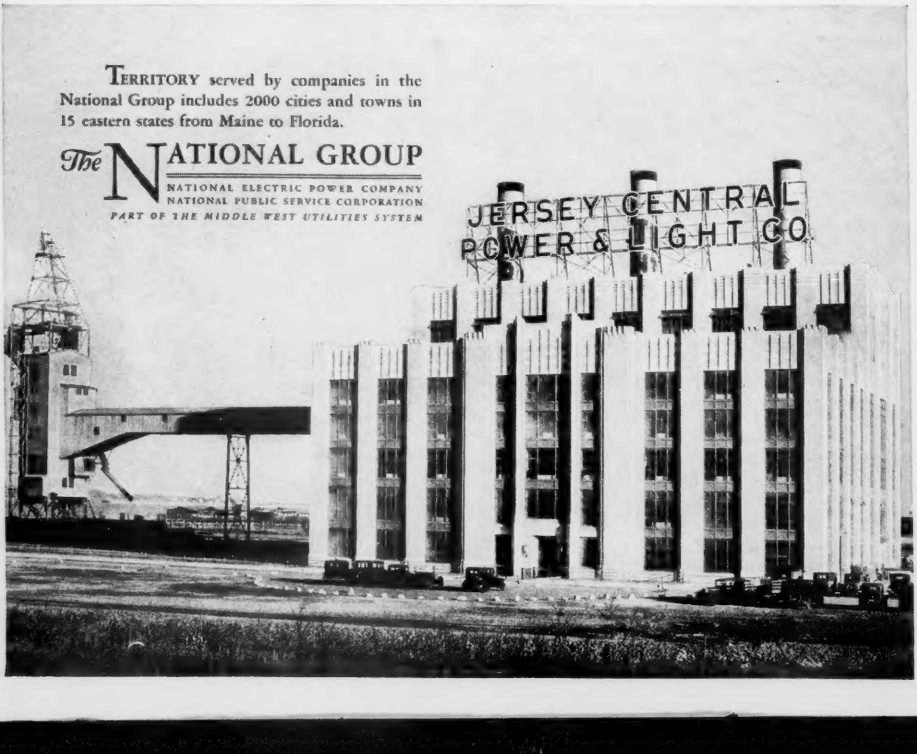
from the sale of foreign bonds in our markets was used to buy American products.

Finally, cheap money found its way into the field of consumer credit. Sales managers were quick to see the advantages of the installment method in sales promotion, while bankers and others were pleased to supply installment credit and gain profitable employment for funds that might otherwise have remained idle.

Whether credit was used for making good the building shortage, for rehabilitating foreign countries, or for facilitating installment buying, all these uses had the effect of promoting business activity and general prosperity. The steady rise in corporate earnings — and therefore in prices of stocks — after 1921 may be attributed primarily to the abundance of cheap credit we enjoyed and to the lavish use that was made of it for productive and consumptive purposes.

When it comes to estimating the future trend in terms of these past conditions, it is not at all clear that corporate earnings over the next few years will respond to the influence of cheap money so quickly or to the same extent as they did ten years ago. Except for the use that will again be made of credit for financing installment sales, the visible outlets for the utilization of credit are none too promising. For the time being, we have an oversupply rather than a shortage of building, and a depressed market for real-estate mortgage bonds. The market for foreign bonds is also depressed, on account of unsettled political and economic conditions abroad, and our export trade languishes. Until we begin to show an interest once more in financing new construction or in furthering our export trade through foreign lending, it is difficult to see how cheap money is going to bring a speedy return of prosperous conditions.

With no building shortage to be overcome, with the credit status of many foreign countries in doubt, and with more credit on our hands than we know how to utilize, we are in the embarrassing predicament of being 'all dressed up and no place to go.' It is to be expected, of course, that we shall find some place to go eventually. In the long run, cheap money is certain to have its way in stimulating new lines of business activity. At the moment, however, it appears to be questionable policy for the buyer of common stocks to rely heavily upon 1921 experience, and that of subsequent years, for his 1931 outlook.



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